The Saturday Evening
POST
March 16, 1957 — 15¢

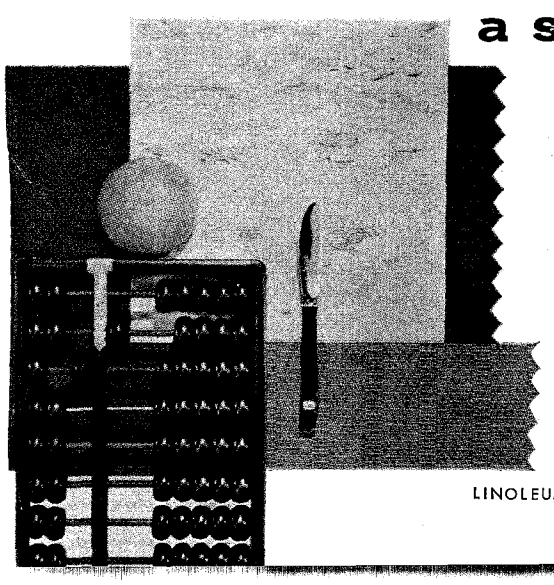
MAR 1 2 '57
LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE

Pro Basketball: BOSTON GETS A WINNER

HOW G-MEN NAB KIDNAPERS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Floor is Armstrong Rubber Tile, Style No. 653; with insets of plain black, No. 695. Note Deltox woven rug by Armstrong.



a south seas daydream inspired this room

Decorating ideas may come from any corner of the globe. This one was inspired by a magazine article about the South Pacific. It brings all the lazy charm of Hawaii right into the living room of this new home. Decorating with exciting new ideas isn't difficult when you begin with a floor of Armstrong Rubber Tile as a luxurious background for your furnishings. Whether your theme is Oriental, Spanish, Swedish Modern, French Provincial ... this floor's soft, muted colorings and quietness underfoot set the mood for gracious, informal living. Armstrong Rubber Tile lends itself perfectly to interesting touches like these Oriental good-luck symbols—set right into the floor. Go ahead! Use new decorating ideas in your home—and use Armstrong Rubber Tile to set the scene in a modern, fashionable way.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK, "New Beauty for Basements and Basementless Houses." You also get sketch plan of this Hawaiian "Lanai" Room with list of furnishings. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5703 Madison Street, Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong

THE MODERN FASHION IN

FLOORS

LINOLEUM • PLASTIC CORLON® • EXCELON® VINYL-ASBESTOS TILE • ASPHALT TILE • LINOTILE® • CUSTOM CORLON PLASTIC TILE • RUBBER TILE • CORK TILE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Telephones are ubiquitous?"

"Yes, telephones are ubiquitous"

Robert Day, the well-known cartoonist who drew this picture, was a little afraid there might be some people who wouldn't know what we meant by ubiquitous. "It's a pretty big word," he said.

"Don't worry," we told him. "We'll just put in a little reminder that the dictionary says ubiquitous means 'existing or being everywhere at the same time.'"

There's surely no better way to describe telephones! They're not only in millions of homes and offices but just about everywhere you go. In stores and at gas stations! At airports, bus depots and railroad stations! Out-of-doors!

Throughout the country, there are hundreds of thousands of these public telephones for your convenience.

So the next time something comes up when you're away from home or the office, or there's some news you'd like to share with someone, just step up to one of those nearby telephones and call.

You can save yourself a lot of running around, be a number of places in a few minutes, and get things settled while they are fresh in your mind.

Working together to bring people together . . . **Bell Telephone System**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIBERTY MUTUAL

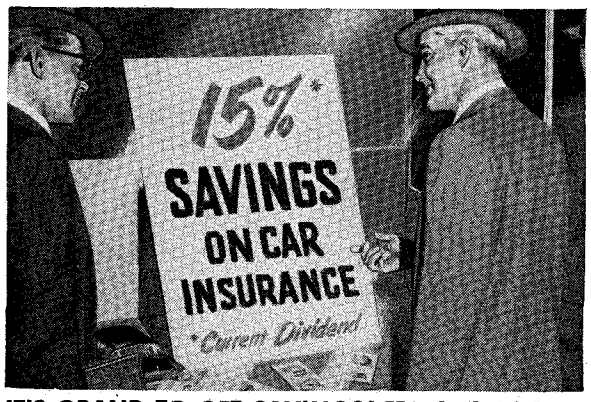
The Company that stands by you

"The Liberty man drove 65 miles to help me after my bad accident"

"My car was completely destroyed. My wife and I were injured." This Liberty Mutual policyholder was driving back home from a vacation in the South when he had this shocking smashup. He called the nearest Liberty phone number.

"As soon as I called your claimsman, on a Saturday morning, he drove sixty-five miles from his home to the scene of the accident. He took a deep personal interest in our troubles. I'm truly grateful to Liberty for the immediate and effective help he rendered."

"*The Company that stands by you*" is an accurate description of Liberty Mutual. There are 144 Liberty insurance offices in the U. S., Canada and Hawaii. You can call them any hour of the day or night. And this comforting protection is actually thrifty. Savings (*through dividends*) are currently 15% in most states.



IT'S GRAND TO GET SAVINGS! Hundreds of thousands of car owners all over the U.S.A. have enjoyed receiving their Liberty Mutual dividend at the end of the policy year. This saving (*currently 15%**) is real evidence of the way Liberty Mutual's efficient operation has benefited policyholders.

*Except on Massachusetts Compulsory Coverage and Assigned Risks.

IT'S EASY TO SWITCH to Liberty Mutual and get the famous direct service that gives you such excellent protection. 70% of Liberty's policyholders have switched to Liberty Mutual from other companies. Just phone the Liberty number (*or write*) and say when we may call. Liberty Mutual will take care of the rest.

LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY
LIBERTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
Home Office: Boston

Insurance for: *Automobiles, Liability, Group Accident and Health, Fire, Workmen's Compensation, Marine, Crime*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY — CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President, 1883-1932*

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*
Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor* — Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor* — Beverly Smith, Jr., *Washington Editor*

Associate Editors: E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Demaree Bess, Jack Alexander, Frederic Nelson, Arthur W. Baum, Harley P. Cook, Robert Murphy, Marione R. Nickles, Wesley Price, Peggy Dowst Redman, Ernest O. Hauser, H. Ralph Knight, Steven M. Spencer, Harry T. Paxton, Arnold Nicholson, John Bird, Ashley Halsey, Jr., Harold H. Martin, Robert L. Johnson, Jr., James P. O'Donnell, Merrill Pollack, Clay Blair, Jr.

Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor* — William J. Stevens, Jr., *Assistant Managing Editor*
Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor* — Douglas Borgstedt, *Photography Editor*

Editorial Assistants: Edward H. Saile, William J. Bailey, Richard L. Lehman, Gwen Lysaught, John R. Wells, Bill Breisky, Ben Allen, Robert N. Taylor

IN THIS ISSUE

March 16, 1957 — *Vol. 229, No. 37*

4 Short Stories

No Girl is Different . . . . . *Steve McNeil* 30
Ship in Peril . . . . . *Craig F. Mitchell* 34
Pop's Springtime Fancy . . . . . *R. Ross Annett* 37
Time Out for Marriage . . . . . *Charlotte Edwards* 42

10 Articles

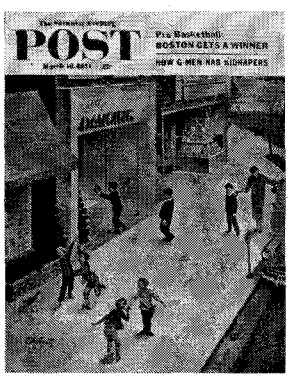
How's Your Telephone Etiquette? . . . . . *Craig Thompson* 26
The Face of America: Operating Room . . . *Photograph by Gus Pasquarella* 28
Our Propaganda Warriors . . . . . *Demaree Bess* 31
Everybody Laughs at Me (Fifth of seven articles) *Victor Borge, as told to Dean Jennings* 32
Boston Gets a Winner . . . . . *Al Hirshberg* 36
The Worst Crime Doesn't Pay . . . . . *Stanley Frank* 38
I Shipped on a Supertanker . . . . . *Arthur W. Baum* 40
They Patrol the North Front . . . . . *Cecil R. Roseberry* 44
He Runs a White-Collar Union . . . . . *Paul F. Healy* 49
America's Newest Wild Animal . . . . . *William Byron Mowery* 51

2 Serials

Kiowa Moon (First of seven parts) . . . . . *Alan Le May* 23
The Golden Shadow (Third of four parts) . . . . . *Robert Ormond Case* 55

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 46
Verse 63, 79, 89, 99, 137, 139, 144
Keeping Posted 148



THE COVER

Do the three young gentlemen feel wonderful in their chic garments and rejoice at their opportunity to absorb social graces and not grow up into stumblebums? The answer is no. Well, then, are the four young non-gentlemen jealous, subconsciously yearning to don glad rags and trip some light fantastic with the comely sex? At any layer of consciousness, NO. All right, let's turn to something more agreeable, such as a fight. If the young gents blow their stacks and, though outnumbered, try to pulverize the foe, who will triumph? Many a valiant heart goes lub-dub beneath an impeccable jacket, and this might be a whingding of a conflict. Thornton Utz has a zany idea—he predicts a draw, because the same boys posed for both the baddies and the goodies.

The Saturday Evening Post, © 1957 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S., payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice. All subscriptions must be paid for in advance.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

How to read expiration dates from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue; the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 46—57 or May 18, 1957; 18—57 or November 2, 1957.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Walter D. Fuller, Chairman of the Board; Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice-Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice-Pres.; Benjamin Allen, Sr. Vice-Pres. and Director of Circulation; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice-Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice-Pres. and Director of Advertising; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Morton S. Bailey, Vice-Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

Order your new 1957 MERCURY

(see pages 8 & 9)

with... SOLEX® SAFETY GLASS

"the best glass under the sun!"

Solex in your new Mercury means greater driving pleasure, more comfort, increased safety. That's because the soft, greenish tint of Solex Safety Glass—almost unnoticeable from inside the car—lessens eyestrain and fatigue. And Solex keeps the interior of your Mercury cooler by absorbing 50% of the total solar heat.

When you order your new Mercury, we suggest you ask your dealer about Solex.

SOLEX

IS A PRODUCT OF

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

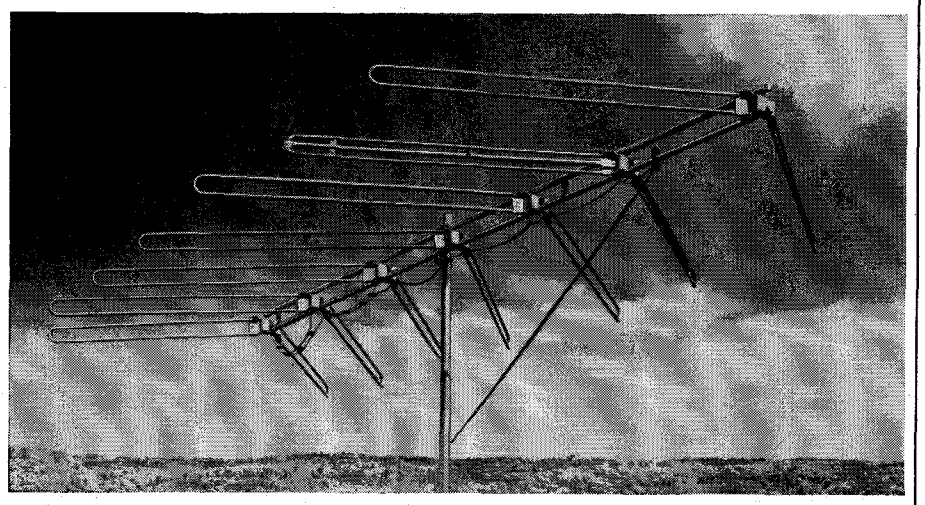
FREE! TV ANTENNA CHECKUP KIT

See if storm damage, old age or outdated antenna design are cheating you of the TV picture you paid for!

MAIL COUPON BELOW

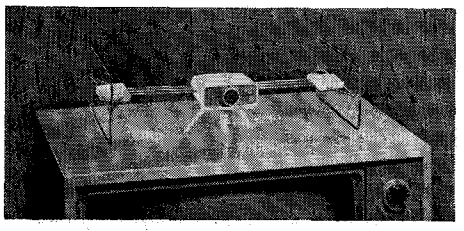
Harold Harris, V.P., Engineering & Research, Channel Master Corp.

"No TV set—old or new—can deliver a better picture than the signal fed to it by the antenna. TV antennas that have been up on the roof for as little as two years may be corroded, scientifically outdated or damaged by storm — causing 'snow,' 'ghosts' or 'problem' stations. Our electronic engineering staff has prepared a 'Checkup Kit,' including a 10-point check list, that will help you find out if *your* antenna is giving you the picture you paid for when you bought your television set."



ASK YOUR LOCAL TV SERVICEMAN ABOUT THE

new *CHANNEL MASTER* T-W – the most powerful, most durable TV antenna – for improved reception on all channels in all areas



IF YOU CAN USE AN INDOOR ANTENNA...
THE BEAUTIFUL NEW
CHANNEL MASTER Showman

A completely new electronic design does away with ugly "rabbit ears" and guesswork tuning. With the "Showman" you simply turn the "Metro-Dyne" control to the number of the channel you want. When you tune in the picture, you tune out interference. Designed for color TV, too.

Decorator-styled to fit any room—in blond or mahogany with gold, or ebony with silver. **$17.95** Slightly higher in Canada

If you're not getting clear, sharp pictures on every channel (2 to 13), here's a completely new kind of antenna to solve your problems... developed by Channel Master research. The Channel Master T-W is the first antenna to make practical use of the "Traveling Wave" principle, which electronically reinforces the picture signal on all channels—not just on one or two. No other antenna works so powerfully to eliminate "snow," "ghosts" and interference . . . to bring in stations beyond the reach of old-fashioned antennas.

Perfect for color reception, as well as black and white. And the Channel Master T-W offers exceptional resistance to wind and ice loading. It's all aluminum—can never rust. Double-strength "truss" construction makes it the strongest, sturdiest antenna ever designed...means long years of trouble-free reception. Available in three models—your TV serviceman will tell you which one is best for *your* reception needs.

SEND FOR YOUR FREE KIT

Informative booklet, "Better Pictures on Your TV Set," tells you about different antenna designs, gives many helpful facts about the kind of antenna you need. And "Spotting Antenna Trouble" explains 10 points to check on when you suspect your antenna is faulty or inadequate. Mail this coupon for your free copies today!

Channel Master Corp.,
Ellenville 26, New York

Please send me my free "TV Antenna Checkup Kit."

I'd like more information about

☐ the Channel Master T-W outdoor antenna
☐ the Channel Master "Showman" indoor antenna

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City or Town*_____

*State*_____

For the best pictures on any TV set...
CHANNEL MASTER
WORLD'S LARGEST TV ANTENNA MAKER

Letters

Childhood's Magic

Dear Sirs:

I have just read WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MAGIC OF CHILDHOOD? by Robert Paul Smith, Feb. 9. Magnificent, tremendous, sweetly nostalgic! . . .

I have studied psychology, educational and otherwise, but this one article really answers what goes on in the child. Why try to reduce the wonderfully human, innocent, trusting mind and soul of a child to the cold, theoretical formulae of the laboratory? Most good teachers find they cannot act upon such theory anyway; those who do are not good teachers.

THE REV. JAMES G. KRAMER
Madison, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

As one parent who is grimly determined that her children shall *not* be regimented into a split-second schedule of after-school activities, I am glad to welcome Mr. Smith into my League for the Abolition of Over-directed Activities for Children. League membership now stands at a total of two.

MRS. HENRY S. WALKER
Cheraw, S.C.

Dear Sirs:

Although I am only seventeen years old, I can remember doing and loving many of the pastimes Mr. Smith mentioned. Of course, that was back in the days B.T.V. (before television). And now I truly grieve for my younger brother and sister, who are right now watching Mr. Moon, oblivious to the glorious mud puddle in our alley that I'll bet would surely be at least knee-deep, if only they would care to explore it.

DEANNE RASMUSSEN
Eugene, Ore.

Dear Sirs:

What about top time: wind a string, file the point, split the other guy's top? And where did the top go, anyway?

G. A. MADDUX
Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Smith forgot to mention (maybe because he is male) four-o'clock crowns, clover chains, doodle bugs (remember, you crawled under a dusty house and found their holes, stuck a stick in it and said, "Doodle bug, doodle bug, your house is on fire; better come out or your children will die.")

MRS. FRED W. BAKER
Macon, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

To one sentence I take sharp exception. I quote: ". . . the schoolteachers speak of that little stinker from Croveny Road as 'a real challenge . . .'" I don't know Mr. Smith's particular "little stinker," but from experience as a counselor of mildly disturbed but basically sound children, I do know what damage the "little-stinker" school of thinking can do to the many children whose hunger for affection causes them to seem annoying.

WILL KIRKMAN
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

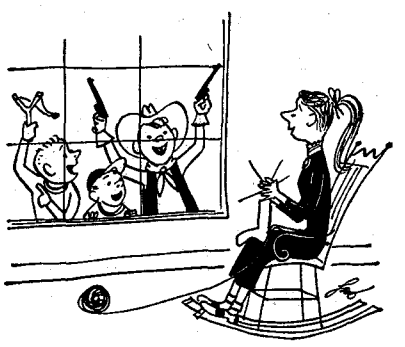
Why, oh, why, do editors insist on wasting their time (and reader's, too), by rehashing the already overworked subject of the "good old days"; written by some frustrated adult? . . .

You asked, "What happened to the magic of childhood?" It's still there, Mr. Smith. But only a child knows where to find it.

MRS. DANIEL MCGRAW
Geneva, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

I am a thirteen-year-old girl and when I was younger I did lots of things, too. I was marble champ of the neighborhood. We built soap-box wagons, played



ball and in general had a grand time. We played splits with knives and had a good supply of slingshots and rubber-guns. We don't cry when we lose a game.

CAROLYN RAY
Louisville, Ky.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Smith mentioned a lot of good games, but look what he forgot—"Run, sheepy, run; Red light, green light; Andy, Andy over; Duck on a Rock; Hopscotch; Pom pom Pullaway; Prisoner's Base; King of the Mountain," and a dozen more that I used to play.

Mr. Smith called it "immies"—and he had a perfect right to. But so had we to call it "mibs" or "miggles" or "marbs."... He called it "One Old cat"; we called it "One-a-cat-out." Around here they play "Andy-Andy-over," but some make it "Anny-Anny-over" or "Ally-ally-over" or "Anty-I-over."

I and many others collect these local names of all kinds, for games, for implements . . . , for candies. All the local words that people used to know or still use today that aren't standardized. We are trying to save them from being forgotten. If readers will send in their favorite local words to us, for children's games or anything else, and just say where they were used, when, and by whom, we would be right-down grateful!

PROF. F. G. CASSIDY
Custodian of Collections
The American Dialect Society
Madison 6, Wisconsin

Unsmiling Americans

Dear Sirs:

After reading V. S. Fitzpatrick's letter in the February 9 issue about "The solemnity of the American face," I believe he should go abroad again and take another look.

Having recently returned from trips to England, France, Italy and North Africa, I came home convinced that our American people are the friendliest, happiest and "smiling-est."

ROBERT E. GRUENLER
Portsmouth, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Why shouldn't American faces be "solemn, worried"—and, I might add, grim? Haven't we the world on our back?

Why shouldn't the rest of the world smile? They reduce their taxes, cut their defense

(Continued on Page 6)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEEP-CLEANING POWER ...WITH A FEATHER TOUCH!

The Glittering New

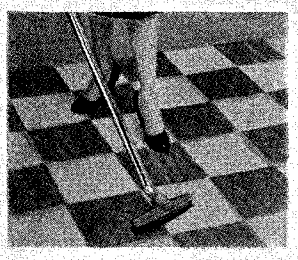
EUREKA

GOLDEN CROWN

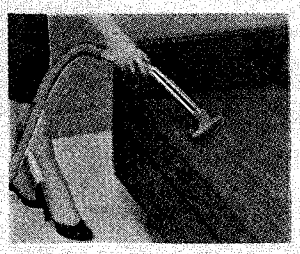
Super Roto-Matic

CLEANS YOUR HOME 5 WAYS EASIER!

NEW RUG TOOL with easy-glide design. Cleans stair carpet. Full floating brush picks up lint, hair instantly.



NEW FLOOR-WALL BRUSH cleans bare floors, keeps walls dust-free. Not included in most cleaners.



NEW UPHOLSTERY TOOL has special brush. Suction can be reduced for drapes and light fabrics.

NEW DUSTING BRUSH cleans hard surfaces. Long, soft bristles for furniture, books, blinds, etc.

Introductory offer!

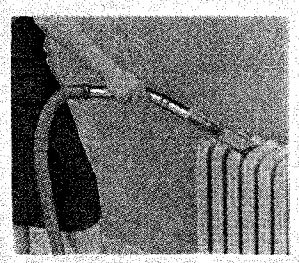
SPECIAL TRADE-IN ALLOWANCE

- 10 days home trial
- Money-back guarantee
- Only $1.25 per week after small deposit

NEW SUPER ROTO-MATIC MODEL 960

ONLY $69.95

Complete With New Tools
(Slightly higher in Canada)



NEW CREVICE TOOL cleans out corners and crevices in a jiffy. All vinyl. Doesn't scratch.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY

POWER IN BEAUTY!
The new 1 H.P. motor and twin exhaust in this glittering new Eureka Golden Crown Super Roto-Matic produce the deep-cleaning power so necessary for all types of floor coverings. And its new easy-glide rug tool with "glider shoes" eliminates tiresome arm action—cleans quickly, thoroughly with a feather touch.

TOE SWITCH—AND QUIET!
You'll be amazed at its new quiet action. A touch of your toe turns the power on and off in this gleaming new beauty. No bending or hunting to find a hidden hand-switch.

ROLLS ON WHEELS! SO LIGHT!
No need to lift or carry! Rolls everywhere on 4 rubber swivel ball-bearing wheels. And it's so light, too. A slight pull on the flexible vinyl hose and your Eureka rolls and rolls!

NEW ADVANCED FEATURES!
New deluxe cleaning tools • New double-size throw-away dust bag • New flexible vinyl hose swivels in the radiant Golden Crown to permit all-over cleaning from one position.

Sparkling New 1957
EUREKA AUTOMATIC
Beats, Sweeps and Suction Cleans
Specially designed for easy, fast cleaning of large rugs and wall-to-wall carpet. Equipped with throw-away paper dust bag, brilliant head-light and many advanced new features. Rolls on wheels.

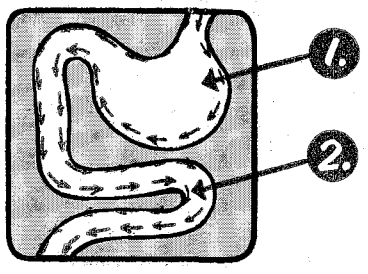
MODEL 260 ONLY $89.95
Tools Available—Optional
(Slightly higher in Canada)

EUREKA WILLIAMS CORPORATION
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS
In Canada: ONWARD MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., *Kitchener, Ontario*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"By Golly! This is the stuff!" Says Arthur Godfrey

For UPSET STOMACH, indigestion, nausea
–Hospital Tested Pepto-Bismol
works where soda and alkalizers fail!



Pepto-Bismol helps soothe in the stomach ... where overdoses of soda and alkalizers may actually prolong the upset!

Pepto-Bismol also helps calm distress in the intestinal tract ... where soda and alkalizers never help!

Pepto-Bismol's special medicinal formula soothes both the irritated stomach and intestinal walls with a gentle coating action. It helps retard gas formation; calm heartburn, nausea.

P.S. MOTHERS! Pepto-Bismol is effective, mild, safe for children, too. They love its wonderful flavor!

Take Hospital Tested
Pepto-Bismol®
...and feel good again!

A NORWICH PRODUCT

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

forces and grab with both hands for American dollars.

BERENICE PARSONS
Tacoma, Wash.

Israel's Blitz

Dear Sirs:

The forces of decency and justice were heartened by the article, How THE ISRAELIS BLITZED NASSER'S ARMY, by Paul Henissart, Feb. 9.

In fighting off the marauding Egyptians, Israel is going through much the same experience our forefathers went through in trying to establish the American republic.

All honor to this valiant, little republic struggling to implant culture, education and husbandry in a land devastated by the uncivilized tribes of the Near East.

MRS. C. Y. LITTFIELD
Madison, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

I hope that the readers of The Saturday Evening Post will see through this article and find in it a true picture of Zionist expansionist aims and murderous intent. Our Government is, at present, standing up to Israel and refusing to allow her to turn a so-called "defensive" action into an expansionist victory. This is a sign of hope to many of us who . . . know that the Arabic people are not the brigands and savages that the Zionists would have us believe they are.

JAMES-ELIOT NEWTON
Concord, Mass.

WHAT, NO CLOSE HARMONY?

Dear Sirs:

A BARBERSHOP (The Face of America, Feb. 2 SEP) is, indeed, ". . . far, far more than a place to get your hair cut . . . [a place] where hot towels and balming lotions smooth away man's tensions." It is the birthplace of that great and traditional American institution, the barbershop quartet!

With that many men (six) present when photographer Ivan Dmitri took his picture, it is hard to understand why some close harmonizing wasn't in process.

JAMES E. ROEBER (*bass*)
Sec'y-Treas., Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet Singing in America, Inc., Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

All five have obviously been freshly barbered . . . for the purpose, I assume, of posing for a picture of people supposedly waiting to get haircuts.

Another thing: How come no hair on the floor?

Call me captious. It's a wonderful picture otherwise.

JACK B. CREAMER
Langhorne, Pa.

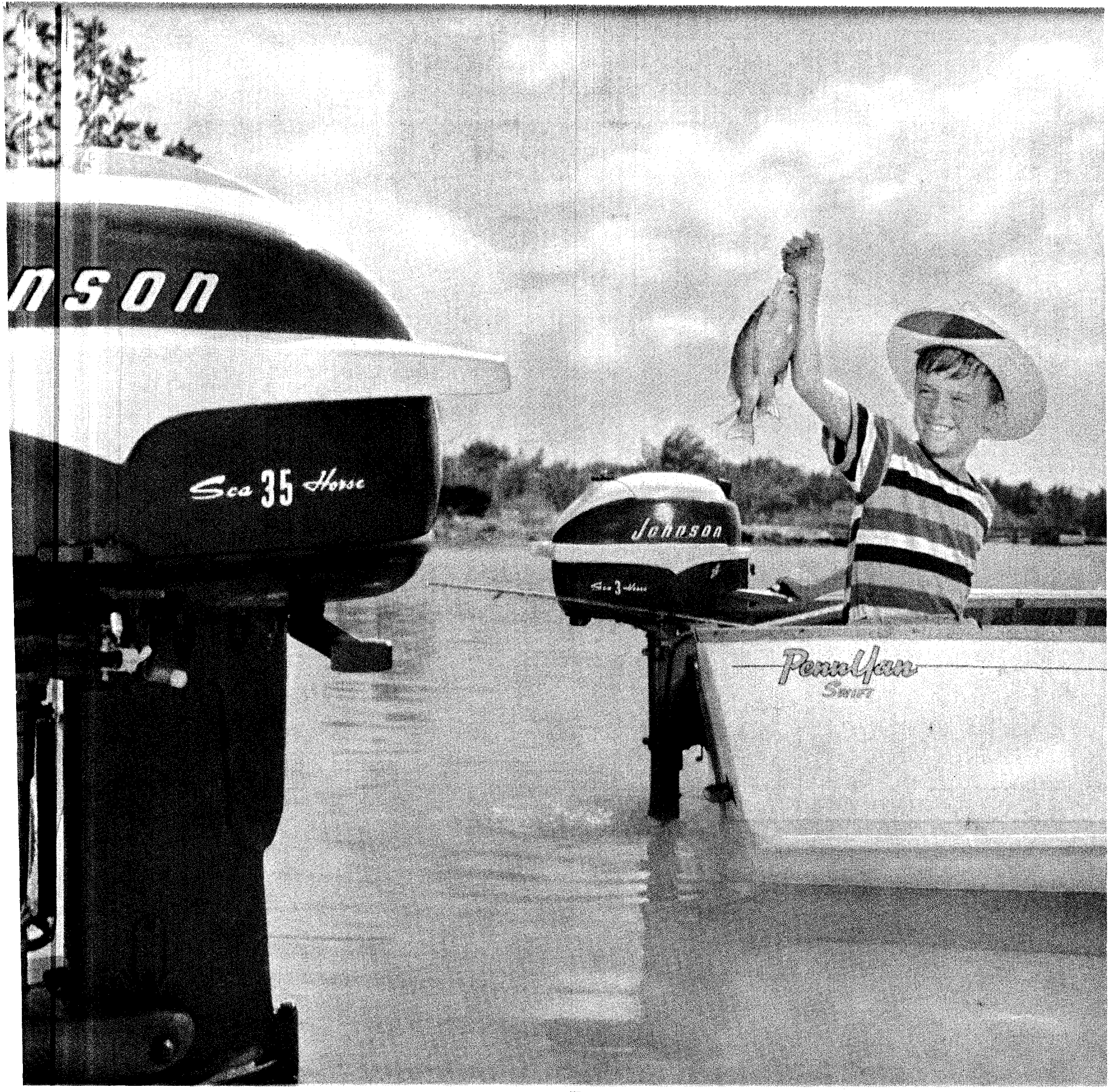
● *Captious, no. Keen-eyed, yes. Sorry.—ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6–Ivan Dmitri. • 23, 24, 25–Fred Otnes. • 26–Horace Bristol, Jr.; Jacob Lofman. 27–Jacob Lofman, Tom Blau, Eugene Kammerman. • 28, 29–Gus Pasquarella. • 30–Fritz Willis. • 31–Ollie Atkins, PIX, Inc. • 32–Larry Fried, Gene Lester. • 33–PIX, Inc.; Reni Photos, A. Moe, International. • 34, 35–Anton Otto Fischer. • 36–Larry Keighley, 37–Amos Sewell. • 38–New York Daily News, Wide World, Harris & Ewing. • 39–Wide World, two from International; Wide World. • 40, 41–Larry Keighley. 42, 43–Peter Stevens. • 44, 45–Jim Burns. • 49–Two by Ollie Atkins; Gene Lester. • 51–Don Wooldridge, Clayton Seagers, New York State Conservation Photo, Don Wooldridge. • 55–Mac Conner. • 148–Frank Ross, Aero Service Corporation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



We confess . . . with a Johnson you don't catch only big ones

FROM 3 TO 35 HP...

"Sweetest-running Johnsons ever!"

Where do you want to go? What do you want to catch? With nine new motors to choose from, there has to be a '57 Johnson right for you.

From the smallest Sea-Horse to the mighty Golden Javelin, Johnson's thought of everything to make your outboarding more fun. Worried about starting? Even the biggest Johnson now spins over as easy as motors half its size. What's more, in both the new 18 and 35 hp classes, there's 12-volt electric starting, too. As always, traditional Sea-Horse quiet keeps the peace. And for still greater dependability, there's a new slip-clutch that lets you leave your drive pin worries ashore.

See your Johnson dealer now. He's listed under "Outboard Motors" in your classified directory.

FREE! For 1957 Sea-Horse catalog, write: Johnson Motors, 119 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Illinois. *Div. of Outboard Marine Corp. In Canada: manufactured by Johnson Motors, Peterborough, Ontario.*

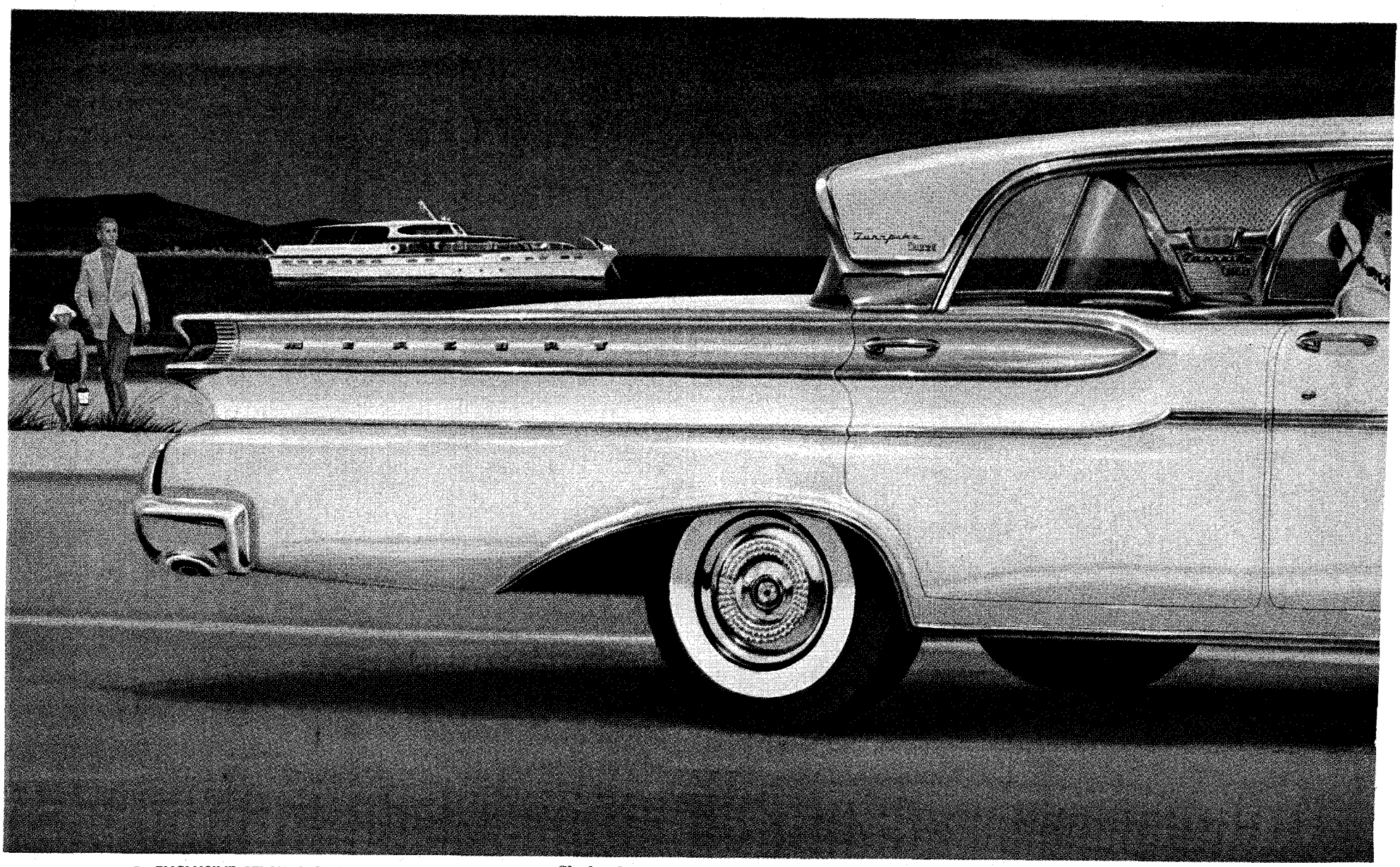
FOR YOU IN '57! WHAT A WIDE AND WONDERFUL CHOICE!

Golden Javelin* . . 35 hp . . $625	Sea-Horse 18 . . . 18 hp . . $395
Sea-Horse 35* . . . 35 hp . . . 585	Sea-Horse 10 . . . 10 hp . . . 340
Sea-Horse 35 . . . 35 hp . . . 495	Sea-Horse 7½ . . 7½ hp . . . 260
Sea-Horse 18* . . 18 hp . . . 475	Sea-Horse 5½ . . 5½ hp . . . 230
Sea-Horse 3 . . . . 3 hp $155	

**12-volt electric starting (new quick-charging generator available as accessory on first two models listed) . . . prices f.o.b. factory, subject to change . . . OBC certified brake hp at 4000 rpm (18s and 35s at 4500)*

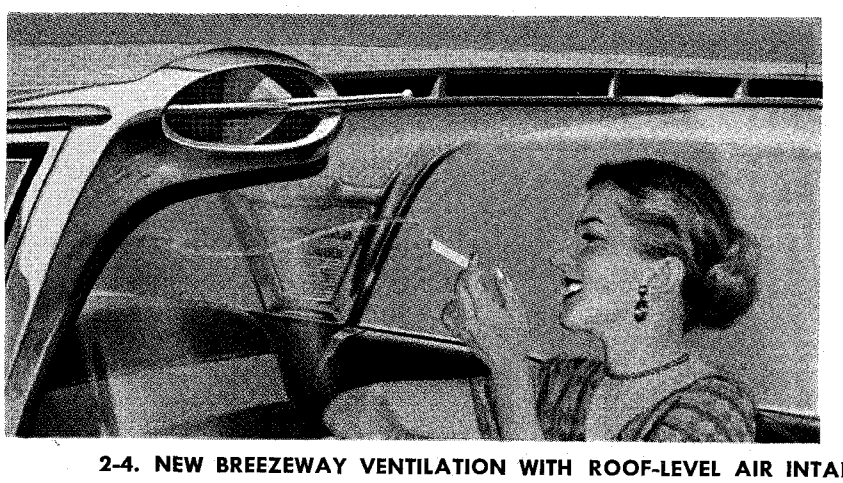
A million Sea-Horse owners will tell you *JOHNSON KNOWS BEST*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



1. EXCLUSIVE STYLING SHARED BY NO OTHER CAR—Sleek, clean-cut, dynamically different. Notice the distinctive design of the roof. Here's the most advanc

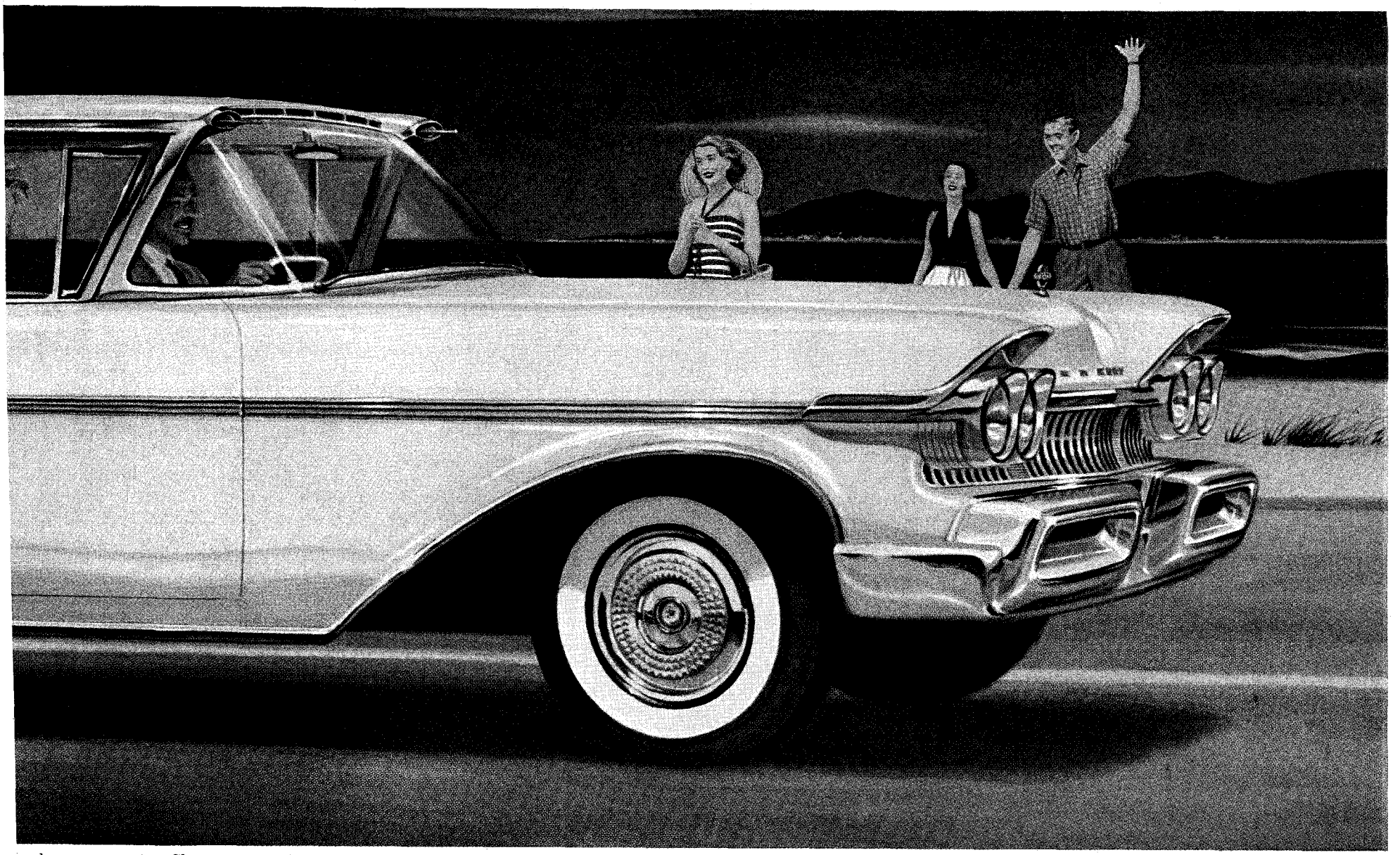
At the very top of Mercury's dream-ca
All the brilliant BIG M feature



2-4. NEW BREEZEWAY VENTILATION WITH ROOF-LEVEL AIR INTAKES, NEW SKY-LIGHT DUAL-CURVE WINDSHIELD, NEW RETRACTABLE BACK WINDOW—No other car in America has all of these Turnpike Cruiser features. And you get them at no extra cost. Air is drawn in through the supplementary intakes above the windshield and gently flows out through the power-operated back window. It's the greatest provement in car ventilation in automotive history. The new windshield wrap as well as around each side. You can see high traffic lights and mountain sce without bending . . . the special tinting at the top of the windshield reduces g

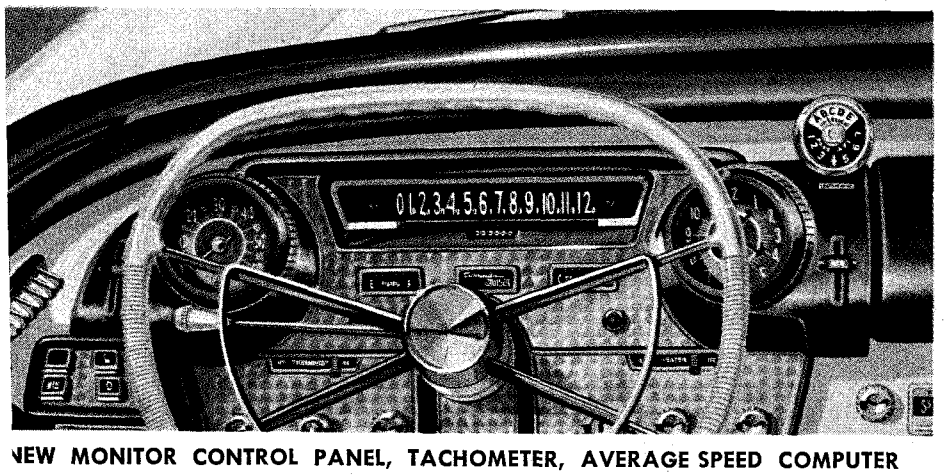
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEWEST, MOST DRAMATIC EXPRESSION OF MERCURY'S ***DREAM-CAR DESIGN***

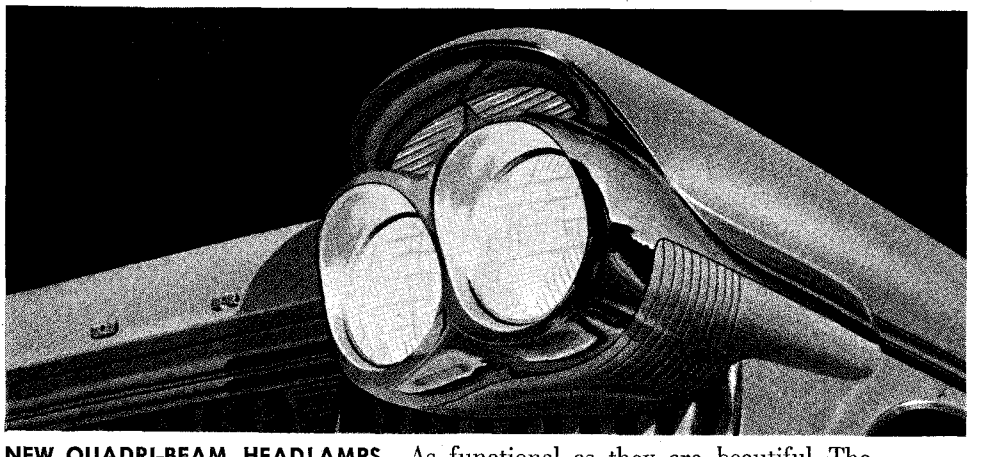


an buy at any price. Shown above, the Turnpike Cruiser 4-door. Also available in a 2-door model. A 290-hp Turnpike Cruiser V-8 engine is standard in both models.

eet—THE TURNPIKE CRUISER
r '57 plus 7 found in no other car!



NEW MONITOR CONTROL PANEL, TACHOMETER, AVERAGE SPEED COMPUTER ıew Monitor Panel is driver-planned for easy seeing and use, and includes such ıced instruments as a Tachometer to check engine rpm's and a new Average- Computer Clock to let you figure your average speed at any point in your trip.



NEW QUADRI-BEAM HEADLAMPS—As functional as they are beautiful. The outside lamps have both high and low beams. The inside units have high beams only. Using all four beams for highway driving produces a far better and brighter pattern of illumination. A foot switch turns off high beams, switches on low.

raight out of tomorrow— THE BIG MERCURY for '57

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MERCURY DIVISION • FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Editorials

Do People Want Leisure or More Money?

By ARTHUR M. WHITEHILL, JR.

Union leaders' current demands for a shorter work week of thirty to thirty-five hours are based upon the simplest of economic goals—more pay for the same amount of work. Union pleas for shorter hours have followed two lines of thinking. The first is that the automation "revolution" is bound to mean fewer jobs and could throw millions out of work. Then follows the proposition that lowering the ceiling on the number of hours worked by any given individual will tend to spread work among more people.

This reasoning ignores the important fact that automation is an evolutionary, not a revolutionary, process. It is true that some individual wage earners may be temporarily displaced while they learn new skills or prepare for an entirely new type of job. But a point too often overlooked is that development of these higher skills in most cases must precede the expanded use of machines and controls to which we are looking forward in the future.

Automation is simply the same sort of gradual technological change and progress that has been creating more and better jobs ever since the invention of the wheel. It is difficult to disagree with John Bugas, Ford Motor Company executive, who points out that "we are still a long, long way from that time when, if ever, technological progress and the resultant productivity will be so great that we have to worry seriously about dividing up the available working hours."

The second sales pitch for shorter hours used by most labor leaders is that organized wage earners demand and deserve more leisure. But there is plenty of evidence that, by and large, workers do not want more leisure so much as they want other satisfactions. What they really want is higher pay, in sound dollars that will buy more goods and services for a richer, more satisfying life.

A quick look at an industry already experienced in a shorter work week suggests that this is the case. Some members of the United Rubber Workers union have been on a thirty-six-hour week for many years. Recently union members voted down a proposal to move to a standard forty-hour week, not because they want more leisure, apparently, but because so many had taken on extra full-time or part-time jobs. A URW spokesman estimates that those currently holding a full-time second job represent about 10 per cent of Akron's rubber workers. For them more income was the important thing.

Further evidence of the fact that most wage earners want higher pay more than they want greater leisure is seen in the actual handling of overtime work in business concerns. In most instances, overtime work is assigned to men according to their seniority. The typical senior worker fortunate enough to get extra hours regards them as a plum rather than something to be avoided.

Taking a broader, economic view, the hard fact remains that somewhere close to forty hours seems to be an "optimum work week" in terms of most efficient production. A United States Department of Labor study dealing with hours of work and output concludes that "everything else being equal, the eight-hour day and the forty-hour week are best in efficiency." According to this investigation, any substantial reduction in hours below present levels would mean a decrease in efficiency and output. Plainly stated, if unions should force a shorter work week, this necessarily would mean less goods and services, and lower "real income," than we, as a nation, are capable of producing and enjoying. With a standard work week of thirty to thirty-five hours, businessmen would have to pay premium wage rates for the extra hours that their employees will still be working.

Uncle Sam Tends to Forget That He is Our Leading Dependent

Recently a young man toiling wearily over his Income Tax Form 1040 threw down his pencil in disgust and posed a rhetorical question: "Why can't we enter Uncle Sam as a dependent?"

He made a very interesting point. After all, the Federal Government *is* the dependent of every taxpaying American citizen. It could not buy a single plane, tank or bazooka, print a Supreme Court opinion, hand a billion to a foreign potentate or provide a single school lunch without the as-a-rule unquestioning compliance of its citizens with the income-tax laws.

Too often, Uncle Sam does not act like a dependent, or at any rate a very grateful one. He acts as if he were entitled to all the income of his benefactors and demands that they drive themselves into dementia praecox in desperate efforts to translate the mysterious language of the instruction sheet into answerable shape. He grabs a hunk of the humble worker's pay even before the poor fellow has had an opportunity to count it or hand it over to his wife. And if a citizen has enough left over to employ a cleaning woman a couple of times a week, he is compelled to pay a tax for the privilege of paying her.

Furthermore if a taxpayer gets behind in his payments, he does not receive the kind of notice he sometimes gets from a department store, something like, "We are sure you have overlooked that little matter of $21.98 from your account of last July." Quite the contrary, the Internal Revenue is likely to put the bite on his salary or harass him with personal and embarrassing questions as to his income, household expenses and manner of life.

Good old Uncle Sam. He costs us more than our own children. He gets into trouble; we bail him out. He lives beyond his means and we make up the difference. He is a costly dependent, but we have to put up with him so that government of, by and for the people may not perish from the earth. But it would make for more contented taxpayers if Uncle Sam would acknowledge his dependency on us, maybe somewhere in the fine print of Form 1040.

You Don't Have to be Irish to Celebrate St. Patrick's Day

There is an old saying that "everybody has a little bit of Irish" on Saint Patrick's Day. It is certainly true that Americans who are descended from just about every nationality group under the sun always give generous and ungrudging support to March-seventeenth celebrations, with the parades, Irish music on the air, shamrocks or a touch of green, and Saint Patrick's Day parties and balls from one end of the country to the other. Just as Yankees make the most noise when the band plays Dixie, so it's not always the Fenians who wear the green.

It is appropriate that celebrations of the patron saint of the Irish should have an "international" flavor. For one thing, scholars are pretty well agreed that Saint Patrick himself wasn't Irish at all; he is variously held to have been a Frenchman or a member of any of a half-dozen nationalities. This can be easily understood in America, where intermarriage among all nationality groups has produced a multitude of American youngsters bearing names of typically Polish, Italian or other European national origin who have at least one grandparent named O'Toole, Hogan or Sullivan.

The United States has always been a "nation of immigrants," whether they landed at Plymouth Rock or Ellis Island, or are arriving by planeloads to escape the Communist tyranny in Hungary. Throughout, the pattern of Americanization has been pretty much the same: the first generation tended to cling to old-country customs; members of the second generation were often so eager to be "100 per cent American" that they would have little or nothing to do with foreign ways, but succeeding generations in America developed strong pride in the old traditions and arts of their countries of origin and wove them into the rich fabric of American life.

The parades and celebrations on March seventeenth make it "a great day for the Irish," of course. But in a sense they are also a symbol of the fact that the United States is a commingling of scores of nationalities which settled here and built up a continent, and contributed their cultures and traditions to give variety to the American Dream.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WATCH IT! Won't that bacon burn?

Not on this range, Lady. And the eggs won't scorch. It's just *one* of the tricks of this *new* **Frigidaire Range** – the *"Thinkingest"* Electric Range ever built!

You just *select* the proper heat – the Heat-Minder *watches* it! This big 8-inch surface unit won't let *any* pan get too hot. Foods *won't burn* or boil over!

And Heat-Minder magic gives you the tip-off—electric cooking has **really changed** since you bought your range. Feature after feature outmodes, outperforms *anything* you've ever known before.

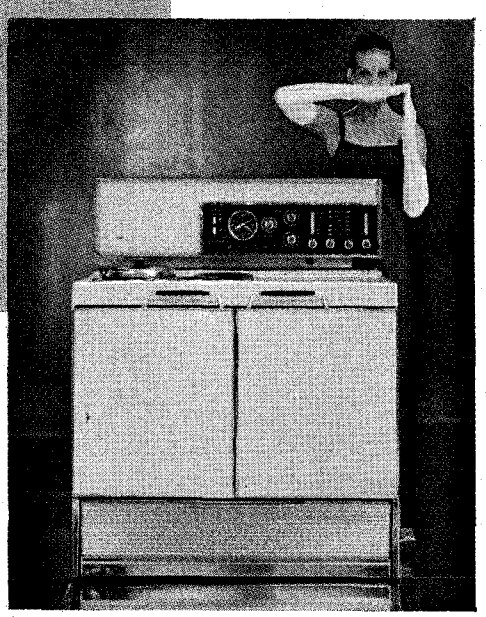
Like the Speed-Heat Unit that gets "cooking hot" in seconds. And the Multi-Duty "deep well" Thermizer that's practically an entire range in itself—that bakes, stews, steams, deep-fat fries and even pops corn!

And the marvelous Cook-Master—easy to set as Junior's watch—that gives you an "afternoon out," has dinner ready and waiting when you return.

And, in some models, those wonderful Quick-Clean ovens have the Miracle Filter that "absorbs" oven smoke and fumes *before* they reach your kitchen! Why don't *you* see this dream of a cook with the new Sheer Look in color at your Frigidaire Dealer's.

You'll find his name listed in the
Yellow Pages of your Classified Telephone Directory
under the heading: "Electric Appliances."

Models RI-70-57



NEW

Frigidaire sells color at no additional charge.

Four fashion-fresh colors like the Charcoal Gray and Stratford Yellow shown here. All in Sheer Look styling for that blend-in, built-in look—for any kitchen, old or new.

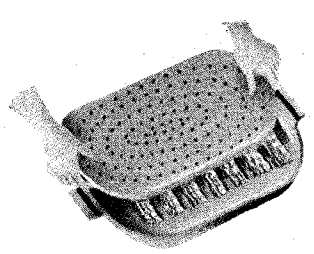
LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

'57 FRIGIDAIRE
ELECTRIC RANGES

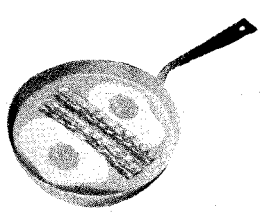
GM GENERAL MOTORS

Frigidaire—Built and Backed by General Motors

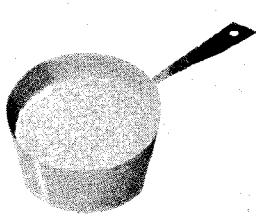
IMAGINE—These Foods Cooked Without Watching, Stirring or Tending!



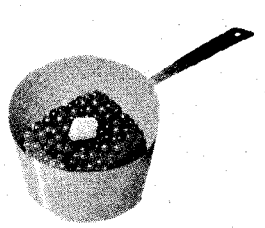
Fry bacon to perfection in just 6 minutes—without turning it once.



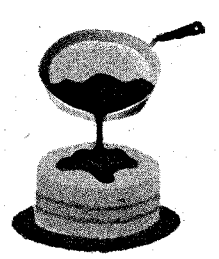
Fry eggs with bacon—or later—in same griddle, at same heat setting.



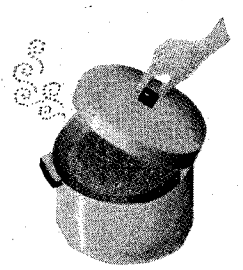
Cook oatmeal and other cereals—from a cold-water start without stirring.



Thaw and cook frozen vegetables—without water—just add butter.



Candy and frosting won't burn—cook without stirring after sugar dissolves.



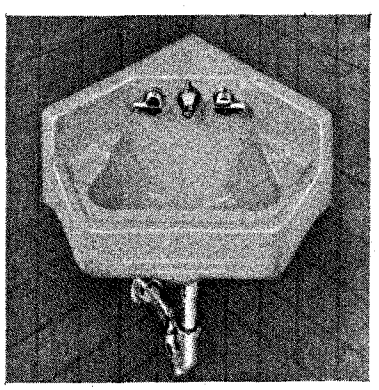
Bake a cake on top of the range—constant, controlled heat does it.

TOP-OF-THE-RANGE COOKING WITHOUT LOOKING IS JUST ELEMENTARY FOR THIS "THINKINGEST" RANGE!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

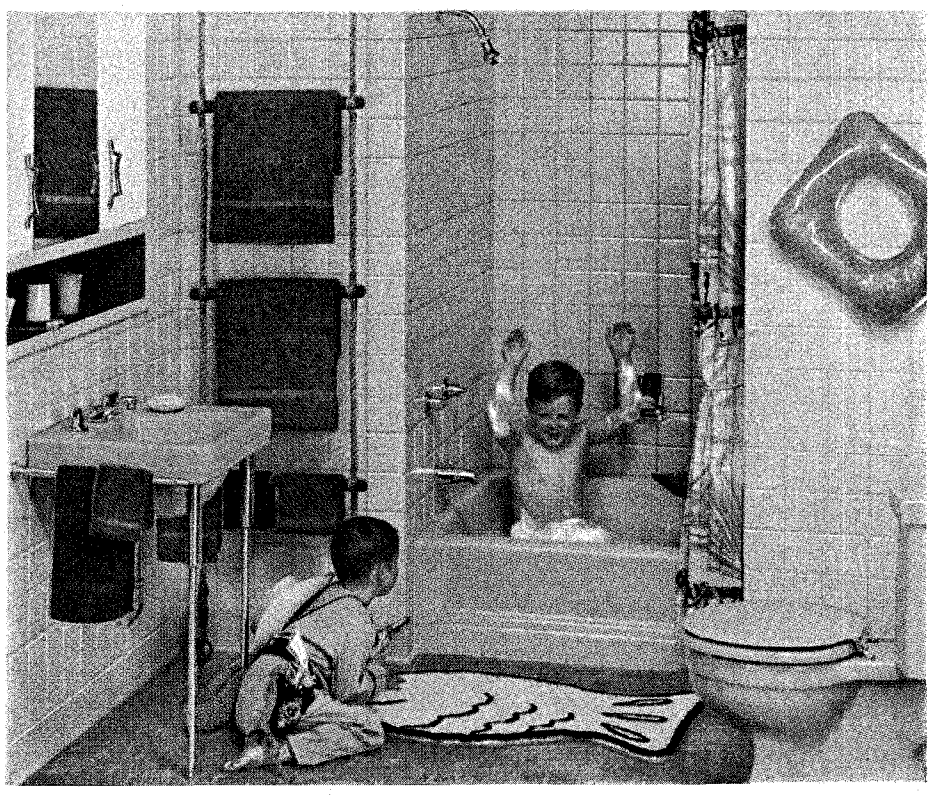
"Just see what we get for $5.98 a week*"

"It's hard to believe, but this glamorous bathtub, lavatory and toilet cost only $5.98 a week.* When we found that out, we knew we had to have American-Standard fixtures in both bathrooms. You see, they give us American-Standard quality at no extra cost."



"This space-saving lavatory is perfect for a powder room or for any bathroom where space is limited. It comes in lovely colors and white."

"Jim says our AMERICAN-Standard bathrooms cost less than he expected—and aren't they beautiful!"



"The boys' bathroom fixtures cost only $2.62 a week*... but economy isn't the only reason we insisted on American-Standard bathroom fixtures. Jim says they're the best . . . says they'll last a lifetime. I love their smart, modern lines, their lovely colors.

"Look at the corner tub in our bathroom. It has a big, roomy bathing area, yet fits into a 4x4-foot space. Both tubs are of sturdy cast iron . . . the lavatories and toilets are of genuine china that's ever so easy to keep sparkling clean. And you should see the faucets in our bathroom. They're monogrammed . . . that's right, they have our initials. Isn't that a smart touch?"

A second bathroom is a must in most homes these days. You will find it easy to find the right space-saving American-Standard fixtures for an extra bathroom at your American-Standard retailer's — ask him about easy payment terms. He's listed in your phone book's Yellow Pages under "plumbing supplies" or "plumbing fixtures." Or mail the coupon below for helpful booklet. AMERICAN-STANDARD PLUMBING & HEATING DIVISION, 40 West 40th St., New York 18, N. Y.

*PLUS INSTALLATION

American-Standard, Dept. PP-37, 39 West 39th Street, New York 18, N. Y.

Please send me your booklet, PLANNING FOR BETTER BATHROOMS. Enclosed is 10¢ in coin to cover handling.

PLEASE PRINT

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____

COUNTY_____ STATE_____

See American-Standard products on NBC-TV's program HOME, starring Arlene Francis.

AMERICAN-Standard

PLUMBING AND HEATING DIVISION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

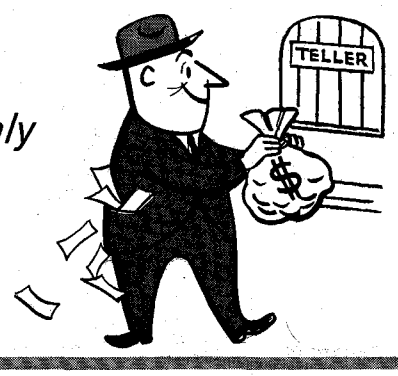
Now—New York Life announces a new convenience for its policy owners—

CHECK-O-MATIC®

pays your insurance premiums safely, surely every month out of your regular checking account yet you never write a check!

SAVES YOU MONEY!

Check-O-Matic premium is less than if you pay monthly the usual way!

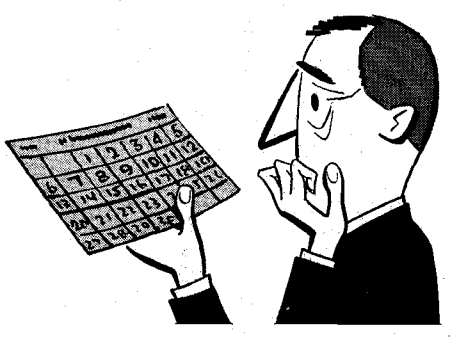


SAVES YOU TROUBLE!

No inconvenience every month of writing checks or mailing them!

SAVES YOUR POLICY!

Prevents possible lapse of your policy— due to forgetfulness!



Through the cooperation of your local bank, New York Life can now offer you Check-O-Matic—a new method of premium payment. It ties in with the modern American practice of budgeting everything by the month. It makes the monthly payment of insurance premiums *completely automatic*—you never lift a pen or lick a stamp!

Here's how Check-O-Matic works: First, you authorize New York Life to draw checks on your *regular* checking account for your monthly premiums. Then you authorize your bank to honor these checks—just as though you signed them yourself.

That's all there is to it . . . you budget a proper balance in your account and you do nothing more from then on, *thanks to your local bank*. The canceled check is your receipt. All you need to qualify for Check-O-Matic is a New York Life individual Life or Accident & Sickness insurance policy which has a monthly premium of $10 or more.

Equally important, Check-O-Matic actually makes your premiums lower. For example, on a new life insurance policy where the regular monthly premium would ordinarily be $51.94, the Check-O-Matic premium is only $50—*a saving of $23.28 a year!*

Ask your New York Life agent for complete details about this wonderfully convenient, wonderfully simple, wonderfully safe Check-O-Matic service.

New York Life Insurance Company

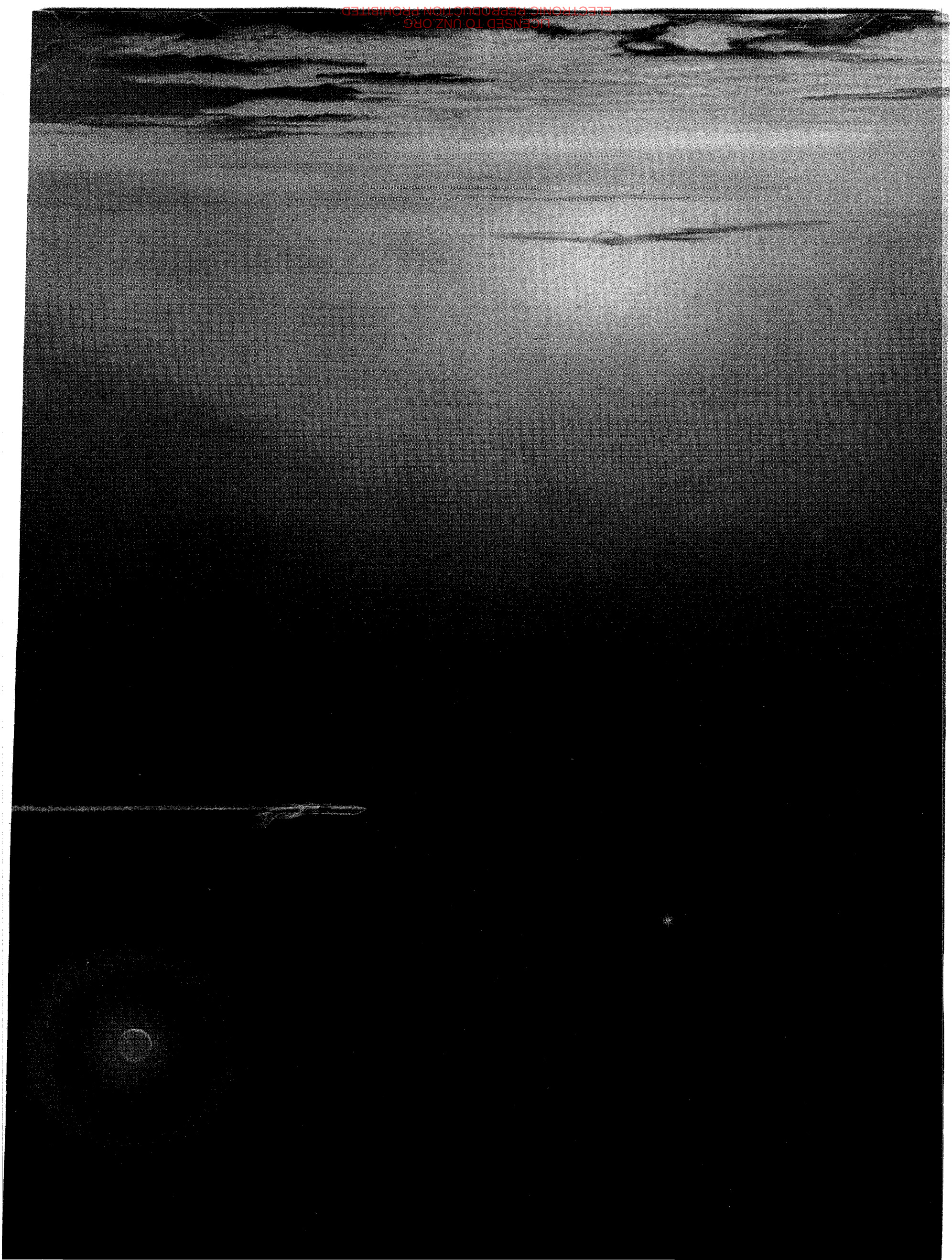
nylic

51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Life Insurance • Group Insurance
Accident & Sickness Insurance • Employee Pension Plans

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"The first Douglas aircraft, the Cloudster, was built in 1920. It was the first airplane in history to carry a payload equal to its own weight.

"Today, 37 years later, more people and more airlines fly Douglas than all other airplanes combined.

"The famous DC-3—introduced in 1936 and still flying by the thousands—marked the beginnings of successful commercial air transportation and introduced passengers to a standard of luxury which has become traditional. The big, fast DC-4's, DC-6's and DC-7's which followed have raised standards of air travel even higher.

"Douglas jets have made history too. A Douglas jet was the first to travel *twice* the speed of sound back in 1947. In 1951, a Douglas jet set the world's altitude record. In 1953, another established the world's speed record.

"As a result of this unequaled jet and transport experience, you will shortly be traveling in the fabulous DC-8 Jetliner. And when you do, we think you'll discover for the first time what wonders and rewards this jet age will bring to you."

DONALD W. DOUGLAS: President and Chairman of the Board, Douglas Aircraft Company

What will it be like to fly in a jet?

One day soon, you will step aboard the Douglas DC-8 Jetliner— and into a completely new realm of travel

Your first jet flight will add a most meaningful dimension to your life—a new measurement of time and space.

You settle in your deep, soft seat in the graceful plane with the swept-back wings.

A short, swift run—and you are airborne. The nose points up eagerly and the earth drops away below you.

You climb steadily, serenely, quietly. The muted sound of the jets falls quickly behind, for in the DC-8 you move almost as fast as the speed of sound itself.

The splendor of the stratosphere

Up you go—up, up beyond the limits of today's planes. Up seven miles from the earth, and now almost eight.

You level off in the stratosphere. And even though the DC-8 puts half a mile behind you with every breath you draw, you feel no sensation of speed or flight.

Just outside your window the temperature in the thin air is 60 degrees below zero. But the air in the cabin has the soft touch of a June day, fresh and sweet and comfortable.

The view of the earth moving lazily and distantly below is exhilarating, with glimpses of fields and towns and mountains in miniature, or silver stretches of the seas.

Up this high, too high for the longest fingers of weather to touch you, you sense a tranquillity, a detached peacefulness, a freedom of spirit. You share a feeling of majesty with the sun and moon, often seen hanging in the sky together.

During the day, the sky is an ocean of deep shining blue. In the evening, the blue deepens into dark velvet. The moon sends forth its milky stream of light. The stars loom larger and brighter, and you are enthralled by the ghostly radiance of the night sky.

Witness to a miracle

Now, almost unnoticeably, you are descending from your secret corner of the sky—down to earth again.

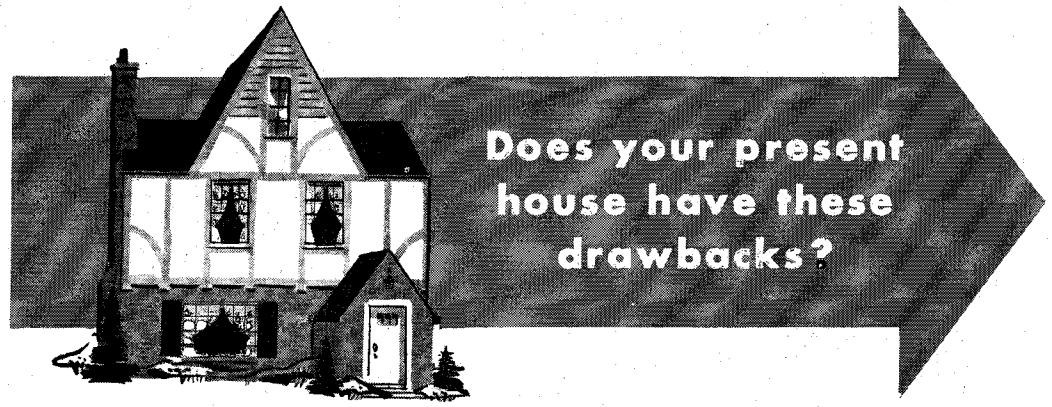
On the ground, you realize how far you've come in how short a time. Realize, too, that you have witnessed—and even played a part in—one of the miracles of our age . . . the miracle of commercial jet flight through the stratosphere to distant places; so swift, so convenient, so beautiful and rewarding as to leave all other ways of travel in its wake forevermore.

In the astonishing world of the stratosphere,
your eyes will behold splendors never seen by you before.

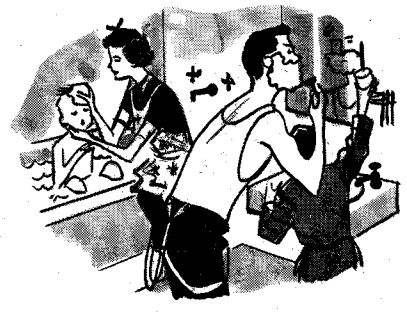
DOUGLAS JET DC-8

These airlines already have purchased DC-8's: Delta Air Lines • Eastern Air Lines
Japan Air Lines • KLM Royal Dutch Air Lines • National Airlines • Pan American World Airways • Panagra • Scandinavian Airlines System
Swissair • Trans-Canada Air Lines • Transports Aeriens Intercontinentaux • Union Aeromaritime de Transport • United Air Lines

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Rooms chilly in winter, hot in summer?



Only one bathroom for the whole family?

Are you living in yesterday's house?

Even if your house is only 5 years old, you'll find remarkable advances in the homes now being built.

Wouldn't you like to make your life easier?

Wouldn't you love a home insulated to stay warmer in winter, cooler in summer?

A home with concealed heat radiation or outlets that save space and won't catch dust?

A scientifically planned kitchen . . . with matching appliances, a waist-high, built-in oven . . . a sound-treated ceiling that soaks up noise, helps you work in a more relaxed atmosphere?

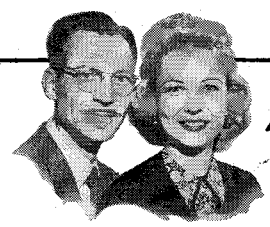
A home with extra bathrooms—generous closets—electric outlets galore — and a real dining room?

And wouldn't you love a home that requires less care and upkeep? Builders all around you are building that kind of home (like the one pictured at the right) with Gold Bond® Products.

Outside, you'll find Gold Bond Asbestos Siding that never needs painting to preserve it. In the walls there is Gold Bond TWINSULATION® that not only keeps the home cooler in summer and warmer in winter, but drastically cuts your fuel bills. The inner walls are substantially made of Gold Bond Lath and Plaster, or you may prefer Gold Bond Gypsum Wallboard. The ceilings are covered with Gold Bond Acoustical Tiles that soak up noise, make for restful quiet. And the rooms are finished with Gold Bond Velvet — the latex paint you can sponge clean.

Can you afford such a home? If you now rent, you can buy your "dream home" in monthly installments that will probably run no more than your rent. If you own a house, there are builders or realtors in some areas who may take it in trade.

But why just read about these "easier-living" homes? Give yourself the joy and excitement of *seeing* them. There's no better time than this very week end! National Gypsum Company, Buffalo 2, New York.

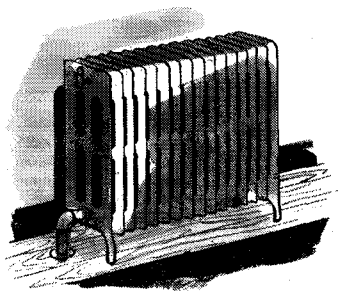


"In our town we were able to trade our old house for a new home!"

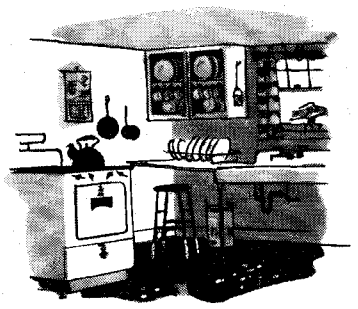
say Mr. and Mrs. Ronald R. Ross, Fort Wayne, Indiana

"We really needed a new home. And we saw one we liked. But our problem was how to get the money to buy it without first selling our old house. Then we heard about a trade-in plan that was working in our town. We checked into this . . . found it offered a solution to our problem. So we "traded" our old house quickly and easily to a builder-realtor at what we found was a fair price. We got the new home we wanted without having to contend with the fuss, bother and worry of selling the old house ourselves."

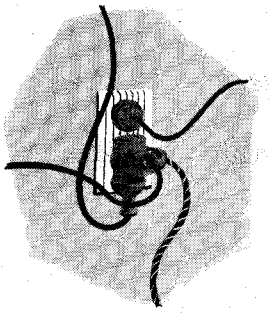
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



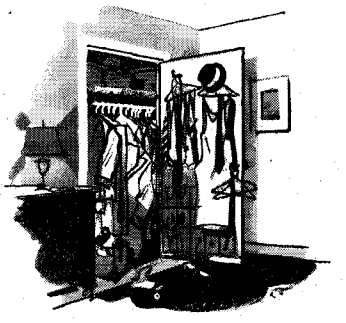
Radiators that stick out, hog space?



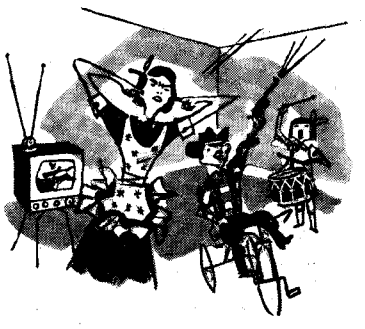
Kitchen poorly arranged and cramped?



Wiring inadequate for present appliances?



Tiny closets, not enough storage space?



Rooms where every sound echoes?

THE HOME YOU WANT IS BUILT WITH GOLD BOND PRODUCTS

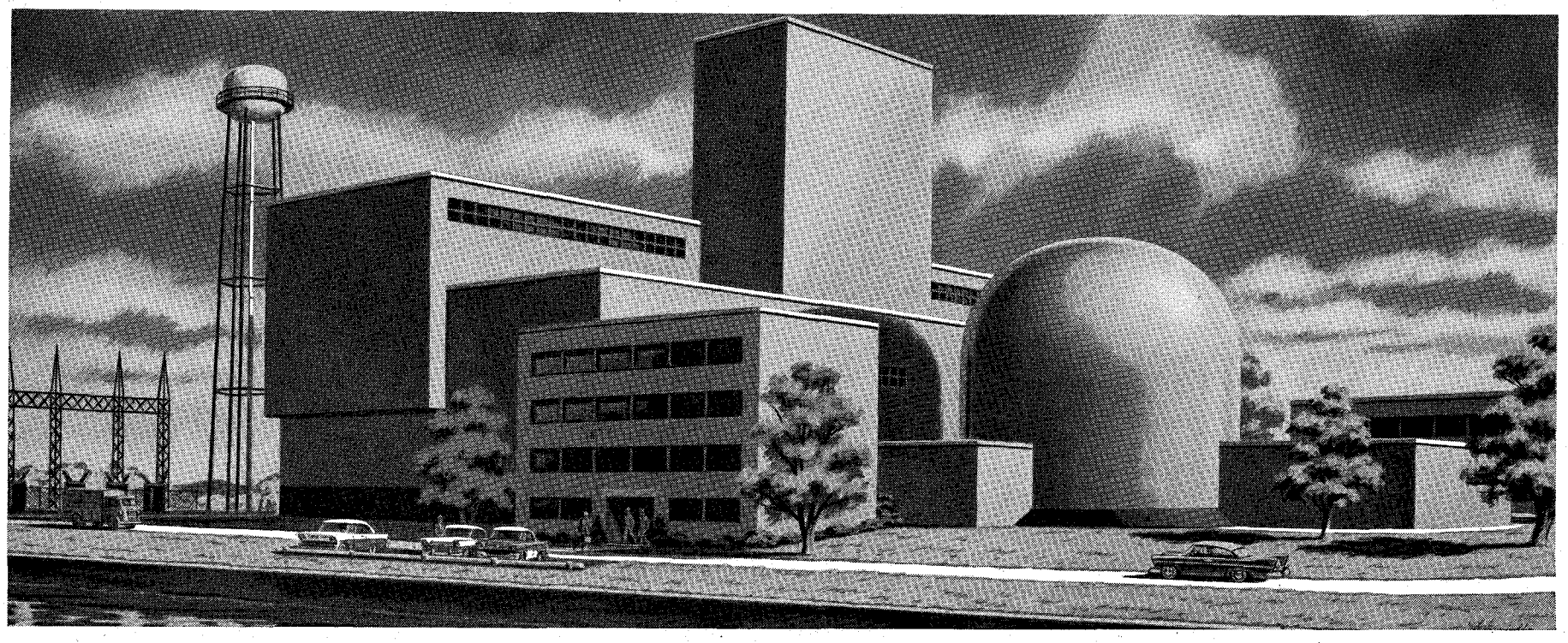
Rock Wool Insulation • Lath and Plaster • Gypsum Wallboards
Insulation Boards, Planks and Tiles • Asbestos Roofing and Siding
Acoustical Tiles • Paint Products

Gold Bond

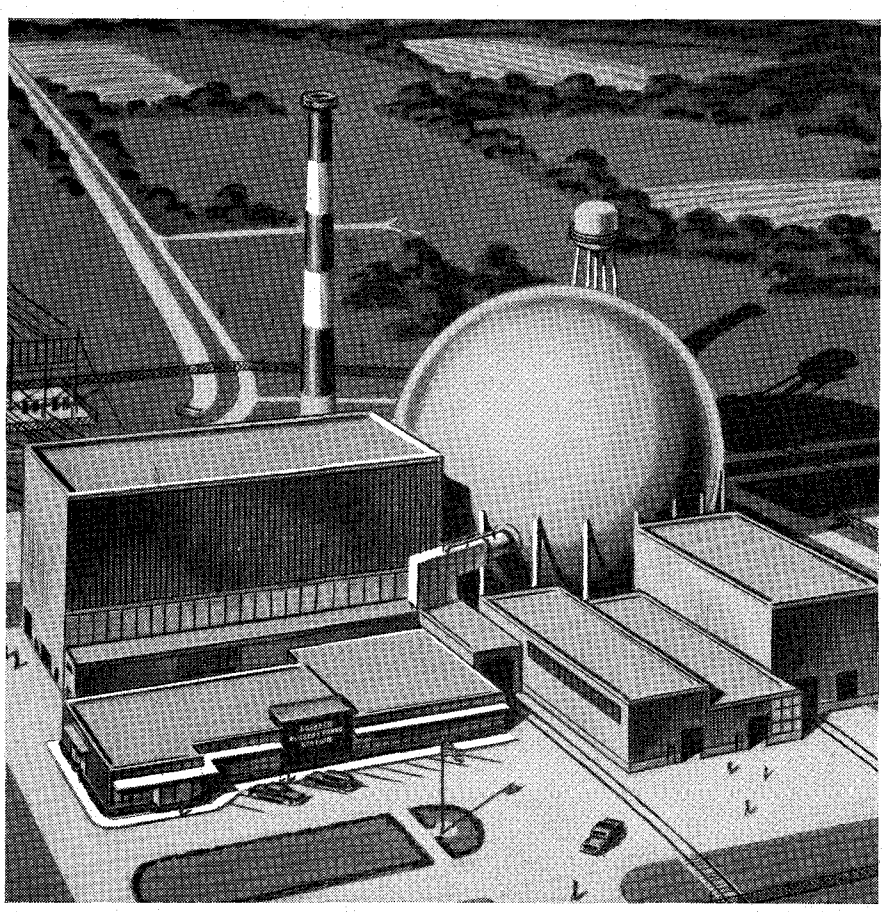
BUILDING PRODUCTS

NATIONAL GYPSUM COMPANY

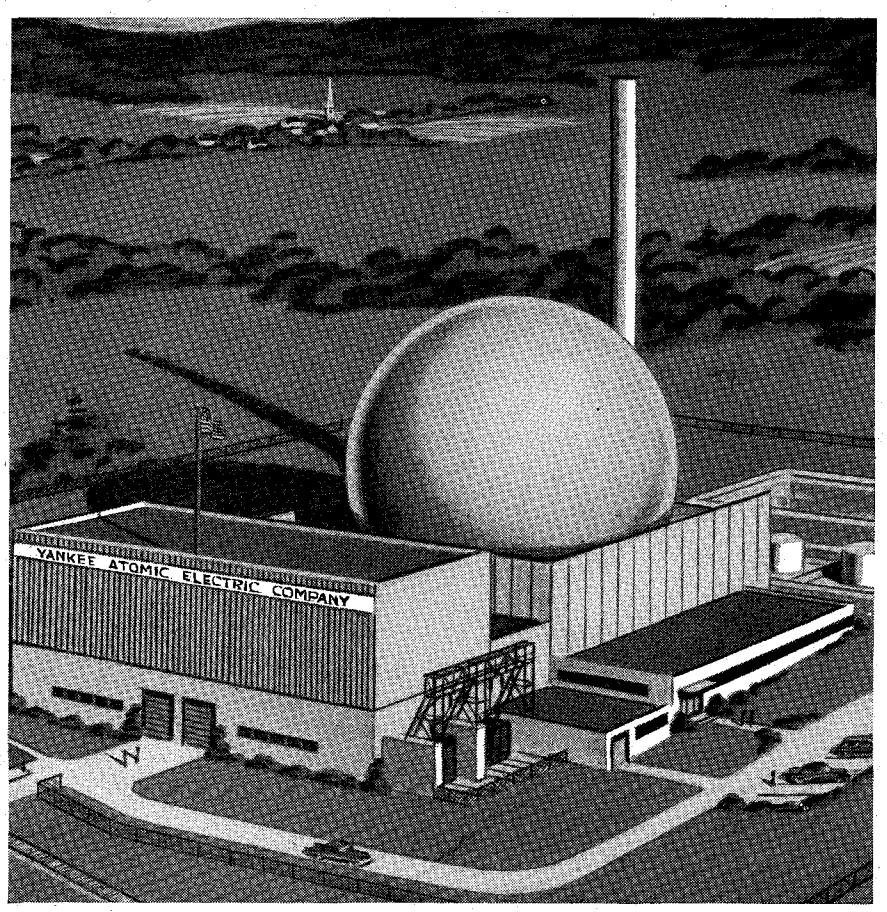
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Enrico Fermi atomic power plant *is under way near Detroit through the joint efforts of 18 electric companies. A group of equipment manufacturers and the Atomic Energy Commission are also associated in the project.*



Dresden, Illinois, plant *is being developed by 7 electric light and power companies, their equipment manufacturers, and with the co-operation of the AEC.*



Yankee atomic-electric plant *is being developed by 12 New England electric companies. A number of equipment manufacturers and the AEC are participating.*

What will atomic-electric power plants look like?

Among the atomic-electric power plants now under way, three will look like the drawings above when completed.

Although they appear somewhat alike, each involves different methods, different materials, a different type of atomic reactor or "furnace." That's because the electric companies, the equipment manufacturers and the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission—who are all participating in atomic development—are searching for the best ways to produce electricity, using atomic energy as fuel.

The development of atomic-powered electric plants is the latest stage in bringing plentiful electricity to America. You can be sure that electric company skills and experience, acquired in 75 years of service, are being applied to this great new job.

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

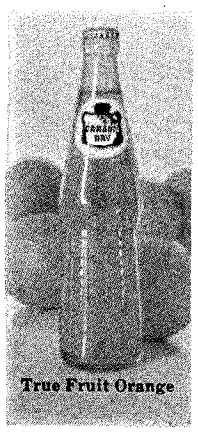
**Company names on request through this magazine*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Five ingredients for a <u>dream</u> of a pajama party:

pajamas by Schranks

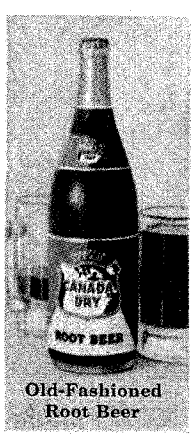
...teen-agers...patient parents...records...snacks...plus Canada Dry Ginger Ale that's light, dry, less filling — with longer-lasting sparkle



True Fruit Orange

Hi-Spot Lemon

Tangy Grape



Old-Fashioned Root Beer

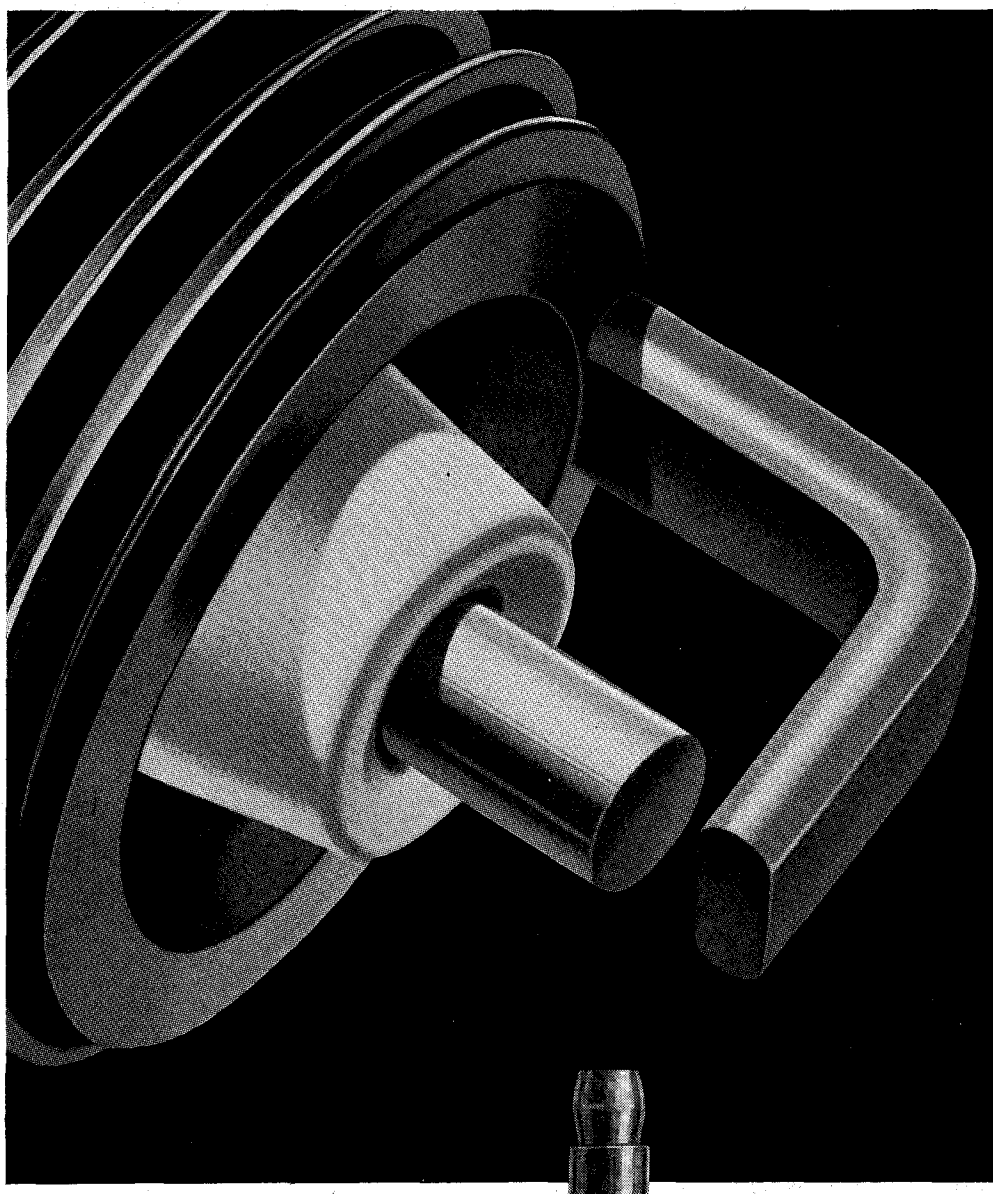
A FEW OF THE 10 TEMPTING CANADA DRY FLAVORS

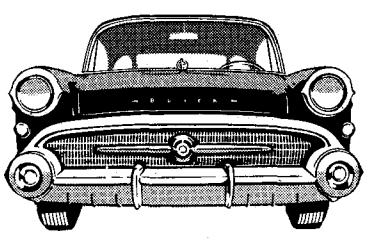
GET MY NEW RCA VICTOR 45 EP
"PAJAMA PARTY" HIGHLIGHT ALBUM
FOR ONLY 25¢
JULIUS LA ROSA
Reg. price $1.49...6 complete hit tunes by Julius La Rosa and other top artists — 16 full minutes of enjoyment! Send 25¢ and 2 bottle caps from any Canada Dry products to Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., P.O. Box 449, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y. with your name and address. Allow 2 weeks for mailing.
CANADA DRY
GINGER ALE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

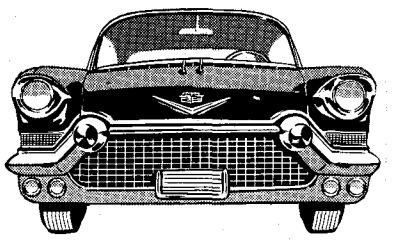
Some spark plugs are designed for low speeds, some spark plugs are designed for high speeds, but . . .

POWER TIP "FIRES UP" YOUR

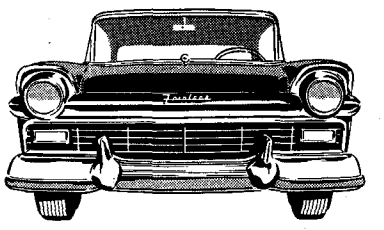




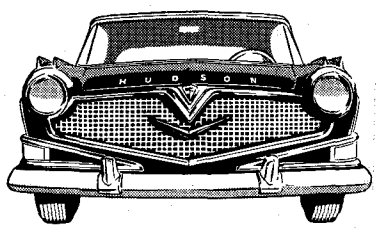
BUICK



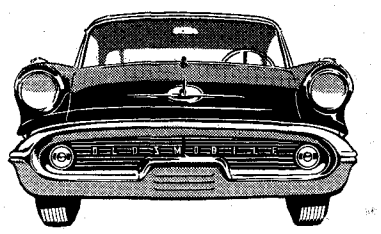
CADILLAC



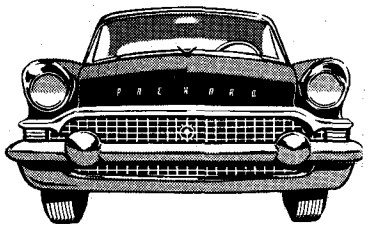
FORD



HUDSON



OLDSMOBILE



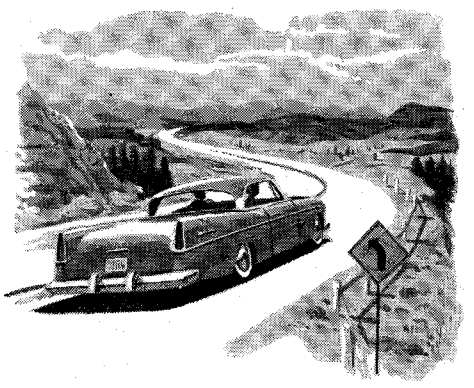
PACKARD

THE PROTRUDING TIP MAKES THE BIG DIFFERENCE!

Ordinary Plug Tip

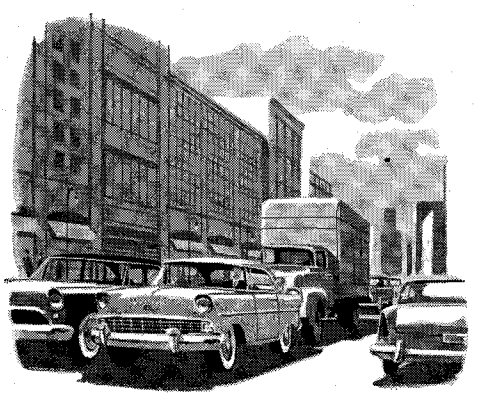
New Power Tip

The first spark plu



COLD AT HIGH SPEED

On the open road, higher speeds call for a plug cool enough to prevent pre-ignition. New Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plug with Power Tip is the answer.

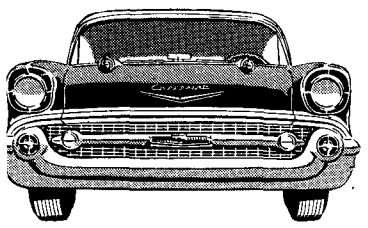


HOT AT LOW SPEED

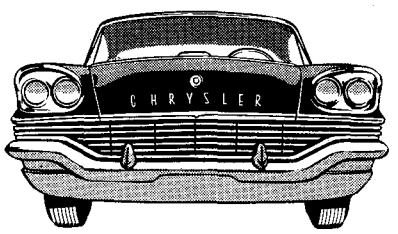
City driving at traffic-jam pace demands a plug hot enough to prevent fouling. The new Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plug with Power Tip is the answer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

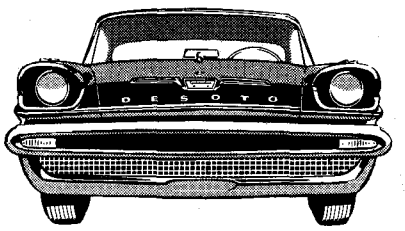
ENGINE AT ALL SPEEDS !



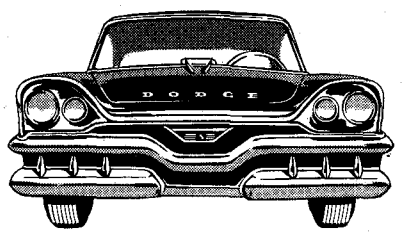
CHEVROLET



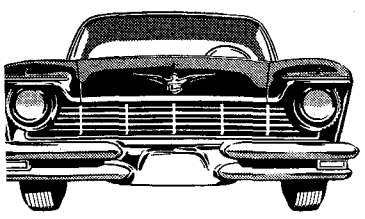
CHRYSLER



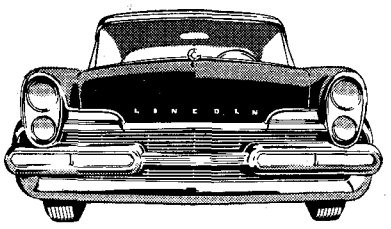
DE SOTO



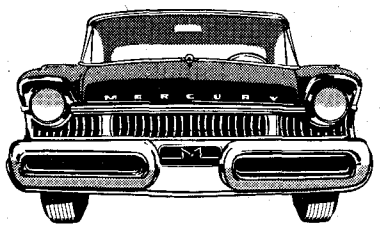
DODGE



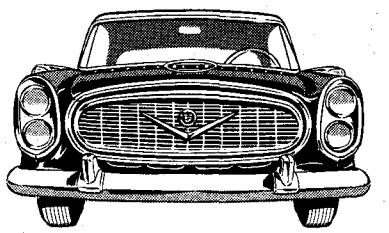
IMPERIAL



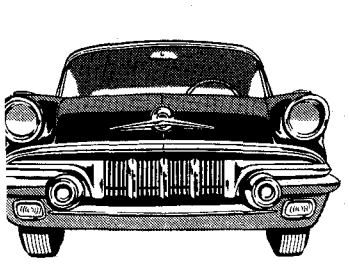
LINCOLN



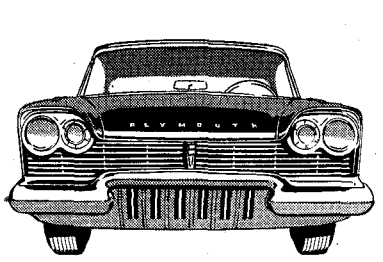
MERCURY



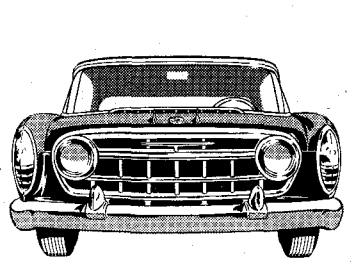
NASH



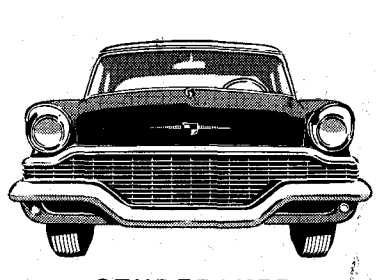
PONTIAC



PLYMOUTH



RAMBLER



STUDEBAKER

nition-engineered for today's engines* and today's driving

Today's higher horsepower engines and today's driving demand *more* from spark plugs and Power Tip gives more! Performance tests on all of America's 18 makes of passenger cars prove that Power Tip "fires up" today's engines for top performance and economy at *all speeds!* Here's why . . .

At *low* speeds, the projecting spark plug tip . . . the Power Tip . . . gets hot *fast*, operates hotter at low speeds to burn away fouling deposits which ruin ordinary spark plugs in city driving. At *high* speeds, the Power Tip is actually cooled by the richer air-fuel mixture. This cooling action effectively checks costly and dangerous high-speed pre-ignition caused by overheated spark plugs. Power Tip delivers peak performance at *all* speeds!

Ask your dealer to install a set of Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plugs with Power Tip in your car today!

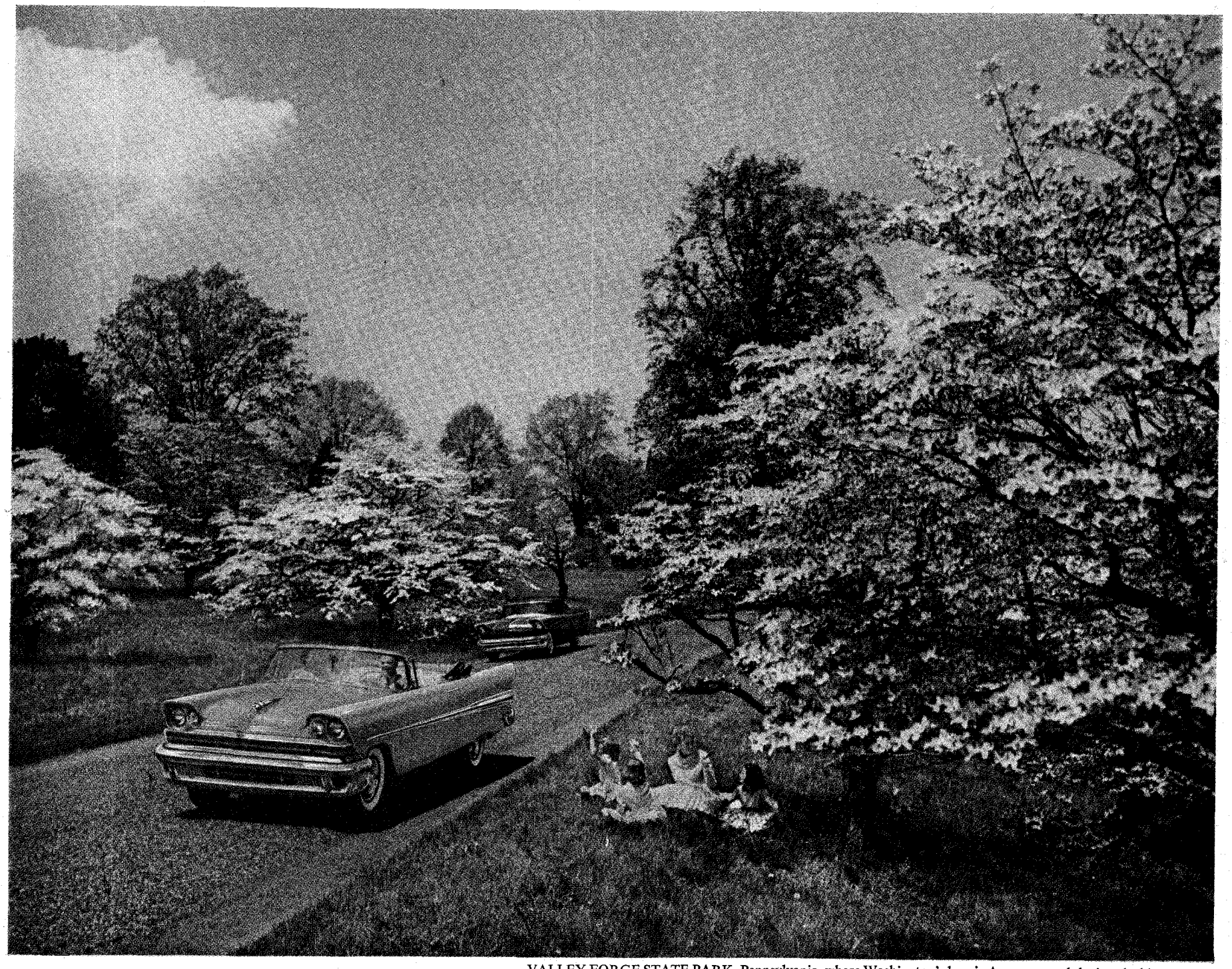
*Power Tip is ignition-engineered especially for overhead-valve V-8 engines and for most overhead-valve 6-cylinder engines.

AUTO-LITE®

RESISTOR SPARK PLUG WITH POWER TIP

Auto-Lite manufactures over 400 products, including Spark Plugs, Batteries, Wire and Cable, and Automotive Electrical Systems . . . sold throughout the United States and Canada.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



VALLEY FORGE STATE PARK, Pennsylvania, where Washington's heroic Army camped during the bitter winter of 1777. Blooms of 50,000 dogwood trees make the park especially beautiful in May. Guided tours. For information on Pennsylvania State Parks, write: Dept. of Forests and Waters, Harrisburg, Pa. *Photo by Ivan Dmitri.*

ENJOY SPRING IN A NEW CAR

Answer the call of the open road this spring in a new or better used car. You can buy the automobile of your choice now through the C.I.T. Time Purchase Plan . . . the broad plan that includes seven important protections for you, your car, and your family.

So stop in this week to see your dealer. And when you've chosen the car you want, ask him to finance it through the C.I.T. Plan. He'll make all the arrangements quickly, right in his showroom. You'll enjoy driving *more* when you buy your car on the "C.I.T. Time Purchase Plan for Carefree Driving."

YOU GET ALL THESE BENEFITS WITH THE COMPLETE C. I. T. PLAN

1. THE BEST CAR INSURANCE SERVICE YOU CAN GET. Your car is insured against collision, fire, theft and many other causes of loss. No shopping for bids in case of accident. Repairs made promptly and completely by your own dealer.

2. TOWING AND ROADSIDE HELP. You are repaid up to $10 for service costs if your car breaks down on the road.

3. "BORROWED CAR" PROTECTIONS. You, or any relative living with you, get all the foregoing protections when using a borrowed passenger car. (Not available to purchasers in Massachusetts or Canada.)

4. ESTABLISHED CREDIT. You can request any one of our offices to pay a bill for emergency car repairs. You repay in convenient monthly instalments.

5. LIFE INSURANCE. Your family will own your car outright without further payments in the event of your death while this insurance is in force on your life.

6. CASH BENEFITS IN PERSONAL ACCIDENTS. You are covered by a Limited Travel and Pedestrian Accident Policy, in case of your death or loss of sight or limbs from many traffic accidents. (Not available to purchasers in Ohio or Calif.)

7. HELP IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES. You can get bail bond up to $5,000 at no extra expense if you, or a member of your family, are held in custody on traffic charges. (Not available to purchasers in California or Canada.)

LOCAL SERVICE. Anywhere you drive in the U. S. or Canada, there's one of C.I.T.'s 465 offices nearby to give you immediate action and assistance on these protections.

OFFERED BY
ALL AUTO DEALERS
WHO DISPLAY THIS SYMBOL

CIT
The Time Purchase Plan
For Carefree Driving

© U.C.I.T.

COURTESY • INTEGRITY • THRIFT
SINCE 1908

UNIVERSAL C.I.T. CREDIT CORPORATION • ONE PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N.Y.
IN CANADA: CANADIAN ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION LIMITED, TORONTO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Kiowa scouted the Zachary ranch all the time, for it lay on their way to farther, easier kills.

KIOWA MOON

The Horse Indians were on the prowl, ready to strike with a savage fury new in the history of the plains.

Beginning a thrilling new serial by the author of THE SEARCHERS . . . ALAN LE MAY

Dancing Bird River was the Zachary family's name for a little run of live water ten miles below the Red, in the unsettled country west of the Wichita. Their soddy was cut into a slope beside it, in the last miles before the deep grass petered out into the flinty apron of the cap rock. Some sketchy pole corrals marked this place as a cattle stand, but the house itself hardly showed. Its forward walls were built of the same mud and grass roots into which it was dug, and so was its roof, which had a good stand of feed. It squatted low and lonely, backed like a badger into the hill, and its nearest neighbor was eighteen miles away.

Inside this hole in the ground, late in the afternoon of March 15, 1874, a dark-haired girl of seventeen was getting ready to put supper on. Her name was Rachel Zachary.

Her brothers had saddled before daylight, and had been gone ever since, but through most of this day Rachel and her mother had found their absence a relief. The soddy was not a cramped one, as soddies went. The slit of a bedroom Rachel shared with her mother wasn't much, but the main room was big for a dugout, even with bunks for her three brothers filling one end. And they were seldom winterbound, for the boys rode longest when the weather was worst. It was on the easy days that five people in one room and a fraction kept falling over one another.

High above the prairie a mat of black, rainless clouds moved steadily across the world, riding a tireless north wind that had come a thousand miles without troubling many. Up in Indian Territory, along the tributaries of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washita, it was ripping at some hundreds of buffalo-hide lodges, sheltering such of the Wild Tribes as were insolent enough to winter on agency rations. The villages of those hostiles could have mounted enough warriors to engulf a brigade, yet made slight impression upon the vast emptiness of the territory. Surely the wind moan in the cottonwoods along the Dancing Bird was the lonesomest sound on earth.

About midafternoon mamma had gone to their bedroom for a nap. The partition was no strung-up horse blanket, such as was common to soddies, but a decently solid turf wall, plastered with home-burned lime. Once the heavy door had closed, Rachel was alone with the sound of the wind. She didn't mind that; at least, not for a while. Rachel Zachary was a shy, thin girl, lightly boned and not very big, but with considerable wire built into her by the kind of places in which she had been raised. The Zacharys had shifted ground a good deal, though not all of them understood why, always toward untamed land. But now they had stuck it out in this one remote soddy for going on five years—more nearly a third than a quarter of Rachel's life. She could not help knowing that this was a desolate and sometimes menacing place in which to live; but she seldom thought about it any more.

This year had begun with high hopes. Just lately, in January, Texas had got hold of its own government at last, for the first time since the war. Now the Rangers would come back, and the Border Battalions, and settlers would get some help in their everlasting defense against the Wild Tribes. At the same time, the beef market at Wichita was winding up to boom again, after a series of collapses that had left the Zacharys about as cattle-poor as they could stand. They were going to be rich, like as not—soon, this year, this very summer.

Ben Zachary had ridden down the Trinity a month ago, to look for trail hands; he would fetch home a band of at least twenty men—thirty, if he could find them. Once he got back, there would be a great swarming of men and horses, and something happening all the time, as they made up their first huge herd of the year for the drive to Wichita.

Ben was twenty-four, oldest of the three brothers. He had been head of the family since he was twenty, when they had lost their father in a high-water cattle crossing. Certainly he could take care of himself if anybody could, even in a wolf howl of a town with three hundred people in it, like Fort Worth. Yet sometimes Rachel's throat hurt as she thought of never seeing him again—for this could happen out here, as papa had proved. Was he overdue? Well, not really; not quite yet.

She knocked the ash off the wood coals in the fireplace, and set on the three-legged skillet they called a spider. Then she looked at the clock on the mantel beam. It was one of the few truly nice things they had, with a little ship rocking away on painted waves where the pendulum might be expected. It said exactly eleven minutes of four. She remembered that hour all the rest of her life.

She had been fooled by the unnatural dusk; it was still too early to start cooking anything. She set the spider off the coals and went to one of their two real windows. These, even more than the clock, were their special pride, for they had eighteen panes of real glass apiece. They looked south across the Dancing Bird, so Rachel had to lean her temple against a cold pane to look eastward, past the corrals and downstream. She was hoping, for the thousandth time, to sight a distant disturbance that would be Ben at the head of his men.

Maybe he's remembered to fetch me some pretty anything-he-could-get. To make just one nice dress.

He wasn't coming, of course. So now Rachel went to their north lookout, to see if Cassius and Andy were riding in. The lookout was no more than a tiny-paned tunnel through the sod wall. It was set high, and though Cash could stand flat-footed to fire through it, and Ben might even have to stoop a little, Rachel had to stand on a box to see out. This brought her eyes only a few inches above the ground at the back. Yet this view commanded a surprising reach of prairie, for the land fell away behind the soddy, to rise again in gentle ridges rolling northward to the end of sight.

Most of the time the prairie was worth looking at, for it changed constantly, like the sea, to which so many have compared it. People thought of the deep grass as brown, but usually it looked almost anything else—purple, or gold, or red, or any kind of blue—for a little while each year, as spring came on, it even looked green.

Behind Rachel the shadows were growing in the corners, crawling toward the banked embers on the hearth. They brought a faint, penetrating chill, felt more in the heart than in the fingers or the skin, as if the earth itself were dying, instead of one bleak day between the winter and the spring. And now, for once, Rachel became strangely aware of the awful emptiness of this far lost prairie where they lived; and a loneliness took hold of her, with a hollow sinking of the heart. Afterward she came to believe that she had recognized this at once as a premonition of something unknown and dreadful, already beginning to happen to them as this daylight failed. But it wasn't true, for no clear thought of any kind came to her, then.

Just as she turned away from the lookout, something out there changed, and she looked again without knowing what she had seen. The first ridge was scarcely a furlong off, and they kept its crest burned off, to deprive enemies of cover commanding the house. On this burn had appeared a dark, narrow object, about three feet high. It looked a little like a scorched rock; only it had never been there before. She tried to see it better by moving her head in circles, as an owl does when it is trying to give shape to something unknown. "What *is* that?" she whispered, and her whisper was lost in the sound of the wind.

Now the thing moved and the mystery cleared, but without reassurance. She had been looking at the upper half of a man whose horse was hidden by the swell of ground. The oddly behaving visitor now pushed onto the crest of the burn, and stopped again. Even at an eighth of a mile, Rachel could judge that there stood about the sorriest horse she had ever seen in her life; and somehow she knew the rider was old, too, and as poorly as his horse. She supposed he would ride on in when he had looked them over, and usually she would have welcomed any such diversion. But this time she felt an unaccountable dread, almost a horror, of his coming nearer.

He came no nearer, then. She watched him as long as he was there, yet somehow she never saw him leave. He was there, and then he was gone. Rachel whipped on a coat, meaning to saddle and ride that ridge. She saw it as her bounden duty to see what the fellow was up to, for his actions had no reason unless he meant them harm. At the door she took the Sharp & Hankins carbine from its pegs and clashed open its sliding barrel to load. Then she stopped, knowing that she was not going out there, could not go out there. A nameless fear held her powerless to leave the house.

She heard her mother moving about in their bedroom. Soundlessly she eased the sliding barrel back into its seat, and returned the Sharp & Hankins to its pegs. She was building up the fire as Mathilda Zachary appeared, misty-eyed and yawny from her nap.

"Did I hear a sound?" she asked vaguely.

Rachel hesitated. Often Mathilda was so absent-minded she missed half you said, but she was capable of sharp flashes of observation,

Rachel stood at the door of the soddy and looked around her. No one was in sight.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I have to ask something of you," Ben told his mother. "I want you to take Rachel somewhere. Some safe place. Like, maybe Fort Worth."

too, all unexpected. She came up with one now.

"Thought I heard you breech the Sharp and Hankins," she said.

"There's something spooky going on out there! Back of the north ridge." Rachel saw she had her mother's startled attention. "Some awful old long-hair—he's been watching us. Sitting the dreadfulest old horse, out on the burn."

"Some old hunter, doubtless. Been alone so long, he was likely too shy to come in. What a shame! We'd have fed him so gladly."

"Yes," Rachel said. "And filled the house with smells and fleas too. I bet he's been with every stinky squaw from ——"

"Rachel! I won't have you speaking so unkindly!"

Rachel said, "Well, I think he's harmful to us," and was disturbed to hear a tremor in her own voice.

"Touch of cabin fever," her mother said gently. Cabin fever was their name for the sensitive, weepy mood that sometimes came on prairie women in the weeks while spring held off.

Rachel bided her time in a sulk, confident of getting more of a hooraw out of her brothers. They jogged in pretty late, and took a while shoveling nubbin corn to a dozen winter horses that had wandered in. Mathilda lighted candles, her hair catching their glow in its silver mist. Mathilda's hair had been white since her twenties; nobody remembered it any other color unless she washed it, when it was blue. But they remembered when she had been light and bouncy of step, with quick ungnarled hands, and they still saw her that way, for the changes in these things had come slowly, unseen.

As the yellow candlelight came up, the air outside seemed to turn a darker and more icy gray. Rachel closed the heavy shutters, as they must always do when they made a light inside. The north lookout was now a lightless eye. A shiver crossed Rachel's shoulders as she shut the slide, for she half expected to find a weird, ancient face peering in.

"What are the boys doing?" she complained, her patience dwindling.

But when her brothers came in, they failed her as badly as her mother had. Cassius Zachary was twenty-one, slim, black-haired, with a sharply trimmed mustache. Ben often said Cash had most of the brains in the family, and maybe he did. He even spoke the weird Kiowa tongue with every show of confidence, though it had seventy-four vowels, besides a lot of clicks and nasals, and had to be sung. Of course, Ben spoke it, too, but only because he had labored and sweated over it. Not Cassius. He had heard it, hadn't he? So he knew it.

Tonight, though, he splashed and spluttered all the way through her story. "I don't know what's got into this soap," he said when Rachel slowed up. "Bites like a blackfoot weasel."

Rachel could have killed him. "Cash! Did you, by any chance, hear one word I said?"

"Oh, sure. Sounds like some old peckerwood needs a horse. . . . Andy, better go put up the bars. So's we'll know where to start tracking, come morning."

Andy went back on her worst of all. He was not yet sixteen, but already tall, and moved well, so that he seemed older. As children, he and Rachel had stood together against a world of adults, consoling each other when wronged and left out of things. But lately he was getting away from her; he could ride horses she could not ride, and go places she could not go. And this made him the more exasperating, for now he was looking as owlish as he ever had at eight years old.

"Don't you know what that was you saw? That"—he made it weighty—"was the Ghost of the Bandit!"

This sober idiocy left Rachel speechless, so Cassius took it (Continued on Page 119)

Illustrated by Fred Otnes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tokyo: A busy Japanese editor casually conducts a business conversation over the telephone while he packs away his noontime noodles.

How's Your Telephone Etiquette?

Bad telephone manners waste eons of time and millions of dollars every day. Here's how you should treat Alexander Graham Bell's brain child.

Anywhere in the U.S.A.: Hours pass as the American teen-ager ties up the line with chatter about clothes, fads and boys, boys, boys—and even plays records over the telephone for her equally talkative friend.

By Craig Thompson

Away back, when the telephone was little more than half its present age, some anonymous jokesmith fashioned a wheeze that still gets around. One version of it had a fellow seated at a desk in an office, carrying on, at the top of his voice, what seemed to be a conversation, while two co-workers stared.

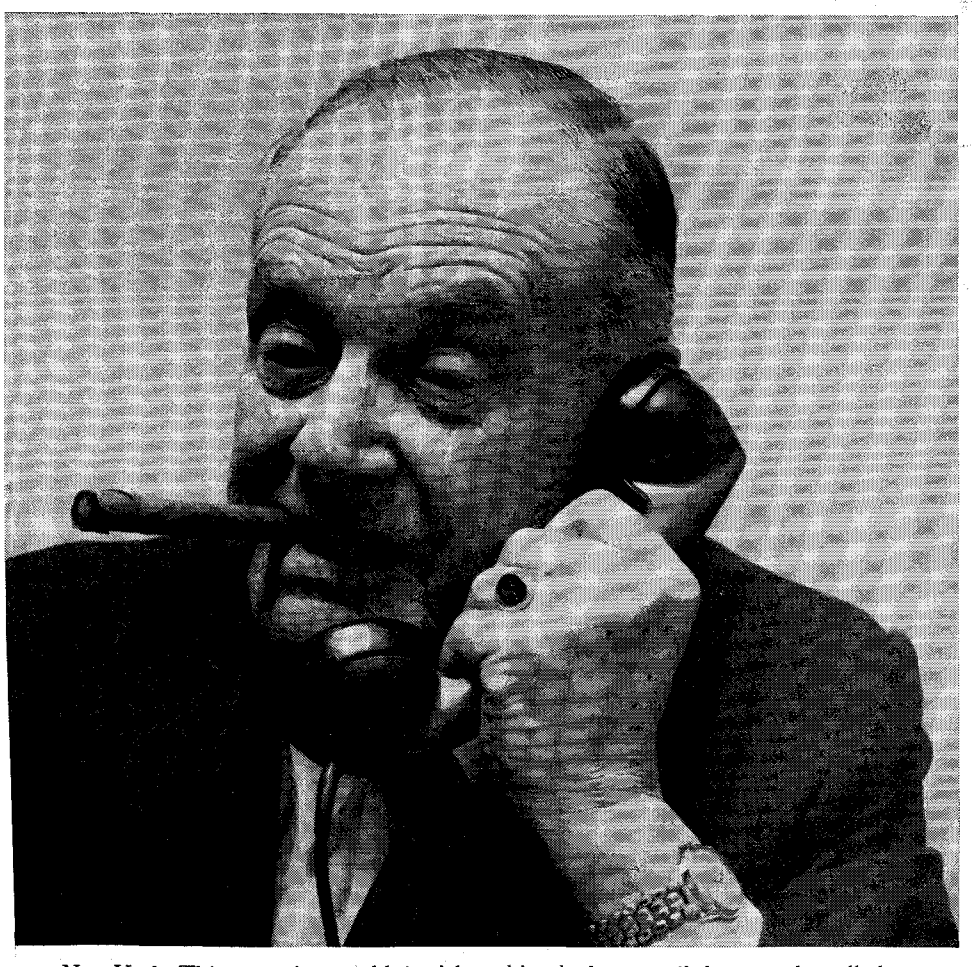
"What's he doing?" one of them asked.

"S-s-sh," the other shushed. "He's talking to Paris."

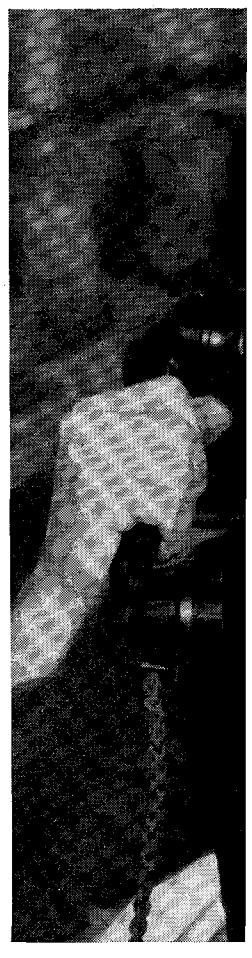
"I can hear that," said the first. "What I mean, why is he holding that telephone in front of his face?"

While there's no way of knowing how many other people may have chuckled at this now hoary joke, it's a pretty safe bet that no telephone-company executive ever has, or will. Instead, he instantly forms a mental image of the party at the other end of the connection holding the phone half a dozen inches from his head rather than risk an earache by bringing it closer. The result is a lot of garbled speech, numerous conversational repetitions and waste of equipment time. To the telephone man this kind of waste is not funny. It is, rather, one of the oldest and least curable operational problems the telephone companies face.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



New York: This executive wouldn't pick up his telephone until the party he called was on the line. The cigar between his teeth helps him speak authoritatively, if unintelligibly.



London: The proverbia his telephone diction.

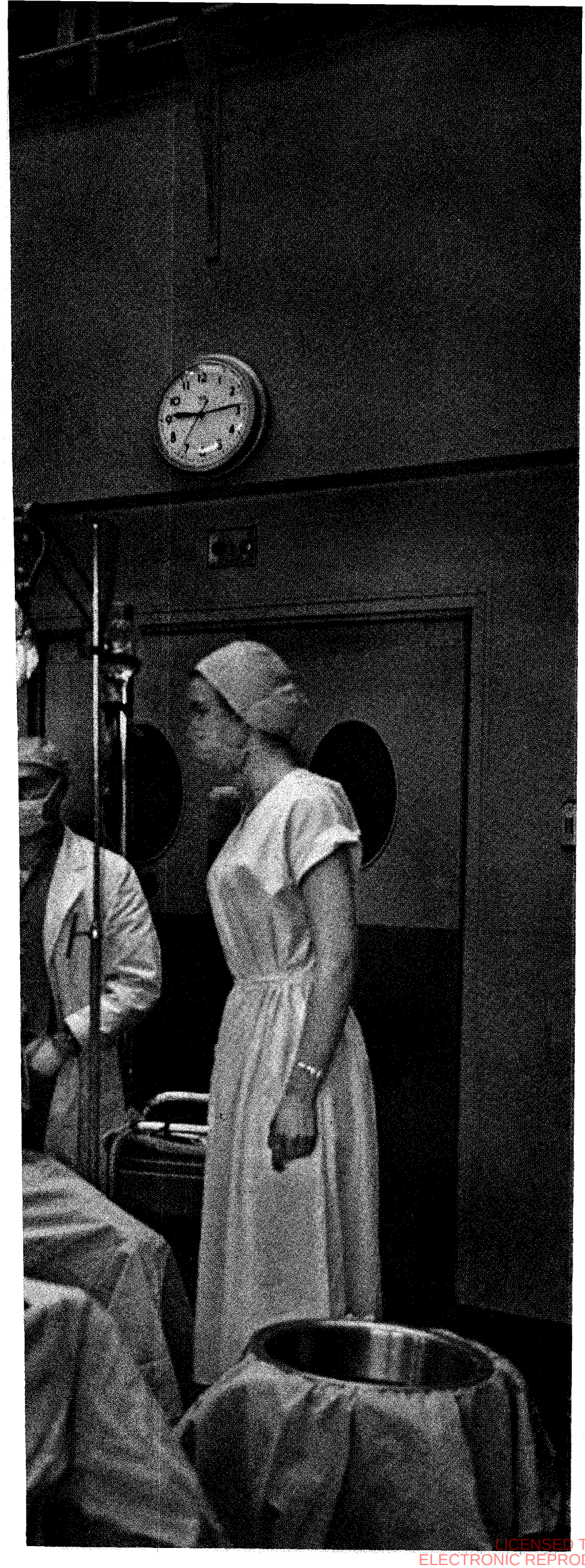
Paris: Even a Frenchman is impatient with *l'amour* whe

In the Bell System and in other large companies, such as the General Telephone Corporation, the problem is classified as one of etiquette, or manners. A look at their bulging files on etiquette suggests that, among all the machines with which men have complicated their living while seeking to enrich their lives, the telephone stands apart. It is used more frequently by more people than any other complex mechanism we have, but the more it is used, the more it is misused. In contrast to the oboe, which Danny Kaye condemned as an ill wind nobody blows good, the telephone has to be described as a good instrument nearly everybody ill-treats.

Bad telephone manners are by no means limited to those who shout, or to those who hold the transmitter more than an inch from their lips when speaking. They are also displayed by the mumblers; the chewers and gnawers who try to talk with a mouth full of gum, or with pipes, cigars, pencils or other impedimenta between their teeth; the wrong-number guessers who disdain directories; the executives who want the party they are calling to be on the line before picking up their own phones; the party-line hogs; the busy, busy people who let their phones ring and ring before answering; the operator baiters, and a long list of others. To the telephone executive they all add up to one thing—wasteful inefficiency. Even the time-honored word "hello" is now passé. It is a fascinating, if idle, speculation to wonder how Alexander Graham Bell, the man who invented the telephone in 1876, would make out if he should return from his grave. It was his habit to open a telephone conversation with a resounding "Whoo-hoo." (Continued on Page 58)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Face of AMERICA

Operating Room

For one hour and fourteen minutes, a team of surgeons has been at work under the special, shadowless lamps here in the main operating room at Boston's Peter Bent Brigham Hospital. The laparotomy—an exploratory abdominal operation—which they began at eight o'clock, now nears its final phase. The "scrub nurse" at left threads a needle which one of the three surgeons will use to close the incisions. Behind the table, four students and observers watch closely as the anesthetists maintain a constant check on the patient. The "circulating nurse" at right stands ready to attend to any emergency need. Here for two hours medical science unites with manual skills achieved through years of training. To thousands of masked men and women who perform such operations in hospitals throughout America, these tense moments are part of every morning's work. ◉ Photograph by Gus Pasquarella

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He's just the most conceited thing that ever was, she thought.

NO GIRL IS DIFFERENT

Jill didn't want a man that all other women drooled over. But she couldn't help herself.

By STEVE McNEIL

Mr. David Lambert put his elbows on the table and listened with more than casual interest to Dr. Horace Ashenfelter, the featured speaker of the evening and a psychiatrist of valid worth. David had always thought that a psychiatrist occupied a position somewhere between a witch doctor and a hypnotist, and subscribed to the not very original notion that anyone who went to one should have his head examined.

Doctor Ashenfelter, however, had thrown David off guard with his opening words, when he referred to himself as "a head shrinker," and as his talk went on from there it became apparent to David that the man was not going to be pompous or garrulous.

"The root," Doctor Ashenfelter said, "of men's troubles is women."

David straightened. He had a theory himself, the essence of it being that unless a man kept abreast of developments in his home, was constantly alert and remembered above all that he did earn the living, he was in danger of becoming a house mouse, dominated by his womenfolk, who, at times, showed all the characteristics of female felines.

"We are living under a matriarchal system," the doctor said, "which, with our emphasis on materialism and the strains of urban living, gives us most of our mental problems."

H'm'm'm, David thought. *Matriarchal system, eh?* He was becoming a bit weary of women. Not all women, but specifically his wife, Sally, and his daughter, Jill, both of whom seemed engaged in a conspiracy to subjugate him completely, reducing his role to that of gardener, repairman, chauffeur and banker.

When Pete had been home, and before he joined the Marine Corps, there had been a preponderance of male voices, male problems and male activity. David was beginning to remember nostalgically certain phases of Pete's growth, utterly ignoring the fact that he had said at the time, "Sally, the boy is driving me nuts!" Now, the clumping of Size-12 shoes, the barking of twin exhausts, the littered room, the slammed doors, seemed remarkably normal activity.

(Continued on Page 63)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Moscow tries to blame America for the tragic outcome of the Hungarian uprising. How do we combat these Red fables? A veteran foreign correspondent reports on

Our Propaganda Warriors

By DEMAREE BESS

This article, primarily a report on how we are faring in the cold war of words, will digress somewhat at the outset to give readers the story of how the Soviet faked a vast skein of "evidence" to try to fool the world into believing that Americans organized and directed the recent Hungarian revolution. I ran into the facts unexpectedly while doing my reporting for this article, and some of them are published here for the first time. These facts should be made known because a good many people, including Americans and Hungarian refugees as well, have fallen for the great Kremlin fake.

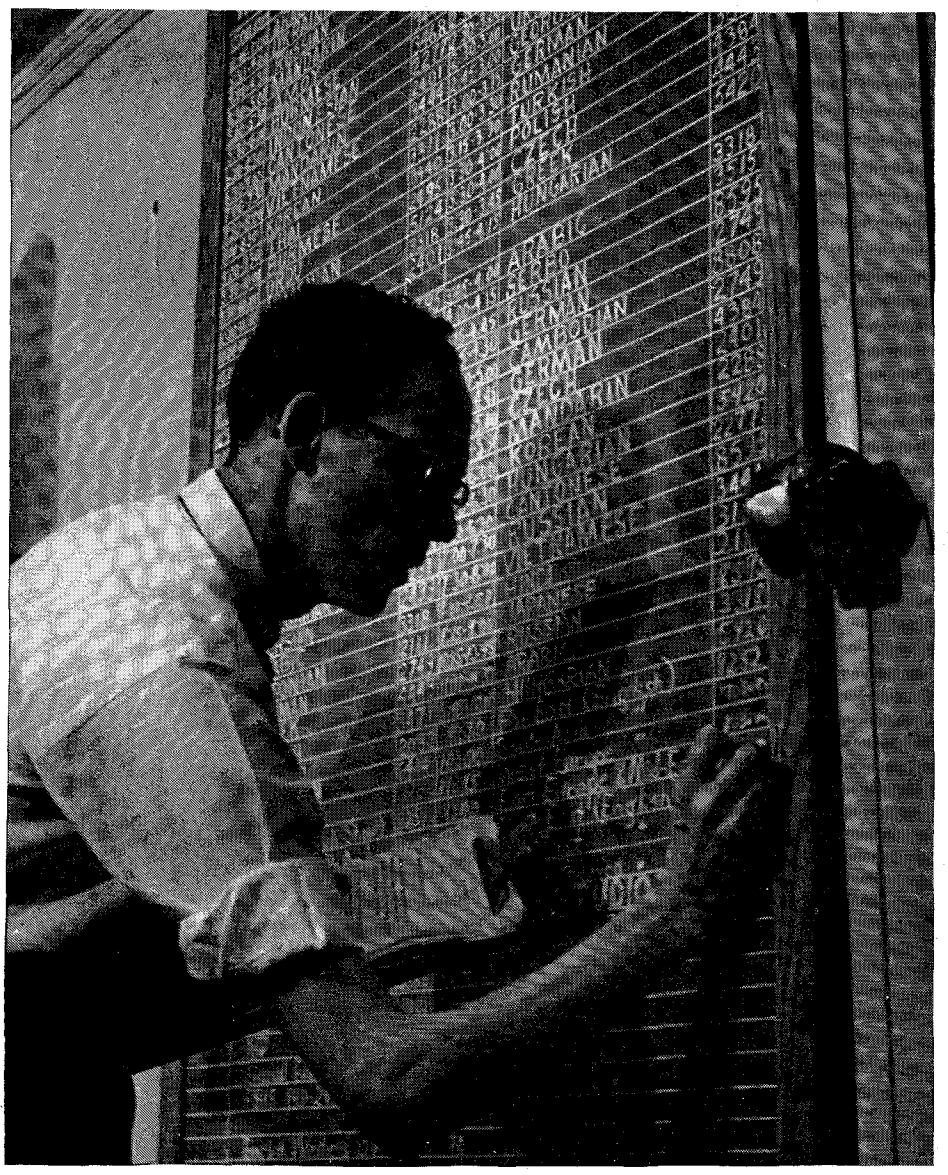
The fact, of course, is that the political explosion in Hungary was set off exclusively by Hungarians. But Soviet operators concocted "proof" that two American networks—the unofficial Radio Free Europe and the official Voice of America—masterminded the entire revolt. Incidentally, the quick attack the Soviet psychological warriors launched against our people in the same field indicates that propaganda today is the only major weapon which the superpowers fire at each other. We have A- and H-bombs and missiles, and so has the Soviet, but they are used, up till now, only as threats. Meanwhile, we go all out against each other with the weapon of propaganda.

The story of the Soviet fake begins when the Hungarians demanded more independence from Russia. Obviously the men in the Kremlin were caught flat-footed by the violence in Budapest. If they had anticipated what happened—and wouldn't they, if they had known about how Americans "organized" the revolt?—their tanks would have crushed the Hungarian rebels before they got started.

Caught flat-footed, the Moscow wordmongers went into action at once. It takes quite a while to accomplish a U turn by an armored division. But words can be fired along the ether waves quickly. They were. The Big Lie was circulated not only on broadcasts to contiguous areas but in a place where it would rebound with even greater effect. That place is the United Nations.

The chief Russian delegate to the U.N., Vasily Kuznetsov, was entrusted with the task of presenting Moscow's Big Lie to the General Assembly late last year. The Hungarian uprising, he declared, was an "outside job," made in America. His fabrication was fantastic. The general

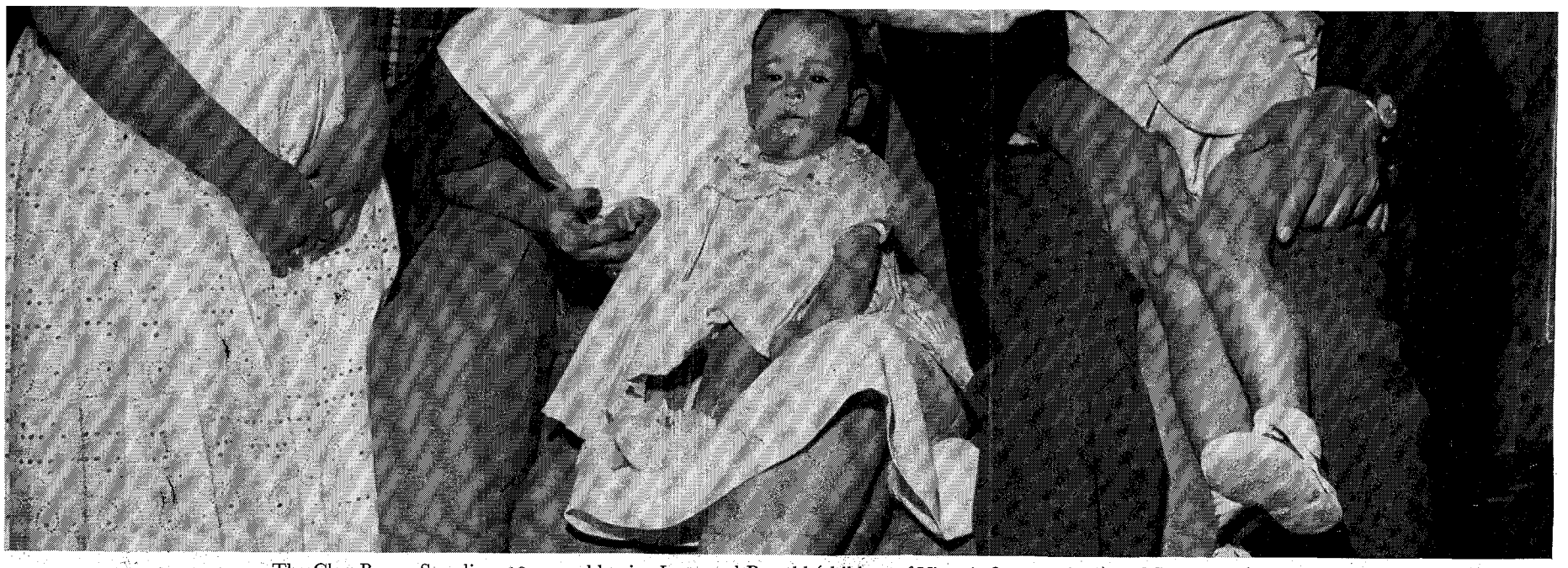
(Continued on Page 116)



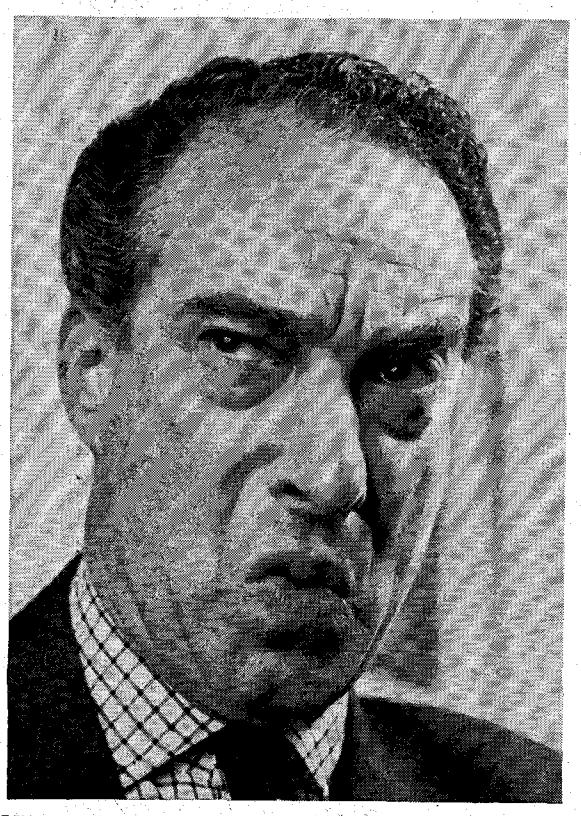
The Voice of America speaks 43 languages: Propaganda broadcasts, the only "weapons" we use in the cold war, are scheduled in Washington.

Dr. Arthur Larson, chief of the USIA, shares the President's belief that our propaganda must be on an individual-to-individual basis.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Clan Borge. Standing: 10-year-old twins Janet and Ronald (children of Victor's first marriage) and Sanna, 11 (the present Mrs. Borge's daughter by her former husband). Sitting: Baby Frederikke and Victor Bernhard, 2, children of the present happy union.



Victor wryly admits, "We live in a place that has been described by some of our friends as an amateur madhouse."

Everybody Laughs at Me

After a risky visit to his dying mother in Nazi-occupied Denmark, Victor escaped to New York. But his first big chance turned into a nightmare.

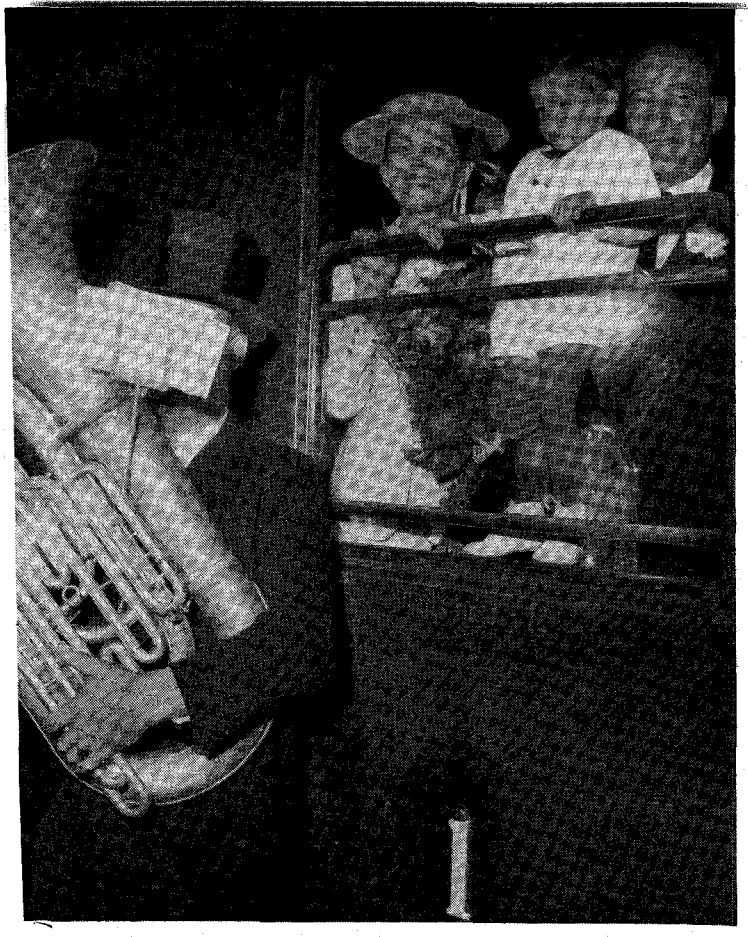
By VICTOR BORGE, *as told to Dean Jennings* *Part Five*

On the lawn of my home in Southbury, Connecticut, there is an old hammock. It swings invitingly under the shade of two large elms, and on a lazy summer afternoon it is a peaceful place for a nap. I rarely have time to lie down in it myself, but when others use it I get a vague feeling of resentment. I suspect that I never intended it to be anything but a symbol. I keep it hanging there, winter and summer, as a reminder of a tough period in my life when I was a poor stranger in a new land. I came to America in a hammock on a ship packed with refugees, and I'll never forget it.

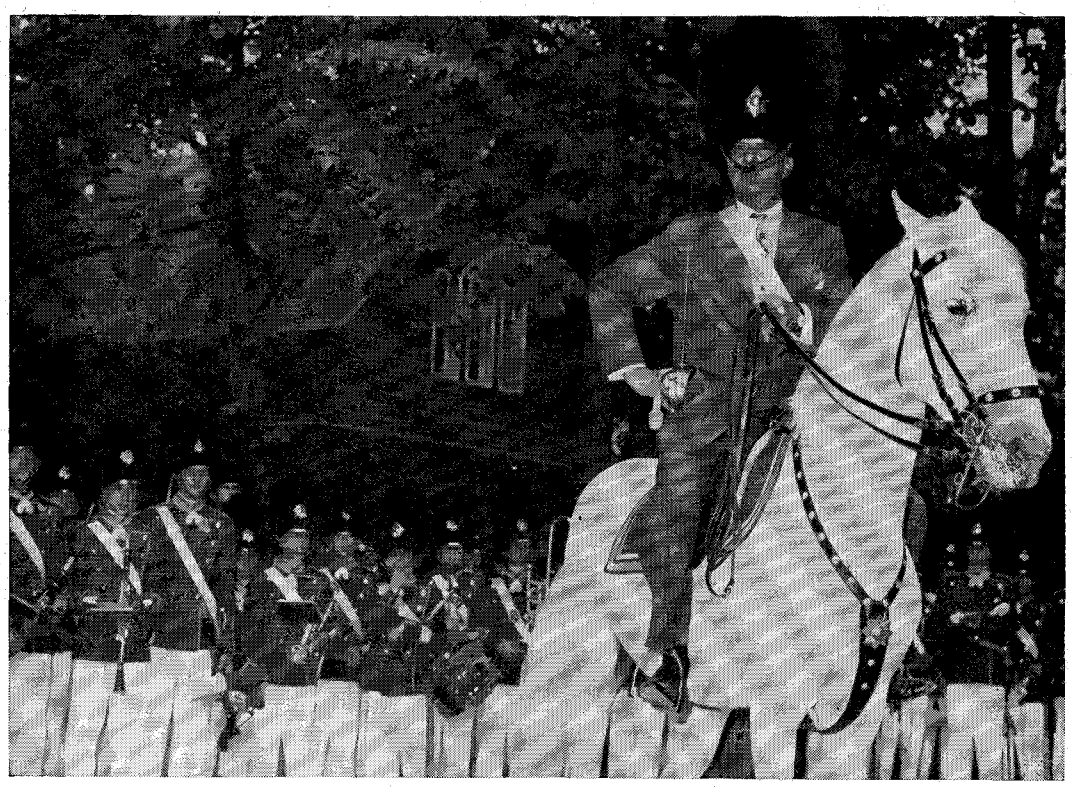
One day I was the highest-paid stage and screen star in Denmark and Sweden, secure and happy, and dreaming about trying my luck someday in distant America. The next I was running for my life, no better than a criminal hunted by a pack of dogs. The trouble began, as I said earlier, when I began to ridicule Adolf Hitler and his growing Nazi Party in Denmark.

Copyright © 1957 by Victor Borge

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Triumphal welcome in Copenhagen: A brass band serenades Sanna, little Victor Bernhard and his proud papa on the family's 1956 visit.



Playing soldier at Copenhagen's famous Tivoli Gardens: Armed with a saber and wearing a guardsman's bearskin cap, Victor struck a military pose for the red-and-white-uniformed Boy Guards Orchestra.

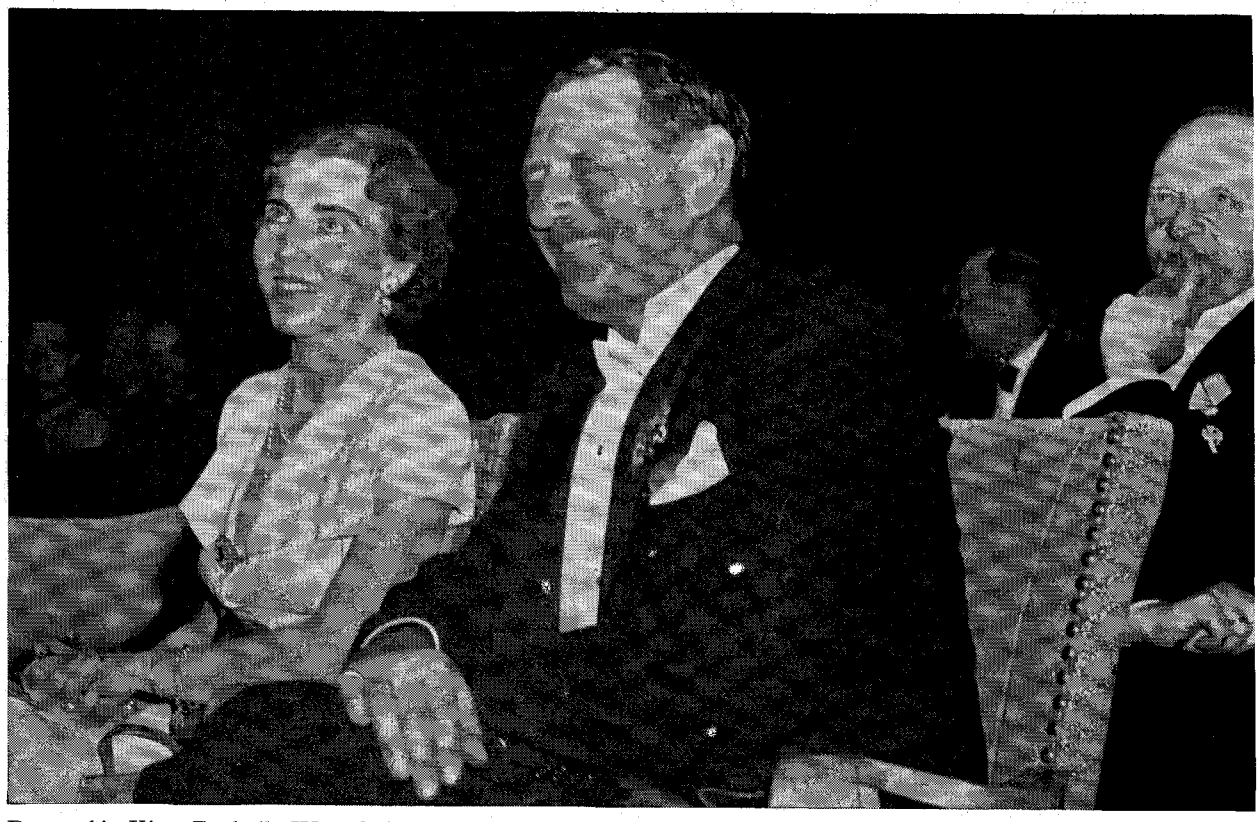
I mimicked Hitler with a funny little mustache of my own, and I tossed off sarcasms about the Gestapo. My audience roared and my jokes got into print. As it turned out, this was like fooling around with the fuse on a bomb. The Nazis didn't like my act.

I got threatening letters and ominous phone calls, and I was singled out in the Faedrelandet, the local Nazi paper. I was attacked by a group of Nazi hoodlums who wanted to break my fingers so I couldn't play any more, but I got away after a wild free-for-all. I finally hired a bodyguard, but I still feared for my life. Toward the end of 1939, when my friends said I was risking a bullet in the back, bodyguard or not, I knew I would have to leave my homeland. I simply could not stop making anti-Nazi remarks when the Germans were around, and I realized that were I to become a hero, in my case a live one could be more useful than a dead one.

Shortly after Christmas I packed my things and left for Stockholm. It was a tearful time for those of us who realized—and there were only a few of us—that it was the end of the happy life we had known, and the beginning of a long, dark journey into the unknown.

It couldn't happen here, they said. But it did. On April 9, 1940, the German armies marched into Denmark for their almost bloodless but shabby conquest. The troops were followed by Gestapo agents, and in a matter of hours they were pounding on the door of my home. My wife, Elsie, had stayed behind temporarily, to wind up our personal affairs. She was an American citizen and the Gestapo left her alone. They wanted me, and they would have strong-armed me out of the house, as they did other Danes on their "enemy" list. They searched my home many times after that, and I know they had men on watch in case I showed up.

The summer was waning in Stockholm when Elsie sent word that my mother had been taken to Dr. Axel (Continued on Page 143)



Denmark's King Frederik IX and Queen Ingrid at Borge's command performance for the royal family.

Victor and his first wife, Elsie, whom he married in Denmark in 1934, with the twins Ronald (left) and Janet, here a year old. The marriage ended in divorce in 1952. Victor married his present wife, Sanna, in 1953.

LICENSED TO JINZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHIP IN PERIL

The subchaser was trapped in the path of the typhoon, with a green, young skipper in command.

By CRAIG F. MITCHELL *Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer*

The wind came out of nowhere. Ten minutes ago, Buckner Bay was almost calm, just a little chop running. Just enough to shake up the patrol craft, not even enough to bother the destroyers. But suddenly it was vicious, cutting, with a nasty flavor to it.

A sharp gust caught the tiny subchaser. As she heeled crazily, Bud Burley, tipped off balance, slammed into an ammo ready box. He looped his arm around a signal-light standard. Holding on with his elbow, he tried to straighten out the flimsy paper that Sparks, the radioman, had handed him.

The subchaser pitched her bow into the air, slammed down hard into a breaking wave. Spray showered the top of the pilothouse, soaking the dispatch paper. It dissolved in Burley's hands.

"What did it say?" he shouted at Sparks.

"Says the typhoon's changing course, may be heading right at us!"

"Are you sure it's changing course?"

"Sir," shouted Sparks, "all I know is what I hear! I don't write these things!"

Burley kicked himself for looking silly again. The crew liked to kid him because he was a "boot ensign," only three months out of midshipman school—a "ninety-day wonder." He didn't mind it, really, but he didn't like to give them too many reasons for it. He decided to ignore the remark.

He looked forward. As the bow rose, like a fish jumping, the heavy Manila anchor cable followed it up, water spraying as the line tightened. Burley wondered how much strain that old line would take.

He turned back to the radioman. "Sparks, see if you can contact the skipper. He's on the beach at ComServPac Operations office."

The sky looked muddy and yellowish. The sea, in spite of the white crests breaking into spray, had an oily feel to it. Even the transports were bucking now. Slowly and ponderously they pitched, tugging at cables stretched out taut. A destroyer sliced past, dashing the waves high to be blown by the wind. Burley looked up the high side as it went by. Here on the flying bridge, the highest point on the SC109, unless you climbed the mast, Burley wasn't even halfway up the side of the destroyer. He wondered why he'd ever asked for a small-craft assignment.

Suddenly the destroyer was out of sight and he was staring down into green, foamy water, watching it lap over the gunwales onto the deck. The SC109 rolled sickeningly and Burley's stomach rolled with it. He hung onto the rail until she righted herself. He gulped deeply and looked around. Horgan, the quartermaster, was standing behind him.

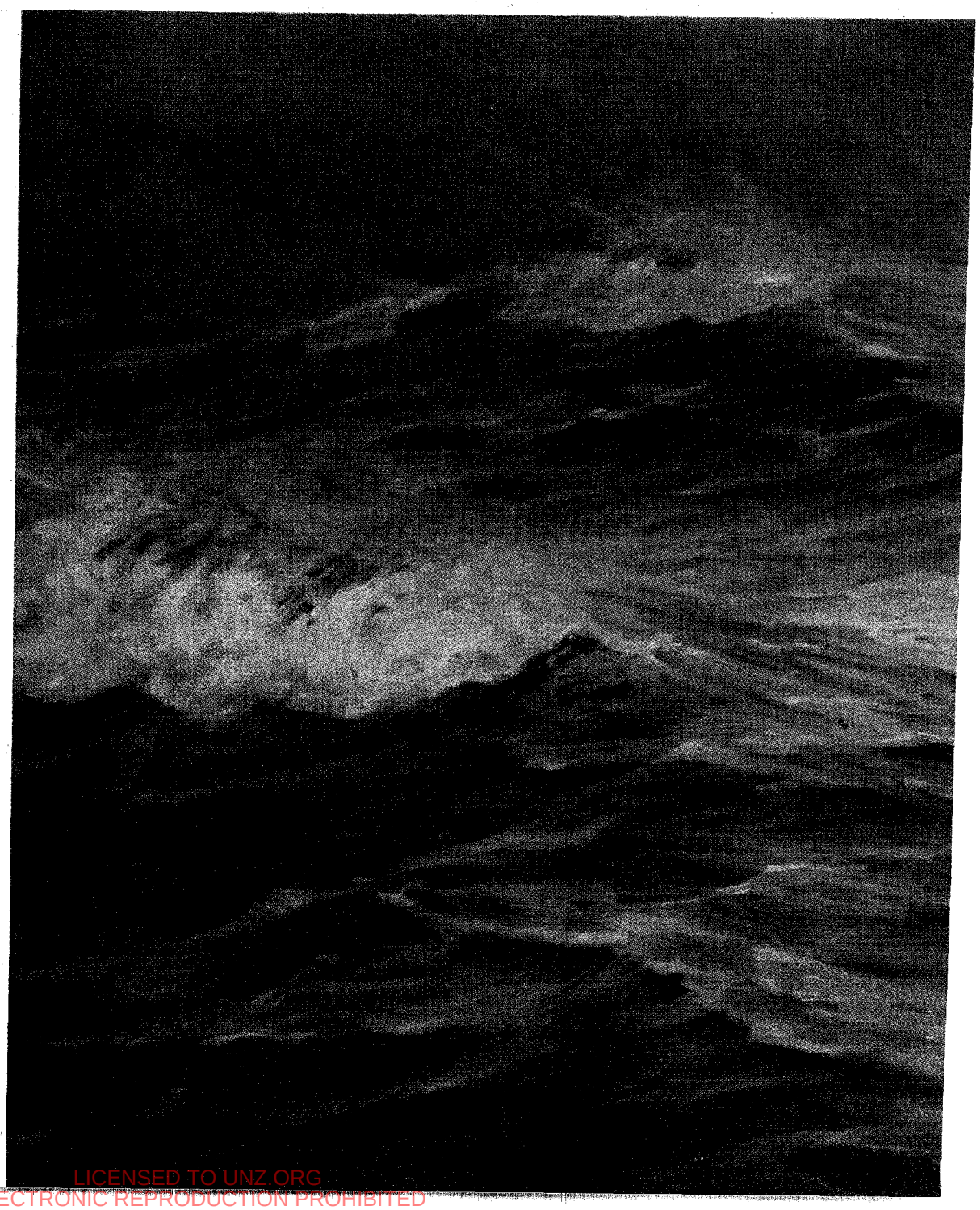
"Wow, what a roll!" Burley said.

"Ah-h-h, that wasn't much, sir. You oughta see us when we really roll."

There, he'd opened himself up again. He knew it was just the usual treatment of a green ensign, but it hurt. Bud Burley knew he was green, but he didn't want to look it or act it. He hung on and watched the inclinometer on the mast as the subchaser started another roll. The scale slid quickly under the plumb bob, up to twenty-five degrees, almost to thirty degrees before it snapped back down and rolled up the other side.

"Horgan," he shouted, "did the skipper say anything about sending the boat over for him?"

"No, sir, he said he'd bum a ride back with somebody else. When did he say he was coming back?"



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Burley noted with a little gleam of pleasure that Horgan didn't seem so sure of himself now. He even looked a little worried. Burley thought, *I don't blame him for being worried, with me the senior officer on board.* It scared Burley too.

Things had happened so fast. A week ago, Burley was fourth in rank of four officers on the SC109. Then Jackson, the skipper, made full lieutenant and was transferred to a PC. A new ensign, junior even to Burley, reported aboard and everyone else moved up a notch. Smitty—that was Lt. (j.g.) Walter A. Smith—took over as commanding officer. Tom Hopkins moved up to exec, and Burley became third officer. But suddenly Tom went to a hospital ship with acute appendicitis and then there were three. The starboard engine burned a bearing and was useless, so the skipper went ashore to get a new bearing and a new exec. So now there were two. Two very new, very green ensigns.

Bud Burley, senior officer on board, acting commanding officer, gnawed his lip and wondered if Smitty could get back with this sea running. He had left only two hours ago, back when the weather prophets said the typhoon would sweep south of Okinawa and lose itself in the China Sea; back when only the long slow rollers gave sign of a typhoon in the area.

Another wave splintered over the bow and rattled against his face. The 110-foot wooden hull bounced like a decoy.

He told Horgan, "Watch that anchor cable. Let me know if the strain looks too much for it." He wondered if a good quartermaster like Horgan could tell how much strain a line was taking just by looking at it.

Burley climbed down the ladder to the deck. In the tiny pilothouse, the big wheel spun back and forth unattended. Through the pilothouse windows he watched the bow rise to a wave crest. It cleared it, then ducked violently to port, yanking at the Manila line. The wheel spun to follow it.

He stepped to the speaking tube and called up to Horgan, "Get somebody down here on the helm. It'll take some of the strain off that cable." He heard Horgan holler at somebody.

Horgan came into the pilothouse, followed by Lewandusky. The big seaman stepped up to the wheel, expertly caught a spoke as it spun past, and steadied the wheel.

"What course shall I steer, sir?"

Burley thought quickly. That question hadn't entered his head.

"Keep her headed into the wind," he said. "Just try to keep as much strain off that cable as you can."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Lewandusky.

Burley wondered if he imagined a smile in Lewandusky's voice.

"How about that engine, sir?" Horgan was asking. "Some power will help that cable."

Certainly, sure, thought Burley. *Dammit, I should have thought of that.* "Yes, you might as well call the engine-room gang. We'll probably need it sooner or later." He wanted very much for Horgan and Lewandusky to believe he had the situation well under control. His stomach muscles knotted as he looked out at the seas heaping up all around.

Burley climbed down the ladder into the wardroom. As usual, it was a mess. Far cry from what a wardroom was supposed to be. No white napery, no shiny sterling. In fact, no tables even. On a subchaser, the wardroom was combination officers' sleeping quarters and office space. About ten feet square, right over the bilges, it held four bunks, two desks, two closets, four chairs.

Marlowe, the new ensign, was wedged crosswise into his bunk with his knees up, trying to write a letter. He started to get up and was thrown back with a lurch. When the subchaser rolled back again, he scrambled out on his feet.

"What's the score, Bud?" he asked.

Burley tried to act jovial. "Things are fine, Bob; a little breeze. You oughta see us when we really roll." (Continued on Page 97)

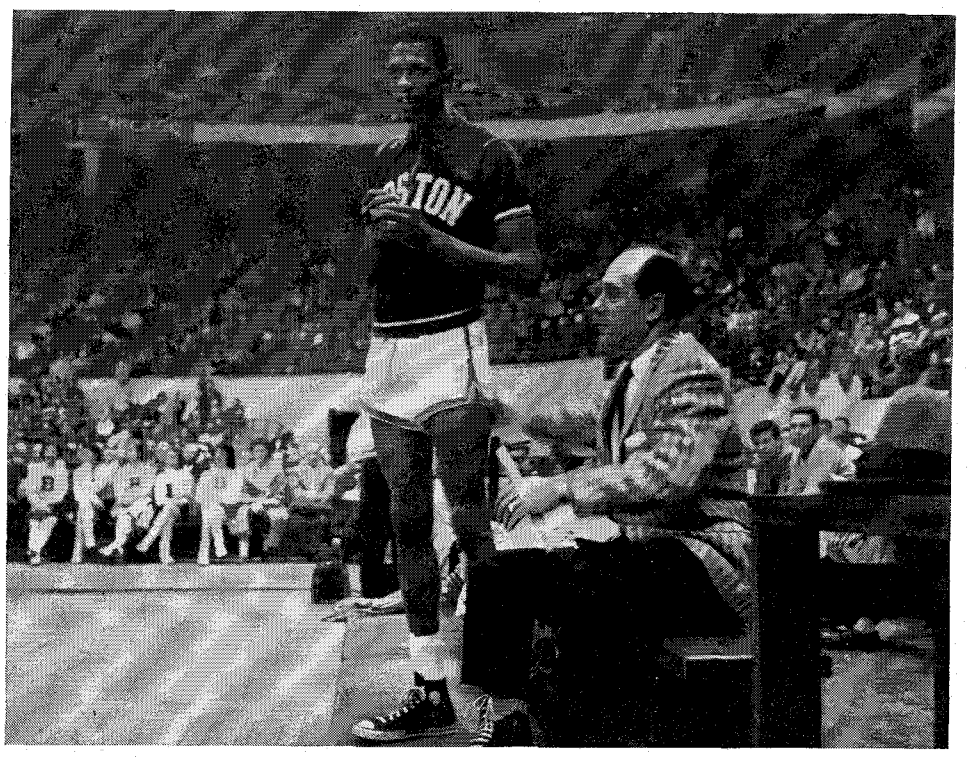
The ship heeled over and hung there for the longest moment that ever existed. Then she slowly righted herself.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Boston Gets a Winner

By AL HIRSHBERG

The tumultuous inside story of how the Boston Celtics rose from the dust after years of frustration.



Six-foot, ten-inch Bill Russell with coach Arnold (Red) Auerbach. "Russell's going to be the best center in the business, if he isn't already," insists the fiery Auerbach of his new pivotman.

Up to now, the Boston Celtics have had too much in common with their baseball counterparts, the Boston Red Sox, to suit the local sports fans. For years, the Red Sox were the highest-paid, most glittering collection of also-rans in major-league baseball. In recent seasons, the Celtics were much the same in pro basketball. They were strong, but never quite strong enough—colorful, highly paid and infuriatingly unsuccessful.

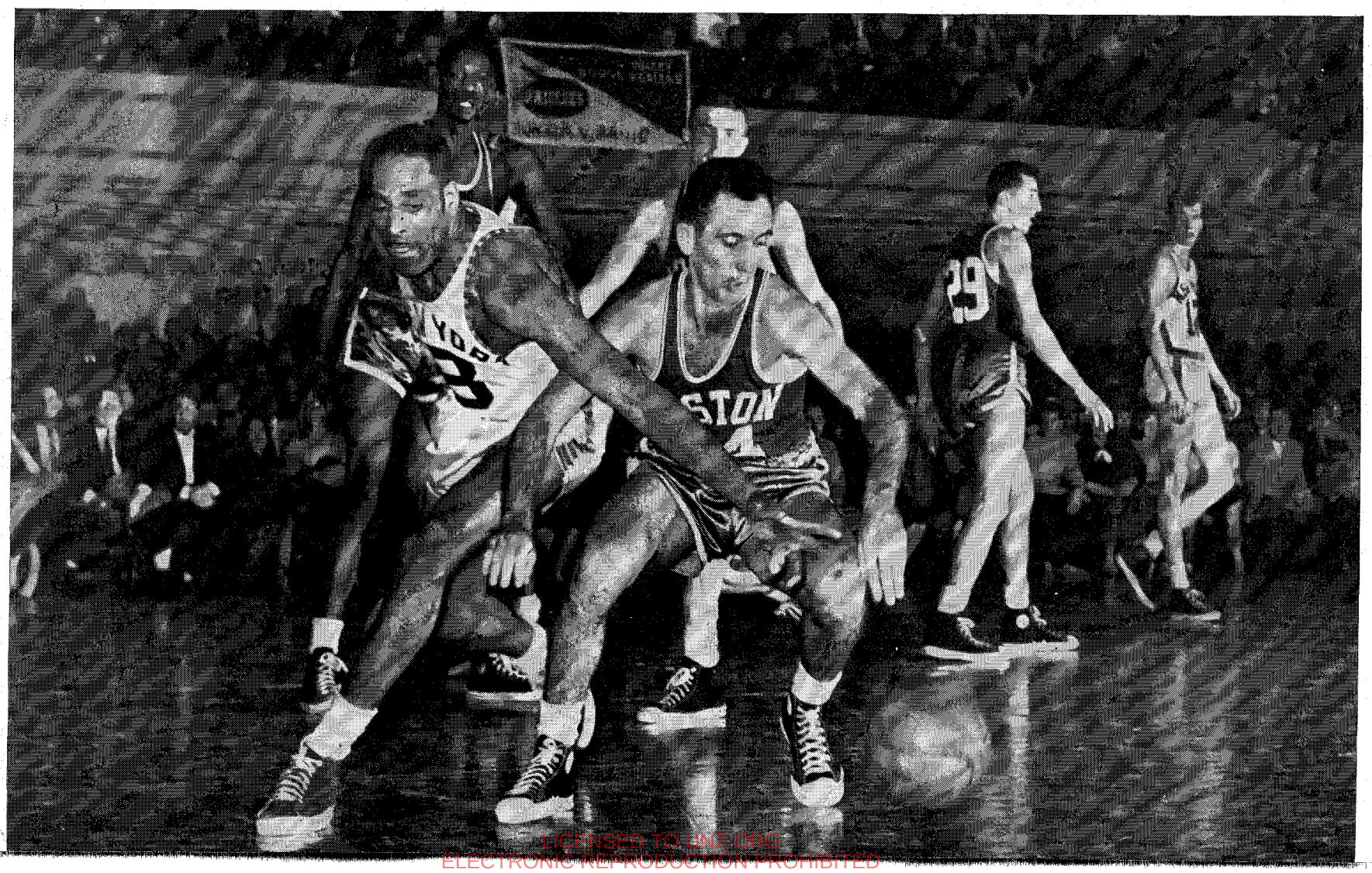
The Celtics, along with the Philadelphia Warriors and the New York Knickerbockers, are the only charter members left in the eleven-year-old National Basketball Association. But unlike the two others, who won division titles or championship playoffs or both, the Celtics never won anything.

This year things look different. Previous Celtic teams may have been the highest scorers in the business, with stars like Bob Cousy, Bill Sharman and Ed Macauley, but they were also the easiest to score on. Now the Celtics are no longer the defensive patsies of the league. Macauley has been traded to St. Louis, and with Cousy and Sharman now backed by rugged young men like Tom Heinsohn and Jim Loscutoff, the Celtics this season were off and winning from the start.

The addition in late December of Olympic star Bill Russell, college basketball's outstanding player at the University of San Francisco last year, made the Celtics even more formidable. They built such a lead that it soon became apparent that only an utter collapse could keep them from finishing on top of the Eastern Division during the regular-season schedule, which ends this week. They'll be the team to beat in the coming championship play-offs.

Along with their defensive improvement, the Celtics benefited this year from the fact that the defending champions, the Warriors, lost backcourt ace Tom Gola to the Army. A veteran NBA observer explains, "Give Loscutoff the year of experience he needed, and add Heinsohn and (Continued on Page 113)

Bob Cousy (center), the Celtics' master ball handler and play maker despite his size—a mere 6′1″—steals the ball from the New York Knickerbockers' "Sweetwater" Clifton.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pop's Springtime Fancy

By R. ROSS ANNETT

Just about this time every year something came over Babe's dad that made him a sitting duck for a designing woman.

Sometimes in the spring Joe got to thinking about women and marriage. It embarrassed him to admit it, even to himself, because he was a widower who revered the memory of his wife, Emmy, and he felt that he was being disloyal to that memory. He tried to excuse himself on the ground that Babe and Little Joe needed a mother, but he knew very well that he was always more conscious of their need in the spring than at any other time.

It was spring now. At least, the snow was all gone, but the weather was still cold and raw. Joe knew from past experience that, once he could get busy at the spring work, these springtime fancies would not bother him so much. But it was still too early to start seeding. And Miss Stevens was coming for supper.

Joe was excited at the prospect, and that in itself was an indication of his feverish state of mind, because he had never liked Vivian Stevens. She was the district nurse. She visited homes and schools, checking up on kids' eyes and teeth and tonsils. She was probably thirty years old—old enough, at any rate, to be set in her ways and autocratic. Last fall, for instance, she had sent Joe a note saying that Little Joe had to have his tonsils out. A month or so later he met Miss Stevens on the street in Sanford and she bawled him out for not having the boy's tonsils attended to, never giving him a chance to explain that he had to wait until he sold his wheat, so he could afford the tonsil operation.

Their next meeting had occurred during the winter's first snowstorm. Miss Stevens had been visiting an isolated school down by the river and on her return trip her car had stalled in the snow. If Joe and the kids had not been returning from (Continued on Page 128)

"My, you look nice!" Babe said shyly as Miss Stevens approached. But Little Joe and his pop just gawped at her.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The murderer. Angelo J. LaMarca on his way to arraignment for the abduction of Peter Weinberger.

Mother of the victim. Detectives comfort Mrs. Morris Weinberger after she broadcast an appeal to the kidnaper of her one-month-old baby. Infant's body later was found by a roadside.

The Worst Crime Doesn't Pay

How the G men made kidnaping the most dangerous offense to commit. A report from official case histories of the FBI.

By Stanley Frank

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

In Reply, Please Refer to File No.

WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

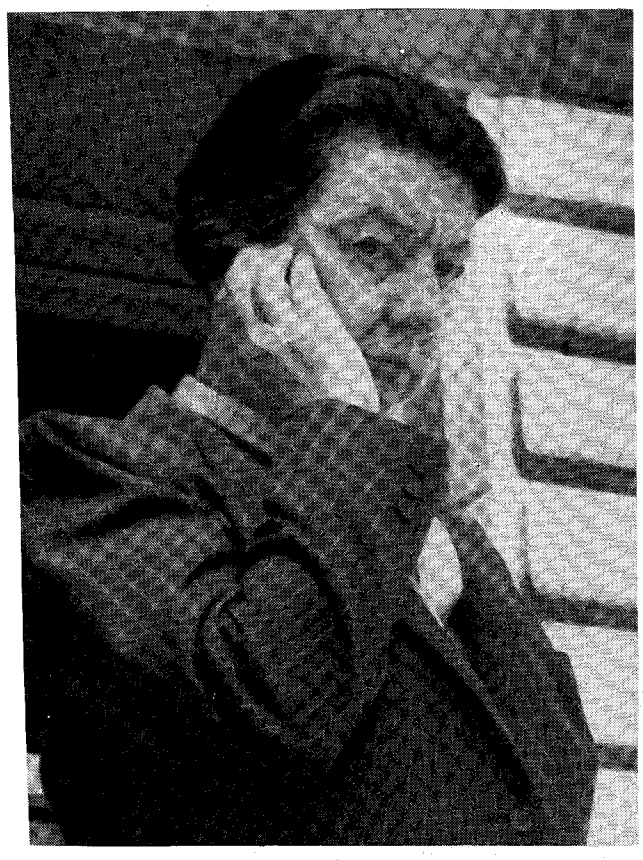
Few crimes bring as much suffering and anguish as kidnaping. The vermin who prey upon defenseless children are detestable parasites who should be removed from society. It is the duty of each citizen to be ever vigilant against this type of criminal.

Vigorous investigation, swift prosecution and appropriate punishment are weapons in our hands to discourage future depredations. While the prompt solution of kidnapings is a deterrent, greater preventive action is imperative. Mr. Stanley Frank's article serves to alert the public to the dangers of kidnaping, and it is hoped that his coverage of the problem will cause many parents, teachers, youth leaders and law enforcement agencies to once again analyze the measures of protection afforded our youngsters.

J. Edgar Hoover
John Edgar Hoover
Director

Top G man J. Edgar Hoover is decorated by the President for 31 years of service.

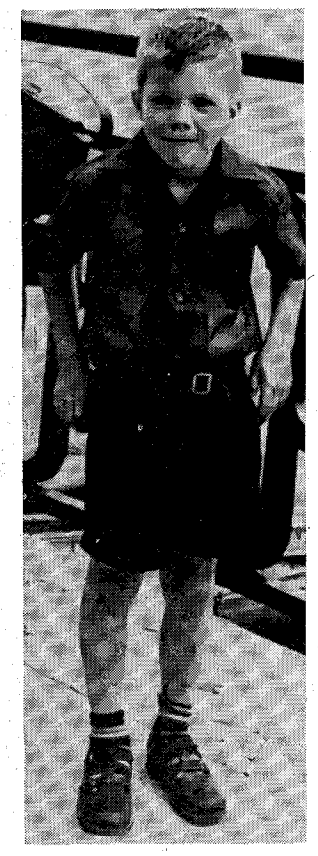
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



In 1950 Dr. Nancy Campbell, an obstetrician, asked $20,000 for the ransom of a New Mexico schoolgirl.

Linda Stamm (below) was captive of the woman doctor for 30 hours before rescued by police and G men.

Destined to die in the gas chamber: Carl Austin Hall (center) and Mrs. Bonnie Heady (right), later executed for the Greenlease kidnap-murder, demanded and were paid a $600,000 ransom.



Bobby Greenlease. Two hours after Mrs. Heady, posing as his aunt, seized the 6-year-old child, he died at the hands of Hall, who later confessed to the murder.

Seven days after the kidnaping of month-old Peter Weinberger, the identity of his abductors was still a mystery. But on this day, July 11, 1956, the kidnaper's chances of escaping capture and conviction suddenly dropped to 1-in-258. The Federal Bureau of Investigation was on the case at last—after being held back by an outdated law—and the odds against the unknown fugitive were easily reckoned: the FBI had already solved all but two of 516 major kidnapings in its jurisdiction.

This remarkable record is the product of brilliant detective work in tracking down such vague clues as a squeaking windlass in a water well and the name of an alligator. More pertinently, it reflects the top priority the FBI gives kidnaping.

No crime, not even wartime espionage, is investigated more grimly. It doesn't matter whether the victim's family is rich or poor, or whether the ransom demanded is large or small; the FBI saturates every case with specially trained agents.

The Weinberger baby came from a middle-class Long Island family, and the $2000 asked for his return was a trifle compared to the $600,000 paid in 1953 for Bobby Greenlease, who was murdered less than two hours after being seized. Yet 206 FBI men were on the Weinberger investigation at its peak, and experts waded through 1,974,544 specimens of handwriting to find a script matching the ransom note.

"We throw everything we have into a kidnaping because we regard it as one of the most heinous crimes in the book," says J. Edgar Hoover, director of the FBI. "Murder usually is committed impulsively, but a kidnaping for ransom always is a deliberate, cold-blooded job that subjects both the victim and his family to cruel, inhuman anxieties.

"There's another reason why we bear down especially hard on kidnapers. No one ever will know how close organized criminal syndicates came to undermining law enforcement in this country a generation ago, when kidnaping was their Number One racket. It will be used as a terrorizing weapon again unless all abductors are hunted down and given stiff sentences that convince the underworld the penalty for kidnaping is prohibitive."

Hoover does not exaggerate the upsurge of kidnaping a quarter century ago. It was estimated that Chicago gangsters extorted ransoms totaling $25,000,000 in 1930 and '31; the total in Kansas City alone during the fall of 1929 was $563,000. Local police were so helpless against kidnaping rings infesting the Middle West that Charles W. Pershall, a banker of Granite City, Illinois, tried—unsuccessfully—to deduct a $40,000 ransom from his income tax. He argued that it was a business expense.

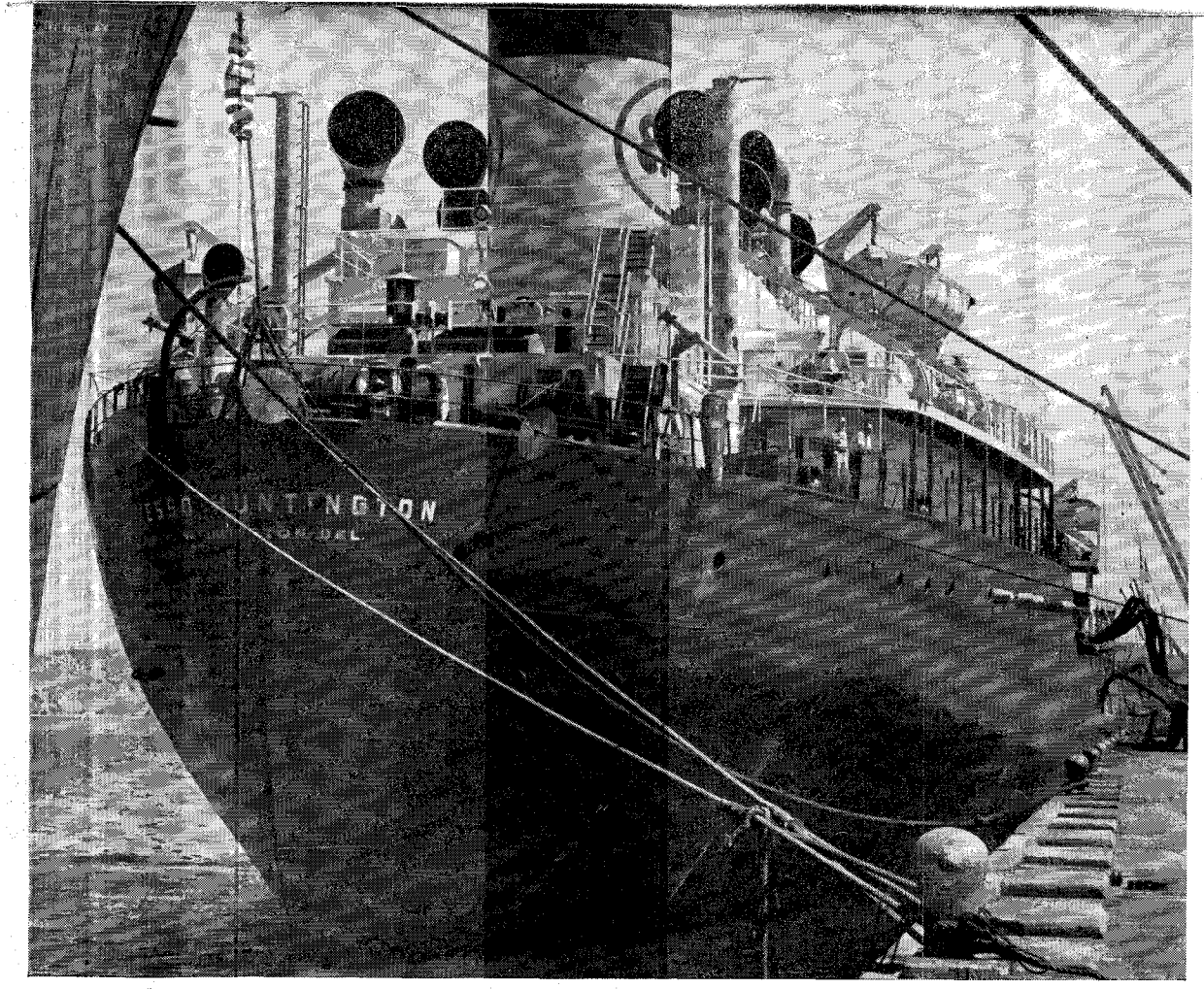
It's difficult to believe now how bold the racketeers were in the 1930's. Col. Robert I. Randolph, head of a "Big Six" committee formed by the Chicago Chamber of Commerce to fight criminals, declared in 1931 that more than 2000 ransoms had been paid throughout the country in the two preceding years. Gangs collected $100,000 from Michael H. Katz, of Kansas City, owner of a drugstore chain; $50,000 from Howard Wolverton, a South Bend industrialist; $150,000 from James Hackett, a Chicago gambler; $50,000 from Benjamin P. Bower, of Denver; $75,000 from Mrs. Nell Donnelly, of Kansas City. Detroit police nipped a scheme to seize Edsel Ford. Virtually every movie star hired a bodyguard after threatening letters were received by Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Wallace Beery, Joan Crawford, Marion Davies, Pola Negri, Jackie Coogan, Ruth Chatterton and Joe E. Brown.

Passage of the so-called Lindbergh Law in 1932, making kidnaping a Federal offense when victims were transported across state lines, enabled the FBI to get into the fight. But there was no immediate relief. After the repeal of prohibition, gangsters turned to hijacking wealthy people instead of bootlegging booze. Hardly a week passed without a kidnaping story in the newspapers. On one day, March 14, 1934, The New York Times carried four such stories. In 1935 there were fourteen known cases involving ransoms adding up to nearly $1,000,000. Members of the Barker-Karpis gang, who got $200,000 for the release of Edward G. Bremer, confessed later that they had first planned to rob the Commercial State Bank in St. Paul, Minnesota. Instead they seized Bremer, the bank's president, because kidnaping was easier than bank robbing and more profitable. (Continued on Page 134)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

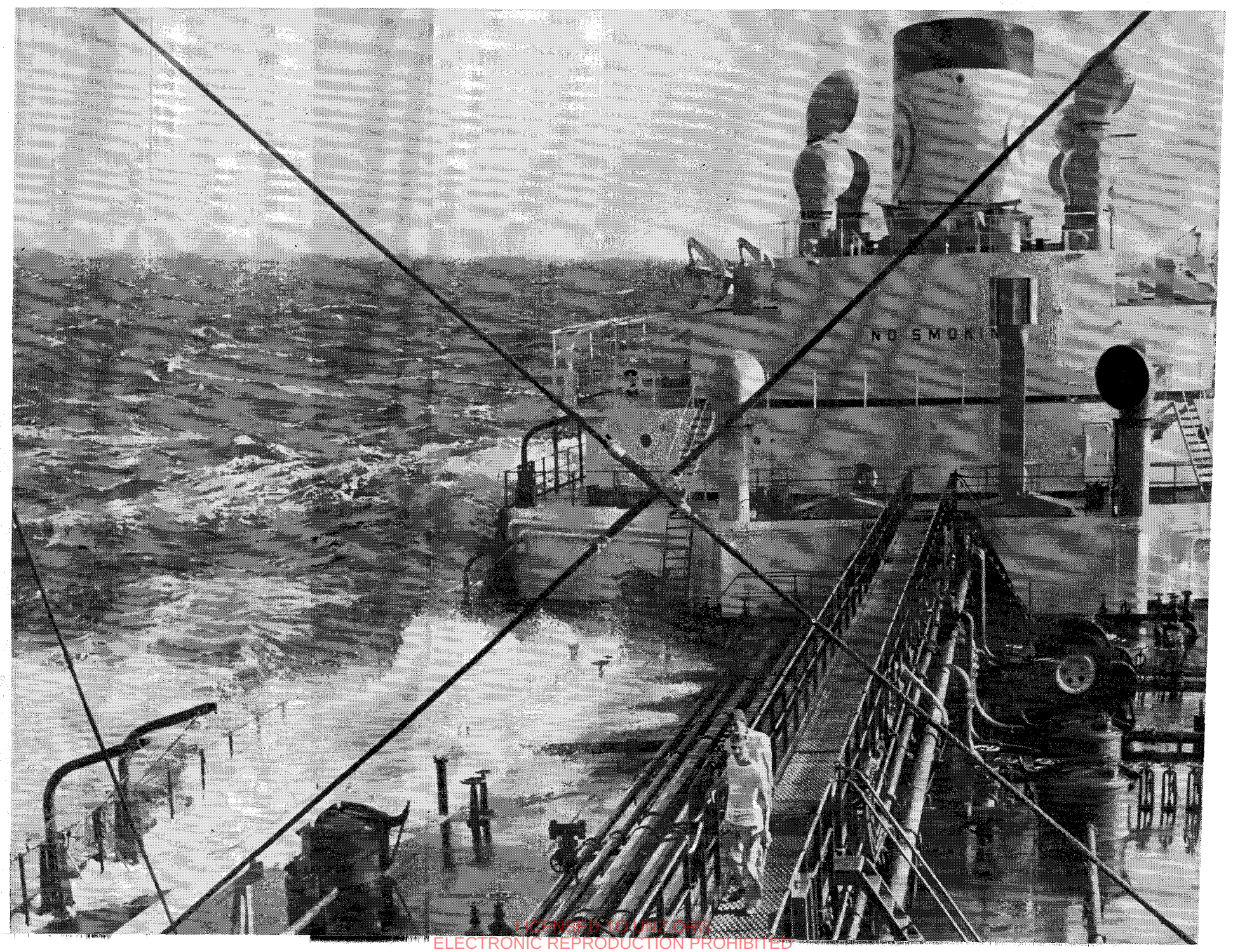
I Shipped on a Supertanker

A Post editor reports on his voyage aboard one of the kings of the sea: A giant floating oil can that helps deliver vital, dangerous cargo the Western world needs to survive.



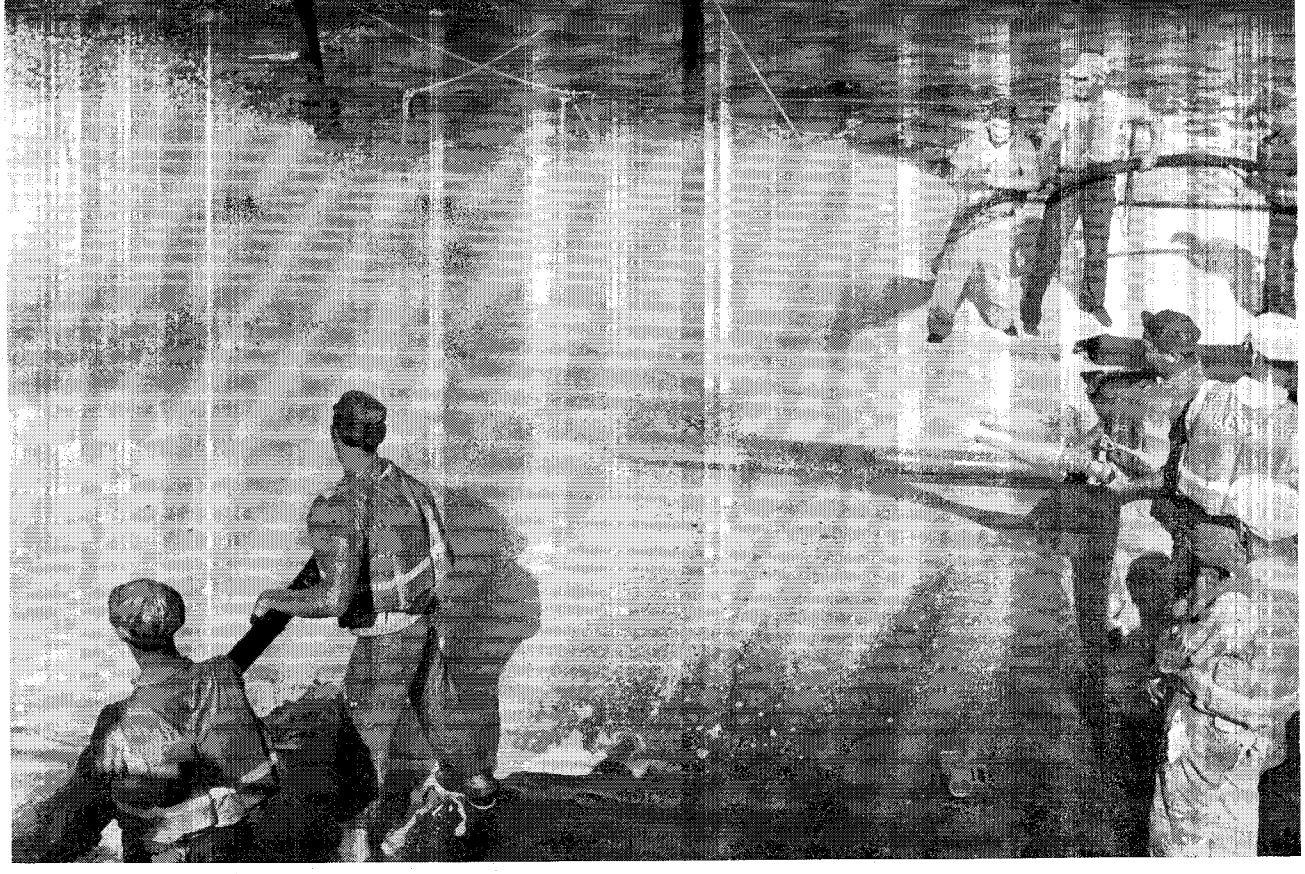
The Esso Huntington takes on 60 million pounds of oil at a loading berth. "Loading a tanker is quick work. In a dozen hours, an amount equal to 3 per cent of the nation's daily production can be pumped aboard."

"A fair sea will wash over a loaded tanker's belly, and heavy seas will even overrun the elevated catwalk . . . the No Smoking signs are the biggest printing aboard."



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By ARTHUR W. BAUM



Fire drill: The Huntington crew smothers an imaginary oil fire with jets of foam. Fire fighters work fast, since it would take just a few minutes for one burning oil compartment to heat an adjacent one to ignition temperature.

We inched out into the Mississippi, threatening to straddle the big gray river from bank to bank. A tug worried and growled at our bow and we wheeled slowly, backed, wheeled again and ponderously straightened up in the channel, downstream bound. The port off our beam was Baton Rouge, Louisiana. The dock we had just left belonged to the country's largest and the world's most versatile oil refinery. To the city, dock and refinery we were no novelty. They were familiar with us and many like us. We were a 628-foot floating steel bottle, an oil tanker named Esso Huntington, owned by the Esso Shipping Company. Because we could carry 27,000 tons of petroleum, we were classed as a supertanker. New Essos soon would load 37,000 tons, but until they were ready for service, we were the largest of this line.

Somewhere in the Pacific there was a tanker three times our size, and on architects' drawing boards several are shaping into vessels four times as large. But we were about as big as any Baton Rouge has seen and we stirred enough mud on the river bottom to clog our sanitary pumps. Our crew, the departure flurry subsiding and immediate deck work done, were disappearing to snug down for a normal run, leaving the decks to the rain. Baton Rouge took little notice of us. We looked ordinary and our route may have been ordinary—a Gulf to Atlantic Seaboard run—but because we were a tanker we were significant. We belonged to the most important family on the seas. In a world that has gone mad for tanker space we gained distinction by virtue of our shape and the fact that below our decks there were tanks instead of holds.

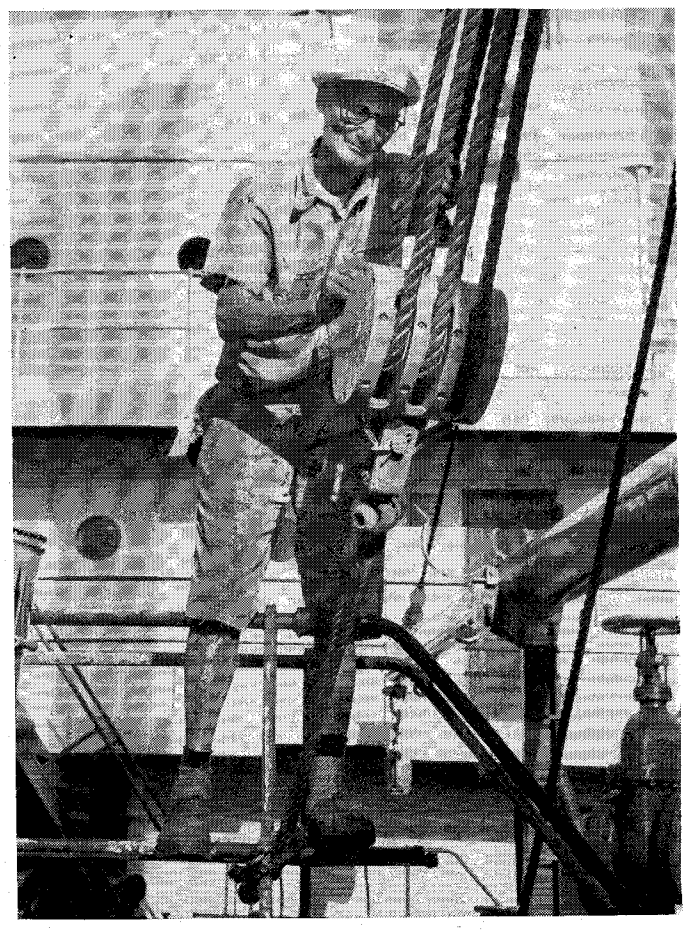
At the end of last year more than two thirds of the ships of over 1000 tons under contract for construction in American yards were tankers. The fact that expensive American yards are booked far ahead tips off the even greater absorption of foreign shipbuilders with tanker orders. The Suez Canal closing is not alone responsible, although it made the scramble acute. What has made the tanker king of the seas is the birth of a petroleum age throughout the world, especially in Western Europe. Europe has learned to burn oil. Compared with the United States, it is as yet scarcely wading in a liquid in which we have long been swimming. But the Continent, even at a small fraction of our per-capita consumption thus far, is nevertheless committed to life with oil.

There is a devastating difference between the oil supplies of Europe and America. Ours is here. Europe's must come in by salt water to reach its users. Its extraction is in distant places, subject to (Continued on Page 102)

Captain Hubert L. Hassel—with forty years of salty experience behind him—directs his crew.

Photographs by Larry Keighley

"The forty-five aboard make an easygoing family, and distinctions in rank can hardly be recognized by dress or behavior. Gossip about sister ships, jobs and home is interminable."



Bos'n Maurice Baucom, like many other tankermen, owns a chunk of oil-company stock.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You're big boys," Vicky said. "So perhaps you can understand how it is."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Time Out For Marriage

He lifted his hand and lightly stroked the back of her neck. "You're lovely, darling," he said softly.

By CHARLOTTE EDWARDS

Does a mother have the right to steal happiness at the expense of her children?

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

The alarm clock went off. Vicky jumped straight, all in one piece, muscles tense, away from the mattress and dropped back again, nerves throbbing, heart gonging.

Someday, her mind recorded, *we're going to have one of those decent, respectable, gentle, lovely, dignified clock radios, so help me.*

She didn't open her eyes. She didn't care whether there was hot sunshine, burning smog or thick gray fog. She wanted rain, and it wouldn't rain, not this time of year, and as long as it wasn't rain, who wanted to look?

Sam's bed creaked slightly as he pulled his feet over the side. Then it was silent. Vicky knew he was sitting on the edge with his head in his hands, rolling it slowly right and left, trying to get it working again.

Six o'clock in the morning was too early to get anything working, she thought. She didn't say it to Sam, though. It wasn't time to speak to him. She turned over on her side and tried to doze.

The coming events of her day began their shadow procession. Be sure Jimmy takes his vitamins and ascorbic acid. Funny, one peaked little boy in a family of three rugged ones. Frail, with the circles under his eyes little half-moons to catch your heart and hold your fear. There was exactly one dollar and eleven cents in her purse. What kind of meat could she get for that? Tonight was pay night, thank heavens.

She added up Sam's overtime quickly, a trick she'd learned in the first year of her marriage. Maybe this was the week she could get Frank the track shoes he wanted so much, and the track season almost over. They would help to make up for the football jacket that somehow never materialized during the football months. And how would it make up to Buddy, the good, the hard-working, who needed only a bicycle to handle that paper route he was so willing to take?

The pad of Sam's bare feet came closer, counterpointed by the reaching odor of fresh coffee. Eyes still closed, Vicky reached for the second pillow she always threw on the floor in her sleep and lifted her head. Did it ache? Not much, thank heaven. Then she opened her eyes and Sam stood over her.

He was smiling, as usual. "How about a cup of java, babe?" he asked brightly.

He set the steaming cup on the bedside table, laid the front pages of the paper before her and reached into his pajama pocket for her glasses. "There," he said.

It was done automatically, words and actions repeated every weekday morning, in a sort of apology because his job got him up so early, in a sort of gratitude because she got up with him, and fixed him the hearty breakfast without which he couldn't face his day.

Vicky smiled back at him. "Thank you," she said as brightly as if she loved this early, early hour. "I'm a lucky woman."

Automatically said again, without thought, repetitious. She picked up the paper.

At the bathroom door Sam said, under his breath, "Yeah, lucky. We're lucky, O.K."

Vicky was halfway through the screaming headlines before she heard the echo of his words. Not what he said. But the tone. The quiet sour tone that was so unlike Sam.

He was just tired, she told herself, and went back to the paper. She got to page three, scanning, before she began to listen. Sam's shower noises were over. The water was running in the bowl for his shaving project. The slurp and friction of his enthusiastic tooth brushing slowed. That was the moment when the medicine chest clicked after the return of the toothbrush.

She set the paper aside, removed her glasses, slid her feet into the knitted slippers, reached for her robe. In the bathroom she stood washing her hands in (Continued on Page 76)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These winged vikings stand between us and Red might in Northern Europe. 'We once were occupied for five cruel years," they say. "We propose never to be occupied again!"

New F-86K interceptors in Norwegian skies. Equipping and training the Norwegians has cost us much less than setting up a comparable U. S. Air Force defense installation in Norway.

They Patrol the North Front

By CECIL R. ROSEBERRY

An underground radar control center. The Norwegian Air Force guards the northern flank of the NATO defense line, including vital arctic air routes and sea lanes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Norway's rugged terrain affords concealment and protection from bombs. The hangar above is a crescent-shaped tunnel with separate entrance and exit.

OSLO, NORWAY.

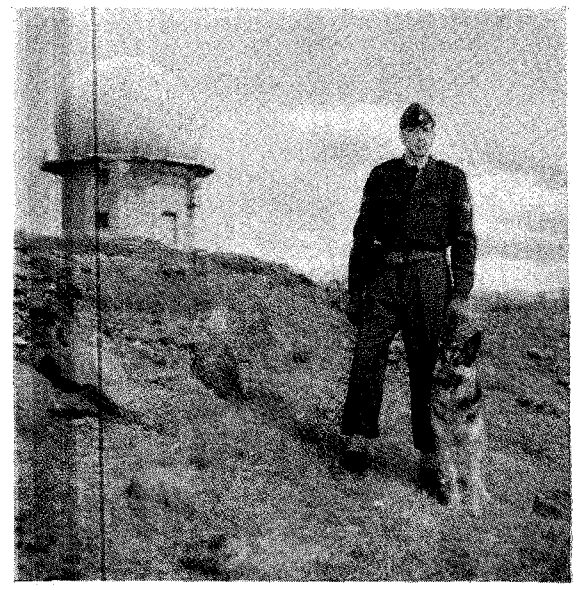
Bardufoss is the northernmost NATO air base on the continent of Europe, well up beyond the Arctic Circle where the sun refuses to set during several weeks of June and July. It is one of twelve up-to-the-minute bases so far completed by the eager young Royal Norwegian Air Force in its grim determination to keep Norway free. The horizon that crowds in upon Bardufoss almost too close for flying comfort is a zigzag profile of spectacular rock pinnacles splotched with snow. The mountains, though less lofty than they look, merit their nickname, Alps of the North.

They had another nickname during the last war—Norway's Secret Weapon. The Nazis made Bardufoss their base for air raids on the Allied convoys bringing aid to Russia around the North Cape. Many a homing *Luftwaffe* bird is supposed to have piled up on the steep flanks of the mountains when fog or blizzard rolled in during their absence from home base. Some of the wreckage is still up there among the glaciers.

Nowadays, in the season of the Midnight Sun, you may see a small reconnaissance plane rising from the runways of Bardufoss with a giant of a man at the controls. The man is Lt. Col. H. G. Lund, the base commander, who was a bush pilot prior to World War II, flew an ambulance plane for the resistance during the war, and once was nearly shot by the Germans as a spy. Colonel Lund, several inches over six feet, engulfs your knuckles in his vast handshake, speaks good English in a booming basso that could easily start an avalanche in the surrounding scenery, and is altogether the rough-hewn type who might shave with a broken bottle.

The object of Colonel Lund's flights in the "recon" plane is wolf hunting. The airplane dodges between the snowy peaks and soon emerges over the plateau country of Finnmark, the abode of the (Continued on Page 106)

Photographs by Jim Burns



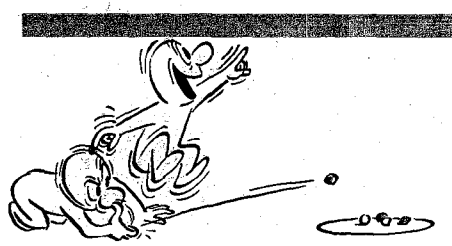
A man-and-dog team guards the radome in background—a link in the new aircraft-control-and-warning network.

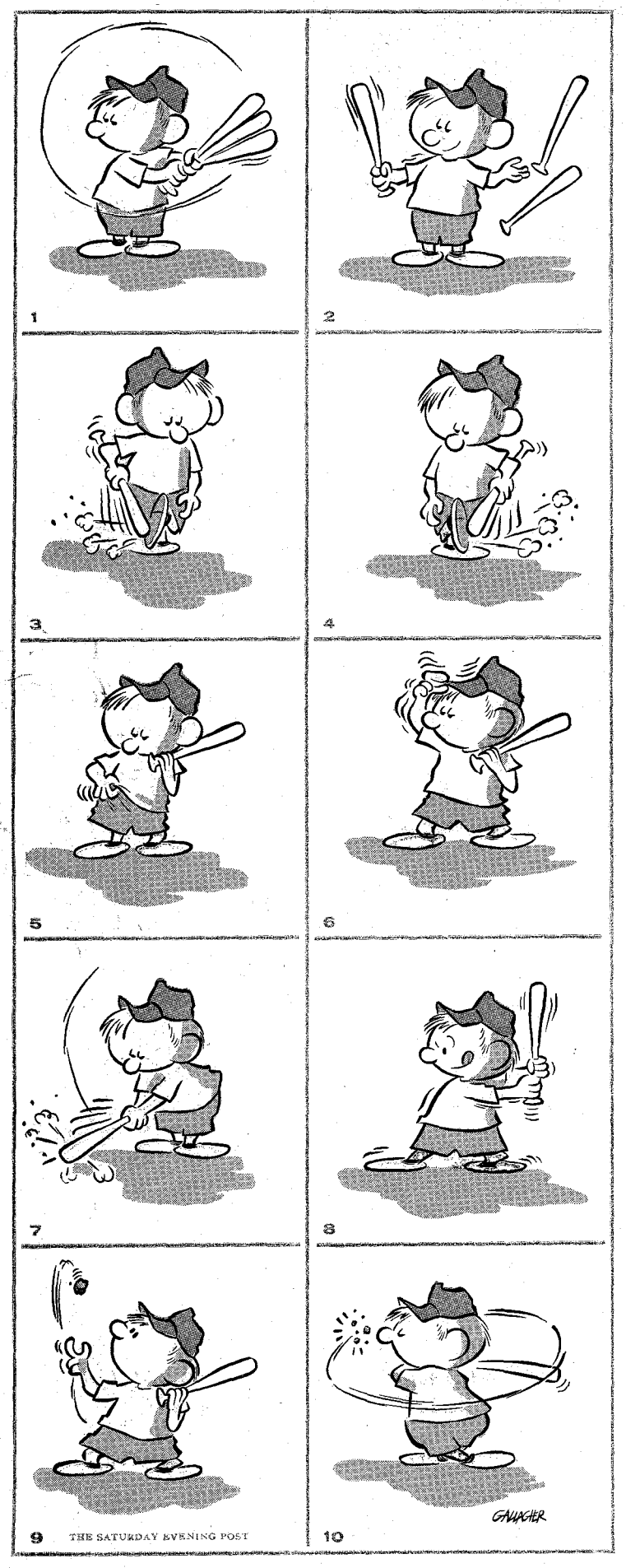
Col. W. M. Banks (second from right), head of the U.S. advisory group, with RNAF officers and pilot.

These RNAF airmen relax on the airy terrace of an Oslo water-front beer garden. Their families (infants and all) are often allowed to ride on routine cargo flights to remote bases scattered through the mountainous nation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post Scripts





"I understand his act was handed down from generation to generation."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Mein Grossfader's Mamma Goosen

Maria habst der smallisch lamb
Mit fleecen snowisch whiten;
Maria nicht ben travelen
Mitout der lamb inviten.

Der fräulein to das schoolenhaus
Der dumbisch lamb ben tooken.
Der youngischers ist chucklen out,
Und gigglen mit der looken.

Das teacher-frau der dumbisch lamb
Ben sooner out-gethrowen,
Und vas ist in der schoolenbooke,
Der lamb ist nicht ben knowen.

DAVE MORRAH

What Program is It?

I remember the way we used to tell time in our family; it was with a thing called a clock. Now we have found a simpler method—television. It works especially well with children. No longer do they pester us with cries of, "Is it time yet? Is it time?" for we tell them firmly, "We will go after Strike it Rich," or, "You must go to bed with Groucho Marx," or, "We will eat supper with Superman." Last week my wife reverted and told Johnny she wanted him home by six.

"By what?" he asked.

"By Western Marshal," she corrected.

Johnny was home for the opening gunshot.

My wife cooks by television too. For example, tonight I remarked that the roast was a little tough, whereupon she stated, "It couldn't be. I cooked it from Love of Life till Howdy Doody." You can't argue with logic like that.

She just stuck her head in from the television room and told me that the second hour of Dave Garroway has begun. If I leave for work right now and march to the theme of Sergeant Bilko, I'll reach the corner the same time as the bus. 'By.

BERT BYARS

At Son-Up

It's a holiday morning,
There's no misconstruing it;
I can hear the day breaking—
The youngsters are doing it.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

That Thing That Keeps Appearing is Me in the Moonglow

If real life were like a popular song, I have an idea that conversations such as the following might be quite prevalent:

"What in the world's that thing you're carrying in the hand that used to wipe away my burning tears of sadness?"

"That's my suitcase. I'm leaving you without a word of warning. Soon, I'll be gone, never to return to you from the blue."

"Of course, you realize that, if you go, I could never love another—that I'll always and ever recall your face through a veil of lovely yesterdays."

"And speak my name, of course."

"I will, by stars above me. And I'll do it through lips that knew the magic of your kiss."

"Right now, of course, my plans are to leave your forlorn heart forever. However, before long, I suppose, I'll fondly yearn to fly back to your arms and see the sunshine of your smile."

"I pray you will. And I also pray that, in one fleeting moment of regret, the autumn leaves will fall and the wind against your face will haunt your reverie."

"If they do, I'll treasure the memory of you beside me—the thought of all the million stars we touched the night that our romance began."

"Very likely. And don't forget the moon that spoke to us of love unending."

"I've just decided not to leave your heart that needs me like it needs no other. I mean, wouldn't it be better if, with hearts as one, we would vow to recapture the rapture we knew?"

"Much better. Together, we could flee beyond the stars to a place that's meant for two."

"Whisper my name!"

"Lydia."

"Sigh it over and over, forever and ever!"

"Lydia! Lydia! Lydia! Lydia! Lydia ——"

VERNON H. KURTZ

I Live Quietly

Each payday I can pay my bills,
And what I have left over fills
My daily dish and cup.
I've cash enough to live, it's true;
But here's what often makes me blue:
I've none to live it up!

RICHARD WHEELER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Any time you're scrambling eggs —team them up with soup!

For midnight supper, brunch or lunch . . . *any time* . . . soup and eggs go together just fine.

Try it—with Tomato Soup! Fill the cups with a soup that has flavor zip in every sip! Red-ripe Campbell Tomatoes, expertly seasoned. Good hot soup, the way everybody likes it. That's the way Campbell makes warming, cheering Tomato Soup!

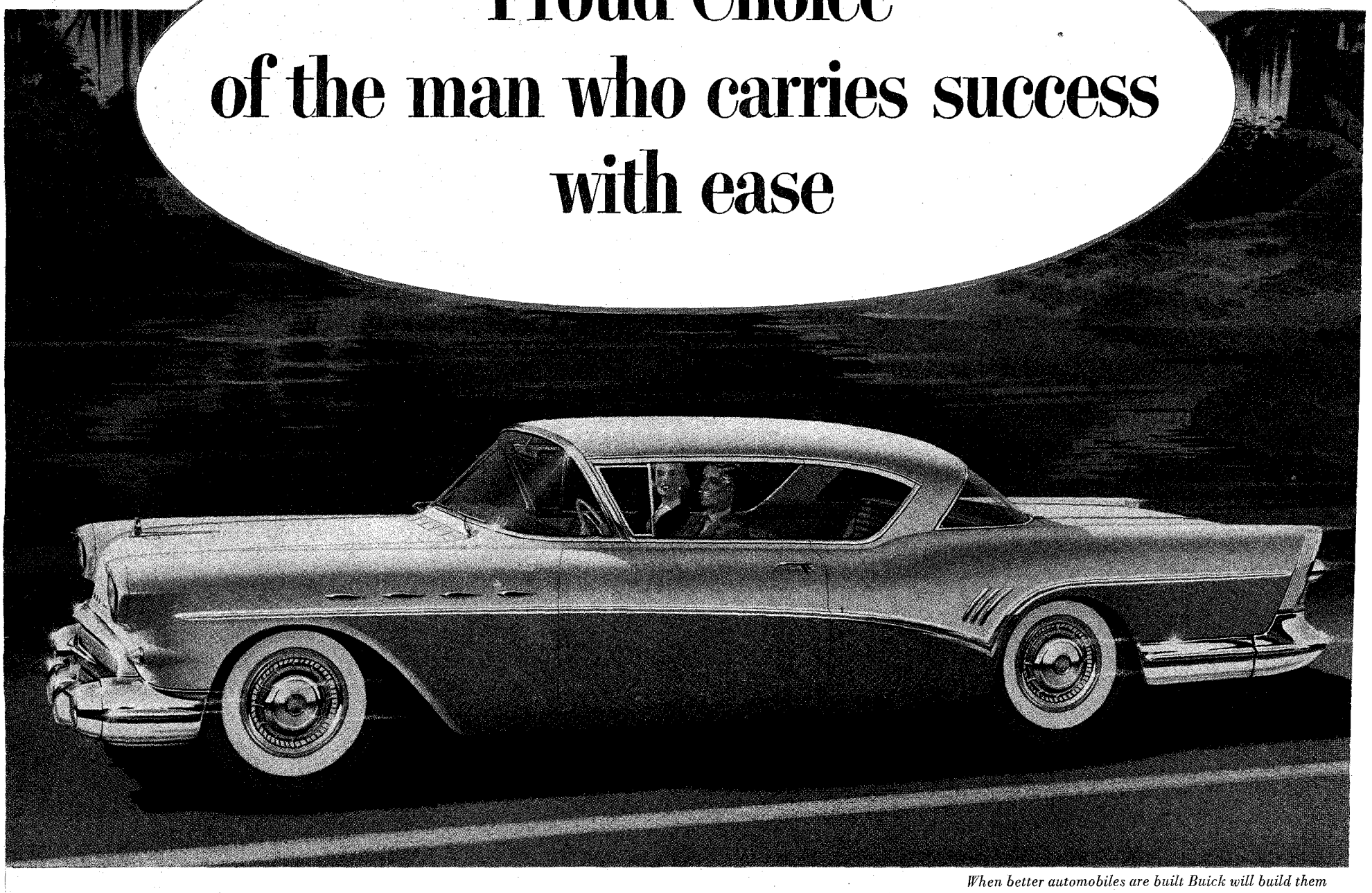
Another time have another soup! A chicken soup—a vegetable soup—whatever sounds good right then! A light egg snack tastes good, especially good, with *any* Campbell's Soup. And the whole "scramble" takes only minutes!

SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS: Vitamins, Minerals and Liquids—for general well-being • Proteins—for upkeep and growth • Carbohydrates—for energy

Once a day...every day...SOUP!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Proud Choice of the man who carries success with ease



When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

IT IS generally true that the more a man makes his own way in the world — the more confidence he carries into everything he does.

In his selection of fine cars, for example, he can afford to look beyond the obvious impression price makes — and go directly to the spirited satisfaction the car itself can offer.

This, we believe, is the basic reason for ROADMASTER's growing preference among fine-car buyers.

It is, you see, a car with a lift and life and luxury unlike any other in the world.

The answer is as simple as this:

As the top car of a completely new line of Buicks, ROADMASTER begins with the many advances found in all Buicks — then moves on to a summit of its own.

That's true of its distinctive beauty — the richness of its décor within — the exclusive style notes throughout.

It's true of the consummate comfort of its ride, its handling, the levelness of its stopping.

It's true of its power—the mightiest engine with the highest horsepower and compression ratios ever in a Buick.

Most definitely, it is true in the silken sweep of its performance.

For only ROADMASTER, of all the world's fine cars, has the velvet responsiveness of an advanced new Variable Pitch Dynaflow to take you from curbside to cruising in one infinitely smooth build-up of power.

Only ROADMASTER gives you such instantaneous obedience in "Drive" — and only here can you switch the pitch for an all-out safety-surge of power should the need and good judgment demand it.

So this is a magnificent and spirited companion for your travels by every measure you can put to it. And you should sample it for yourself soon.

Your Buick dealer will be happy to arrange matters whenever you say. Call him this week.

BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS

SAFETY NEWS

Only Buick has the SAFETY MINDER

— a simple device that's a great boon to your safety. You merely preset the miles-per-hour you want. When you reach that pace, a warning buzzer sounds. Drop below that pace and the buzzer stops.

ROADMASTER

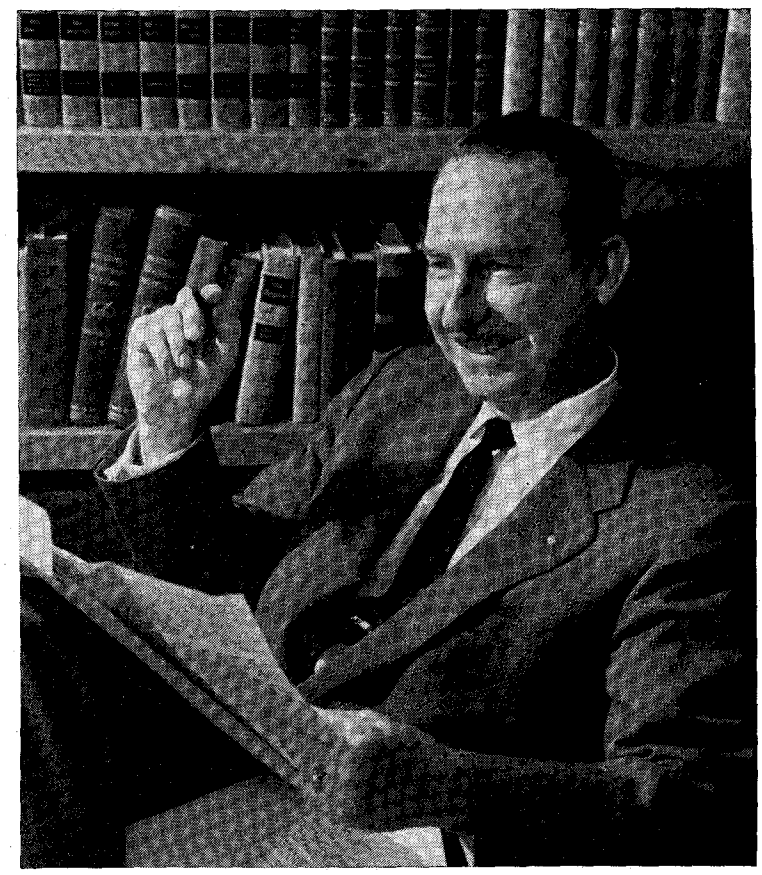
Custom Built by Buick

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He Runs a White-Collar Union

By PAUL F. HEALY

James Suffridge is a new kind of labor boss: a conservative-minded Republican who isn't afraid to say that the Taft-Hartley law has been a boon to his union.



Jim Suffridge, at 48, $35,000-a-year president of the Retail Clerks union.

One of the more depressing facts of life for organizers of the Retail Clerks International Association is that white-collar workers, as a group, are difficult to unionize. In a strong effort to overcome this resistance, the union's membership recruiters have found it helpful to cultivate good manners, and become adept at the lively art of outtalking salesmen. While gentility and eloquence are not the whole answer, it is safe to say that these attributes have helped to make the Clerks the fastest-growing union in the United States in recent years. In 1932 they had 7000 members; by 1944 they were up to 100,000, but had started to slip. Today, with 450 locals concentrated largely on the West Coast, in the heart of the Midwest and along the Eastern seaboard, membership is up to 300,000.

The president of the Clerks is James Arthur Suffridge. Now forty-eight years old, he is six feet tall, handsome and trim, with receding brown hair, blue eyes, a sandy mustache and just a trace of his native Tennessee drawl. Like his union, Suffridge is outwardly bland and articulate and inwardly ambitious and resourceful.

There are approximately 8,000,000 white-collar workers in various industries today, and they represent the largest remaining unorganized bloc of employees in the country. Although more than half of this number are office and restaurant workers, and others who fall outside the jurisdiction of his union, Suffridge feels that the Clerks may eventually sign up between two and three million members.

One of the difficulties faced by the Clerks is that they must bargain separately with thousands of stores having different price, wage and hour patterns within their own communities. Another complicating factor is that Suffridge presides over a heterogeneous collection of workers, everyone from the ribbon clerk in a small-town five-and-ten-cent store to the high-commission salesmen handling clothing, heavy appliances and automobiles, some of whom earn up to $18,000 a year.

The Clerks have benefited from the recent boom in (Continued on Page 125)

Suffridge visits the unionized Young Men's Shop in Washington, D.C. He objects to the popular conception of a clerk as a Caspar Milquetoast: "A clerk is as tall as anybody."

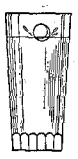
California: A model (nonunion) demonstrates cosmetics alongside the organized clerks in a Hollywood supermarket, where union contracts provide a minimum $86 a week after one year.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

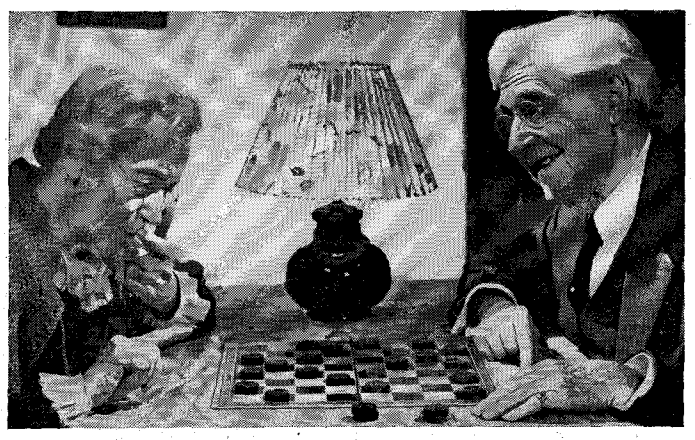
CATCHING COLD? HEADACHE? ACHING MUSCLES? MINOR PAINS OF BURSITIS?

BAYER ASPIRIN MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER FAST!

HEADACHE? FEEL BETTER FAST—When a headache is making it difficult for you to concentrate or think clearly, Bayer Aspirin will bring quick relief. You'll see one reason why by dropping a Bayer Aspirin tablet in a glass of water. You'll see it start to disintegrate *instantly*—and since the same thing happens in your stomach, Bayer Aspirin is actually ready to go to work *instantly*, to make you feel better fast!



ACHING MUSCLES? FEEL BETTER FAST—No matter what kind of work you do, it can often bring on muscular aches and pains at the end of the day. That's when it's good to know about Bayer Aspirin—for if you take two Bayer Aspirin tablets right away, you'll be amazed at how quickly your aching muscles are relieved. Bayer Aspirin also works with remarkable speed to relieve pains of neuralgia and neuritis.



MINOR PAINS OF BURSITIS? FEEL BETTER FAST—Bayer Aspirin is helping millions of people to get more fun out of later life by providing quick, temporary relief from minor pains of bursitis, rheumatism and arthritis. Bayer Aspirin gives you the *fast* relief you want, and the *safe* relief you need. You can take Bayer Aspirin with complete confidence—it's so gentle that doctors prescribe it even for small children!

BAYER ®

And it's one thing most people can take any time...WITHOUT STOMACH UPSET!

CATCHING COLD? FEEL BETTER FAST—It's fun to play in the snow, but you may catch a cold. If you do, the very first thing to take is two Bayer Aspirin tablets. As millions know, Bayer Aspirin not only brings quick relief from painful cold discomforts, but reduces fever, too. And when the youngsters catch cold, give them the best-tasting, highest quality Aspirin—*flavored*, Children's Size *Bayer* Aspirin.

Don't pay twice the price of Bayer Aspirin for ASPIRIN "IN DISGUISE"!

What is aspirin "in disguise"? . . . a pain relieving product that attempts to belittle straight aspirin yet combines aspirin with such non-pain relieving ingredients as aluminum compounds, magnesium carbonate—and it costs *you twice the price* of Bayer Aspirin!

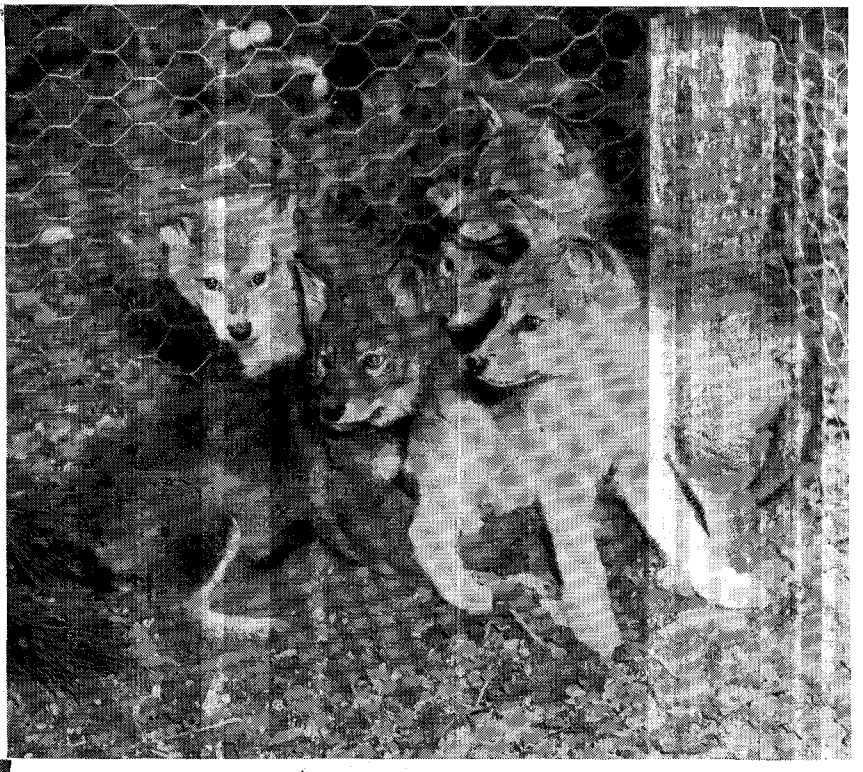
Why pay more for extra ingredients that can't relieve pain? Instead, get Bayer Aspirin. It's *all* pain reliever—100%—and medical science has never discovered a safer and more effective pain relieving agent!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America's Newest Wild Animal

By WILLIAM BYRON MOWERY

An eyewitness describes his surprising encounter with that little-known, mysterious beast: the coydog.



Coydog cub litter, found in New York's Adirondack Mountains. Their mother was pure coyote, the father probably a dog.

Pet coydog: When Lucky's owner found him as a starved 3-month-old, he couldn't bear to shoot the cub for the bounty, so he raised him to herd cattle on a farm.

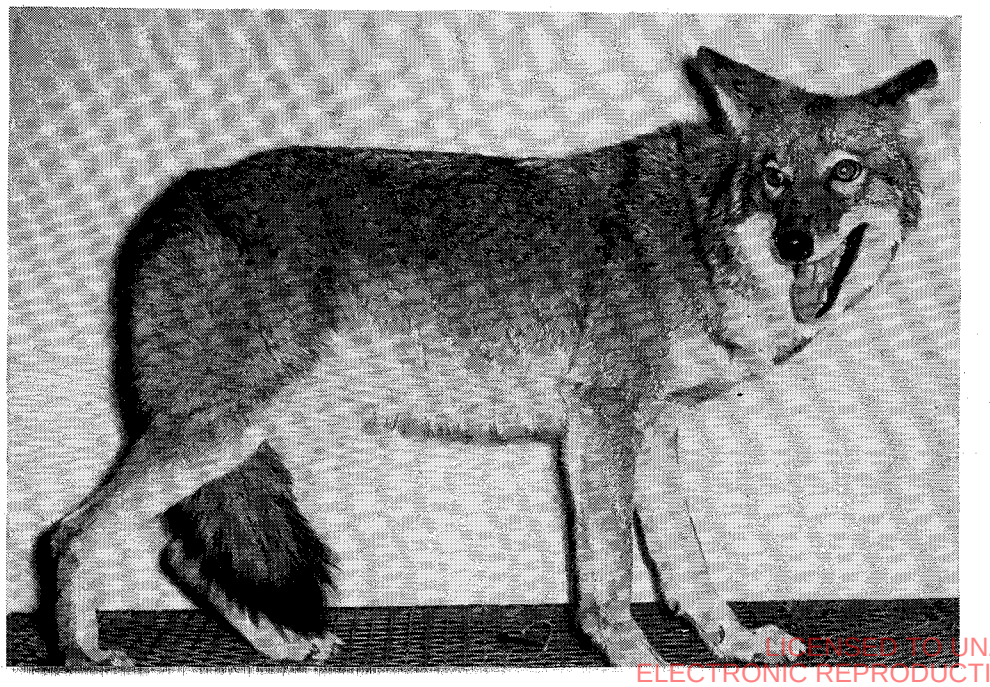
Up along that woods-buried creek in the Adirondacks, the trout weren't biting worth a hootenanny that morning—and I was glad of it. During my little jog up from our lake-shore cabin, a first-class mystery had developed, and I didn't want any rainbows or browns biting around and bothering me while I was matching wits with that four-legged phantom across the creek.

In the woods over there some animal was following and watching me, and it was just about the most silent, bush-wise creature I had ever met with outdoors. The undergrowth on that north bank was thin and scattered, and this animal was keeping no more than thirty, forty yards away as it shadowed me up the stream, but in a full half hour I hadn't caught one single flit glimpse of the "thing."

Mysteries, I know, are supposed to happen on "a midnight dreary" or something like that, but this one was taking place on a bright, sunny May morning, as sparkling and exuberant as only a May morning can be. Back in the higher Adirondacks you could see lingers of snow in the rocky draws, but down in the valley the young spring had come on with a rush. In the two short days that Fred and Roy and I had been camping on that lake, the birches had leafed halfway out, the morel mushrooms had popped up, the warblers had paired off and

(Continued on Page 137)

A pure coyote at the New York State Game Farm. The crouch and low-carried tail are also characteristic of the coydog, which is so wary it is rarely seen.



Owner Charles Evans, of St. Clair, Mo., with Lucky. Once mean, he is now devoted to his master, but fussy about strangers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Don't miss the *fun* of smoking

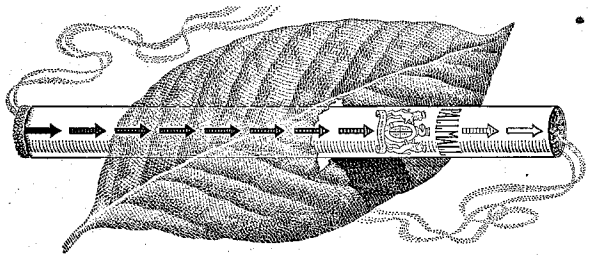
Mildness is a with Pall Mall

Pall Mall filters the smoke– but never the fun of smoking

Mildness is a *pleasure* with PALL MALL because PALL MALL's greater length filters the *smoke*—but *never* the *fun* of smoking. You get every bit of the flavor that makes smoking a pleasure while PALL MALL's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke further, filters the smoke and makes it mild.

So don't miss the fun of smoking. Buy PALL MALL famous cigarettes in the distinguished red package today!

Don't Miss the Fun of Smoking



For Flavor and Mildness Fine Tobacco Filters Best

Outstanding

...and they are Mild!

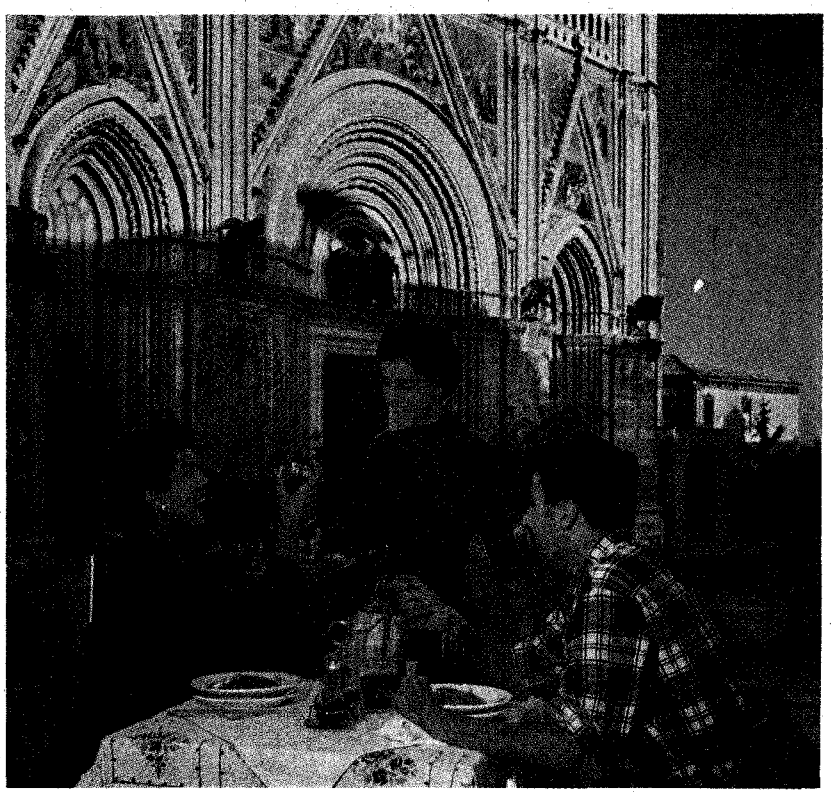
COPR., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pleasure

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"In 5 minutes...dinner with a magic Italian touch"



When it's dinnertime in Orvieto—or at home—you can enjoy Italian cooking at its best. At your house—just call on Chef Boy-Ar-Dee to do the cooking.

Any fine chef will tell you it takes an experienced hand to prepare the dishes you enjoy at an Italian cafe . . . . . and one savory forkful tells you this same special skill goes into the making of Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti and Meat Balls.

The delicious, *slow-simmered sauce* combines the reddest, juiciest tomatoes, cheese, and onions, all spiced to perfection by a skilled Italian hand.

The *plump meat balls* are formed from pure beef, browned outside to seal in the juices. And, of course, the *spaghetti* itself is the thin Italian kind, cooked to just the right degree of tenderness.

This flavorful dish is a favorite right around the table. Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti and Meat Balls comes ready to heat in cans of 2 or 5 servings each. Costs just 13¢ a portion.

Why not get a can (or *several*) today. Bring a real taste of Italy to your table this very evening.

real Italian-style
CHEF BOY-AR-DEE®
Spaghetti and Meat Balls

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Golden Shadow

Their lives depend on their ability to outwit a band of cutthroats.

By ROBERT ORMOND CASE

Ravenhill and his beautiful companion, Peggy McGraw, were prisoners of Captain Blodgett and his band of cutthroats at Blodgett's camp on the Nahanni River, deep in Yukon Territory. Ravenhill and Peggy had come north to find the lost gold mine discovered by Peggy's late father, Monty McGraw, but the captain and his crew arrived first. However, Blodgett couldn't find the elusive strike without Monty's specific directions, which Peggy and Ravenhill possessed.

Only Ravenhill knew that even these directions, which he had followed on a previous unsuccessful attempt to find the mine, wouldn't lead to the exact location of the mine. But Peggy had unwittingly given Ravenhill a new clue when she told him how her father had happened upon the richly laden quartz. To Ravenhill, this revealed precisely how to find the mine.

The secret knowledge was Ravenhill's trump card in his game of life or death with Blodgett, who would stop at nothing to get his hands on the gold.

III

Blodgett puffed on his pipe for a moment, plainly getting his tactics in order. Ravenhill waited, his own speculations grim. Blodgett had demonstrated his caliber, long since. The manner in which he had maneuvered both Ravenhill and Peggy into revealing vital information about the mine was proof enough of that. The blunt truth was that Ravenhill had no sound trading position left, except the location of the mine.

Blodgett led off on that point. "You say you can find the strike, Riv. And Peggy can't. How come, if Peggy can remember Monty's directions?"

"Monty McGraw's instructions are worthless," Ravenhill returned. "They won't lead you to the strike. I have added information that Peggy doesn't know about. Don't ask me how I got it. Just assume I can find the mine tomorrow. And start from there."

Blodgett pondered this for a moment, then nodded. "I'll buy that. You wouldn't have brought Peggy here from Lochiel if you thought she could find the strike. It doesn't matter. You'll lead us to the strike tomorrow."

"Perhaps," Ravenhill said. "It depends on the disposition of the loot. What share did you have in mind?"

"Just the discovery claim," Blodgett said. "That'll satisfy me and my lads. You know the quartz regulations. You and Peggy can have all the other claims."

"But the discovery claim may be the entire pot!" Ravenhill protested. "It may be a pocket. The vein may pinch out."

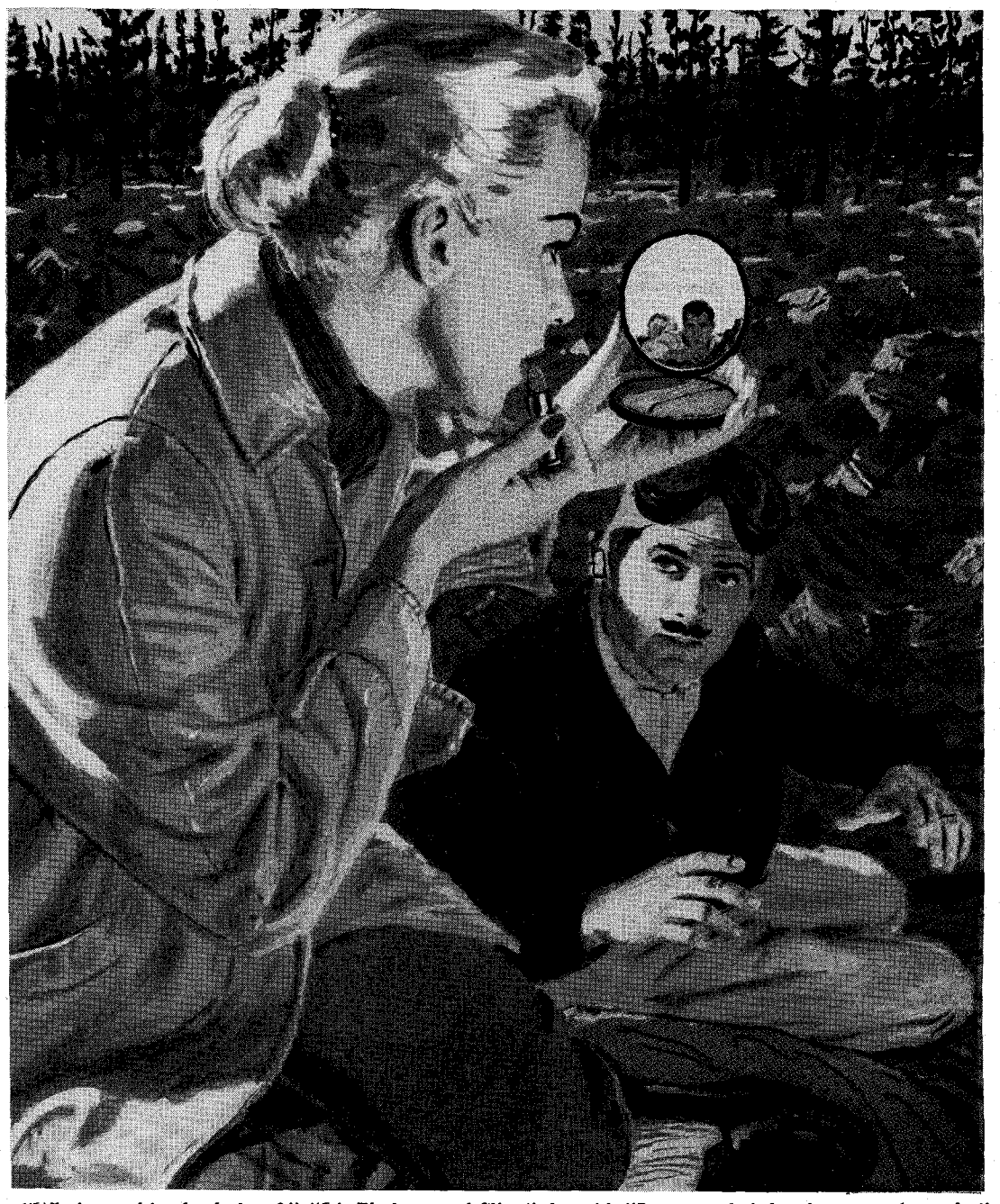
"Take it or leave it," Blodgett returned.

"But suppose I refuse to go along? I'm the only one who can find the strike, remember."

Blodgett smiled a little, his teeth gripping his pipe. It gave his rough-hewn features a rather pleasant cast. "Snively and Bull would enjoy that," he said. "Making you talk, I mean. Snively's an expert at it. I'd have them take you out on the bench." He inclined his head eastward. "Too far for Peggy to hear anybody yelling. You'd talk."

"But—my word, Blodgett!" Ravenhill was honestly staggered. "I haven't found the strike yet. I think I can tomorrow. But suppose I can't?"

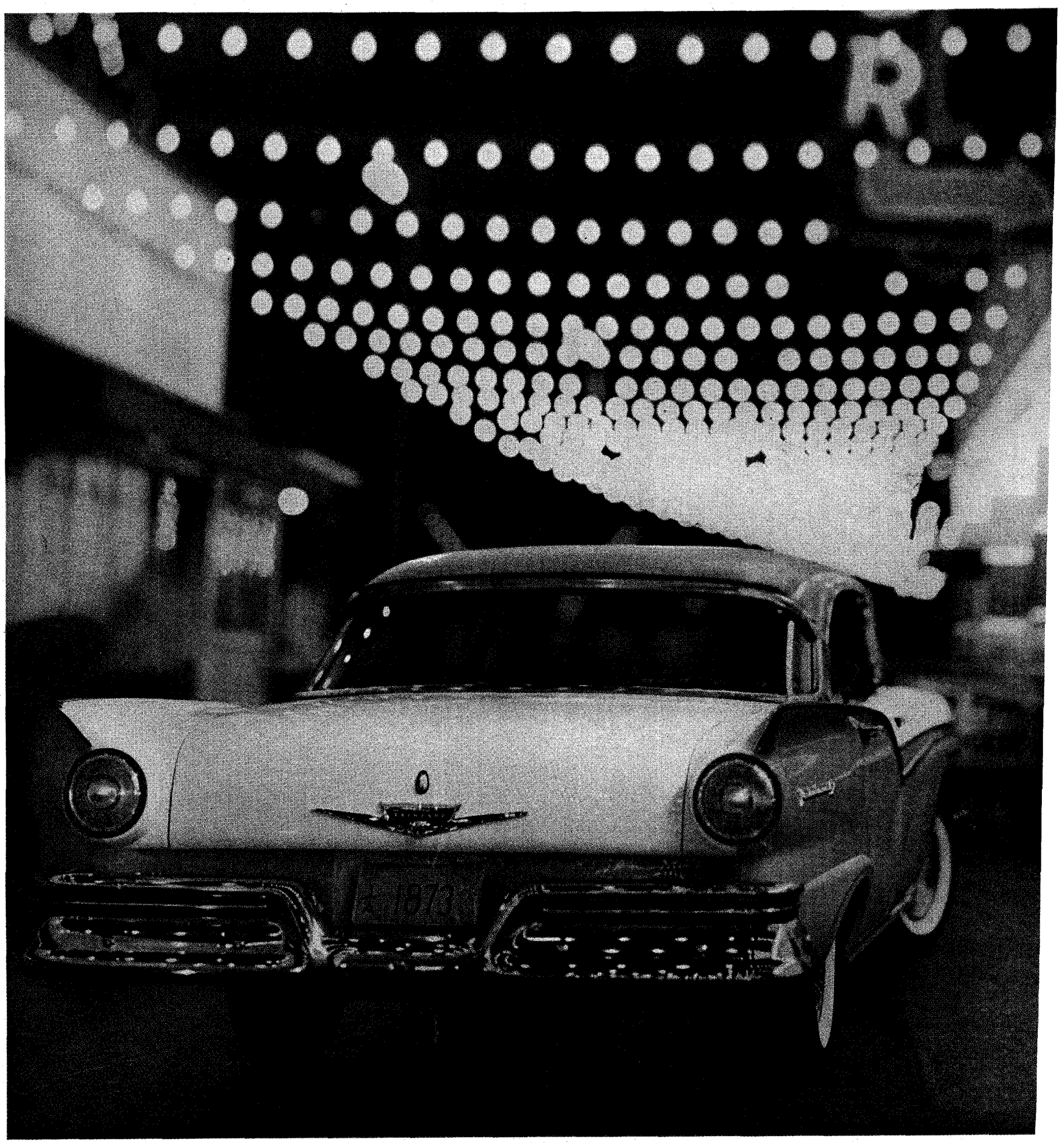
Blodgett shrugged, his smile fading. "It would be (Continued on Page 86)



"Who's watching back there?" "It's Blodgett and Slim," she said. "I can see their heads among the rocks."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The big PRIZE PACKAGE of the low-price field



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The four-door "hardtop" that tops them all . . . Ford's new Fairlane 500 Town Victoria!

Wherever you find people having fun . . . whether it's at a clambake on Laguna Beach, or at a trout fry in the Rockies . . . you'll invariably find a Ford (or a group of them) parked nearby.

Fun and the new kind of Ford just naturally go hand in hand. And no wonder. Ford is the big prize package of the low-price field!

Here's a new car that's as long on looks as it is on Thunderbird V-8 power. A new kind of car that's built around a rugged new "Inner Ford." A car that's built to *stay* built. A new *lower-center-of-gravity* car that rides you sweet and low like never before. A car that you can order in either of *two* new, bigger sizes to suit your taste and budget.

Best of all, here's the one fine car that makes luxury a *low-price* word!

Ladies and gents! Step right out now to your Ford Dealer's and Action Test the traveling fun of a Ford.

The big new kind of FORD

—the fine car at half the fine car price

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"DON'T BE STYMIED!"

NOW REMOVE DANDRUFF

WITH VERY FIRST SHAMPOO!

"Oh, how sun, wind and rain can dull hair, dry scalp and bring out terrible dandruff," says TV's popular *Miss Debbie Haley*. "But I don't worry! I use Fitch regularly." Only Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo is specially made and guaranteed to remove loose dandruff with *one* lathering–or money back!

BRIGHTEN YOUR HAIR UP TO 35%

AT THE SAME TIME!

Tests prove gentle Fitch also *brightens* hair up to 35% as it removes dulling dandruff flakes. Helps recondition hair, leaves it easier to manage and wave. Use new milder Fitch every time you wash your hair—not just to remove loose dandruff!

ONLY FITCH GUARANTEES DANDRUFF-FREE, BRIGHTER HAIR —OR MONEY BACK!

Today, get Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo. If not delighted with the thrilling way it brightens hair and removes embarrassing dandruff with one lathering... return unused portion for full refund from Fitch. Also be sure to ask at Barber or Beauty Shop for a professional Fitch Shampoo.

Also available in Canada

How's Your Telephone Etiquette?

(Continued from Page 27)

But Americans don't have a corner on bad telephone manners. The French, who are prone to give the old hello a triple rendering—"allau, allau, allau"—are fully as bad-mannered, and the Germans no better. The Russians would doubtless be a great deal worse if they only had enough telephones to give them sufficient practice. And the British are in a class by themselves. Not only do they freely indulge in the meaningless "hello"; they stretch its uselessness into whole sentences and paragraphs with the addition of phrases such as, "I say, are you there?"

Trans World Airlines, an international corporation, recently made this British attitude a matter of comparative record. Concerned over the telephone manners of its far-flung staff, TWA set up special courses aimed at showing its employees how they could use a telephone to win friends and get new business. The instructors reported that they found the French amenable and the British intractable. Britons took the position that if anything was wrong with their telephone manners it would have to be corrected at the other end of the line. In this, they were at one with Randolph Churchill, scion of Sir Winston. Once, in Moscow's National Hotel, the younger Churchill was overheard dressing down a Russian operator, who knew no other language than her own, with the classically British admonition: "I say, it's no good your speaking to me in that foreign gibberish."

However, since the United States has more telephones in service than all the rest of the world combined, by a ratio of about six to five, it is here that the problems of bad telephone manners reach gigantic proportions. The operating utilities long ago realized that the installation of equipment and the maintenance of service was only part of their job. As early as 1912 they had begun a campaign to teach subscribers how to make more effective use of the instrument.

In that year the New York Telephone Company, a part of the Bell System, asked one of its bright young copy writers—a fellow named Howard G. Stokes—to prepare a booklet that could be used in this educational program. Stokes took the oblique approach. He felt he couldn't come right out and tell the customers they were a lot of ill-mannered, ill-tempered boors, however truthful that might have been. So he reminded his readers that a display of friendliness is the surest way to get things done easily and quickly, and extolled the virtues of cheerful courtesy. Anticipating Dale Carnegie by decades, Stokes titled his booklet, Winning Friends by Telephone, and closed it with the line, "The voice with the smile wins."

Few industrial slogans have ever had a wider impact or longer life. "The voice with the smile" became the text for countless sermons; vaudeville actors wove skits around it; it was repeated on millions upon millions of telephone directories, newspaper advertisements, billboards, mail inserts and other places. In February, 1957, Stokes' slogan turned its forty-fifth birthday and it was still in use. But, alas, so were the same bad manners that inspired it in 1912.

Consequently, every passing year sees the telephone companies stepping up their educational efforts. This promotion of etiquette, divided among many companies, uses up millions of dollars every year. But the costs are small compared to the potential benefits, both to the companies and to the users, that may be gained from a reduction of the time wasted. Subscribers, however, frequently find this difficult to believe. A prevalent attitude was summed up by one of them, "If I waste time on a call, I pay for it, don't I?"

The answer is, "Of course." But the matter has other aspects, and for the information of the subscribers a few startlingly astronomical figures may be in order. Since January 1, 1948, nearly 24,000,000 new telephones have been placed in service. At the same time, the costs of maintaining, improving and expanding the equipment necessary to keep old and new phones operational have been rising steadily. In 1955, the Bell System alone spent $1,643,000,000 for such purposes. In 1956 the figure went up to $2,200,000,000, and for 1957 anticipated expenditures are $2,500,000,000. While most of this unprecedented outlay represents improvements and expansions that may be expected to produce additional revenues for the companies, a very substantial part is due to rising costs of labor and materials.

Normally, business passes on its rising costs to the customer in the form of higher prices. Though they have not always been successful, the telephone companies have chosen to try to hold the rates down by offsetting higher costs with increased efficiency. And efficiency means just one thing—finding ways by which more people can make more calls on the same amount of equipment.

In this effort, hundreds of millions have been spent to develop and install such things as coaxial cable, which can carry many telephone conversations simultaneously, and automatic dial systems. Yet, every extension of automation has proved once again that the quality of service the subscriber gets, and the level of efficiency the telephone companies are able to maintain, depend peculiarly on the telephone user's own behavior.

An example occurred not long ago in San Diego, California. There, as a preliminary to the inauguration of long-distance dialing, all local numbers were changed from six to seven digits. As usual, this was preceded by an intensive campaign to tell people what was being done, when, why, and what they should do about it. Nonetheless, when the change-over was made, San Diego, ranking 28th among United States metropolitan areas in population, shot to the top as the No. 1 wrong-number town in the nation. Fewer than 600,000 persons began dialing 36,000 wrong numbers every day or more than four times as many per person as did 12,000,000 in polyglot New York City and environs. It took nearly a year of intensive educational efforts through newspapers, radio and television to shrink this foul-up back to relatively normal proportions—a whopping waste of dollars and telephone time.

Turn now to another common type of waste. One day last summer a traffic representative of the Bell Company of Pennsylvania made a routine check on a small Philadelphia firm that maintained its own private branch exchange, or PBX switchboard. From nine to twelve A.M. the company received seventy-five calls. In eighteen instances the company employee being called delayed thirty seconds or more in answering the ring on his extension phone. In five of these the delay was upward of a minute and a half. Thus, solely because some of its employees did not answer their phones on the first or second ring, this company not only suffered a loss of fourteen minutes during three hours on some of its own equipment, but inflicted the same amount of loss on its customers. When averaged out over the morning's incoming traffic, the waste amounted to eleven and one-fifth seconds on each of the seventy-five calls received.

The instance seems picayune, and standing alone it would be. But projected across the whole of the nation's telephone system it (*Continued on Page 61*)

"The taxi is here."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

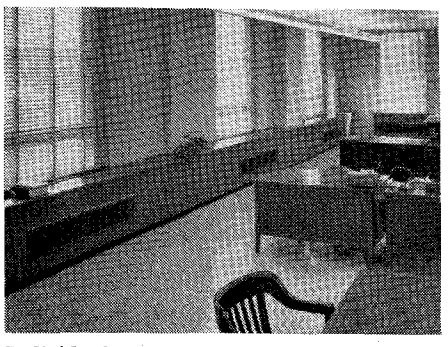
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICAN BLOWER AIR CONDITIONING

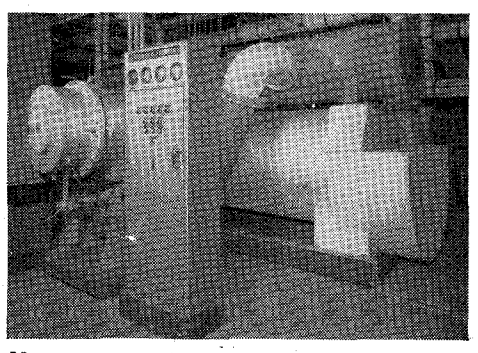
Dallas Independent School District Administration Offices have ample room to handle needs of Dallas' growing population (now about 625,000).

Dallas gears for big boom in school enrollment

This Dallas school-administration building is built for the future, with a plan for expansion—and up-to-the-minute air-conditioning equipment by American Blower



Individual room control of indoor climate in both interior and peripheral zones gives administration building "custom-made" air conditioning. Outside offices, for example, are conditioned by 140 American Blower Inductor Units.



Nerve center of the air-conditioning system is the American Blower Tonrac® centrifugal refrigerating machine, which supplies chilled water to system; adjusts itself immediately to fluctuations in air-conditioning load and weather.

To meet its growing educational needs, dynamic Dallas, Texas, is sponsoring a multimillion-dollar school-plant expansion program—a part of which is the modern addition to the school-administration building above.

This streamlined structure is capable of housing the school-administration offices for a city of 1,000,000, and is fully air-conditioned, using American Blower air-handling and air-conditioning equipment. An important reason for this choice: American Blower offered a *complete line* of quality equipment—designed, engineered, and manufactured to work together.

If your plans include air conditioning, why not call our nearest branch office? American Blower Division of American-Standard, Detroit 32, Michigan. In Canada: Canadian Sirocco products, Windsor, Ontario.

BUILDING CREDITS:
Architect: Peyton Cooper
Consulting Engineers: Zumwalt & Vinther
General Contractor: Hal C. Dyer
Mechanical Contractors: Brown-Olds Plumbing & Heating Corporation

AMERICAN BLOWER

Division of AMERICAN-Standard

Air-conditioning equipment for every business

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Help us find a better name for this new flavor...

it's BANANA! it's STRAWBERRY!

...it's delicious!

Sealtest ICE CREAM

WIN A YEAR'S SUPPLY OF ICE CREAM

We call it BANANA STRAWBERRY. Yet it's so different, and you'll enjoy it so much (it's got a special kind of luscious fresh fruit flavor) we'd like your help in thinking up a better name! So taste it, name it, and if your entry is chosen one of the 100 best, you'll win a year's supply of ice cream! (A gallon a week for 52 weeks!)

So easy to enter! Just check the details on the end flap of the Banana Strawberry carton —or ask for an entry blank at your Sealtest fountain. Then send in your suggestion, along with the name of your Sealtest dealer. It's simple, it's fun—and you might be a winner!

MORE PEOPLE ENJOY SEALTEST THAN ANY OTHER ICE CREAM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 58*) becomes something almost too big for comprehension. As of June 30, 1956, there were 58,083,000 telephones in service in the United States, and some portion of this equipment was being used to complete 218,000,000 conversations every day. The wastage of eleven and one-fifth seconds on each of these completed calls would mean the loss of more than seventy-five years of useful telephone time every twenty-four hours. Most assuredly the subscribers pay for it. Nobody else could.

To measure poor telephone etiquette in wasted dollars, however, is to look at only one of its aspects. Another, less measurable but no less real, is that by his telephone manners the individual can bring upon himself, his family or his company all manner of misfortunes and disappointments—lost jobs, lost promotions, ruptured friendships, spoiled business opportunities and so on.

A few years back the city of Baltimore learned a surprising lesson. Under the supervision of an educator named E. Duncan Hyde, Baltimore had built up a first-class set of business courses in the city high schools. As more of these business students went into jobs, however, Hyde began to get a disturbing flareback of complaint. It seemed the youngsters were adequate at dictation, typing, keeping books, filing and other office procedures, but just did not know how to use a telephone properly. On top of that came the discovery that textbook publishers could not provide suitable courses to remedy the situation because, as far as they knew, none existed.

Hyde took this problem to the Chesapeake and Potomac company, local link in the Bell chain. Earlier, he found, the Bell System had created an instructional kit called Adventures in Telezonia which it was already furnishing to schools for use by about 2,500,000 pupils a year. But Telezonia was for fourth-graders and too elementary for Hyde's needs. So, with the aid of a representative of the local phone company, Hyde put his own kit together. It consisted of a textbook for the students, a manual for the teachers, two telephones and an amplifier. In the classroom two students use the phones for practice calls while the amplifier renders their voices audible to teacher and class. Then the teacher guides a corrective discussion of their performance.

A look at the text shows that good telephone manners are hardly anything more than simple courtesy. Yet Hyde's innovation proved to be something that educators all across the country had been seeking a long time. The fact that it is now being adopted by one high-school system after another suggests that millions of our adolescents yearly stand in need of being taught:

To answer the telephone promptly, and to say something informative, such as "ABC Company," rather than a mere "hello"; speak directly into the transmitter in a normal tone of voice; be considerate by giving the caller undivided attention; take notes on all information that may be needed later; enunciate distinctly—not "Wadjado?" but "What did you do?"; get the caller's name and use it—not "yeah" or "uh-huh," but "Yes, Mr. Jones"; be sincere—promise to do only what you can and will do, and then do it promptly; hang up gently.

Seems elemental, and it is. But, given this kind of foundation, it is possible for almost any person to build a telephone personality as distinctive as a signature and sometimes more valuable. For the things that a telephone, in the hands of a master, can be used to accomplish are astonishing.

One such master is a Washington columnist who uses what may be called the technique of the evocative silence. It is his custom, when in search of a particular piece of information, to call the person most likely to have it and begin an exchange of trivial pleasantries. This goes on while the columnist gradually works around to what is, for him, the important question. This he asks in the same casual tone. If the answer isn't what he thinks it should be, he abruptly drops into silence. Then, as his silence extends itself second after disconcerting second into what may seem an eternity, but is seldom more than a minute, the person at the other phone experiences a flustered embarrassment somewhat akin to a sense of guilt. To put an end to the ordeal, he begins to talk, and more frequently than not, to say things he had not intended to say at all. Swiftly, then, he finds himself committed to statements he had no desire to make, and soon wishes he hadn't. But by the time regretful pangs begin, the columnist has rung off, dialed another number, and is serenely hoisting another victim on his extraordinary rack.

Superficially it may be argued that this use of silence is another form of waste. Actually a sharp distinction is drawn. Waste is the misuse of telephone time that benefits neither caller nor called, whereas any technique that is effective is not deemed wasteful. While the telephone companies spend millions yearly to encourage timesaving etiquette, they also spend more millions to encourage more people to use the phone more often because higher levels of efficiency can be attained only when time saved on one call is promptly spent on another. The telephone companies reason that the more effective the phone is for a subscriber's purposes, the more he will use it.

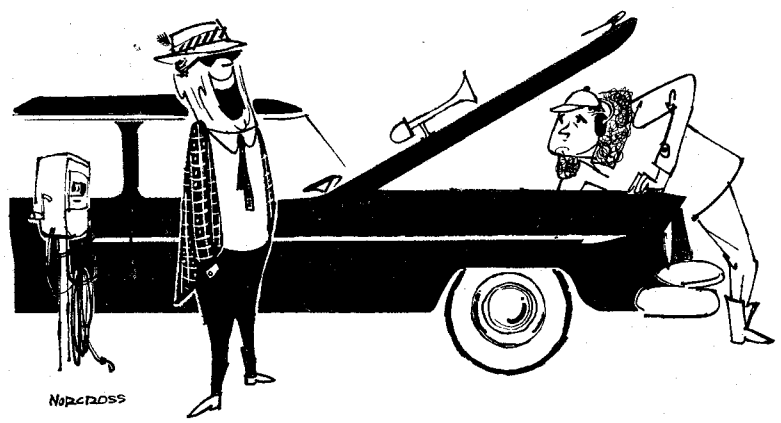
To this end, the companies employ scores of "commercial representatives," a part of whose job is to dream up ideas by which the phone can be made a more effective tool of business. One such idea is the "thank you" call.

It works this way. Each morning in the office, say, of a millwork-and-builders'-supply house, a salesman studies the new orders just arrived in the mail. When he thinks he has figured out a way to deal with each, he begins calling the persons from whom the orders came. A connection established, the pitch begins, "Good morning, Mr. Smith. This is Jones—Tom Jones—of Acme Millwork and Supply. I want to thank you for the order we just received, and tell you it is getting our promptest attention. By the way, Mr. Smith, how are you fixed for storage space? I ask because I notice you've ordered ten of our X-1-2-3 panel doors. If you can take twenty-five, I can offer you a better price—in fact, I can save you two dollars on each door. Shall I change your order? Make it twenty-five instead of ten? . . . Fine, Mr. Smith. I'll do that. Now, I also notice your order doesn't say anything about hardware ——" And so on and on.

Viewed coldly, the "thank you" is a gimmick, a means of getting a foot in the door to make a sales pitch. Yet, company after company has found it a quick, inexpensive way to increase business by sums that may run from a few dollars to a few thousands a day. And the best part of it is that even when it fails to sell, it still leaves the customer feeling good—warmed by a grateful word in a thoughtless world.

The "thank you" call is only one of dozens of ideas the local telephone company's commercial representatives are prepared to suggest to business subscribers. They also stand ready to provide advice, experience and special equipment to help anyone develop his own ideas. As, for instance, in the case of Harold Leitman, a New York City tire salesman.

Back in 1948, Leitman acquired a bargain lot of war-surplus truck tires. He bought a mailing list of companies operating truck fleets, prepared circulars and initiated a direct-mail campaign to sell them his tires. When, a few days after the last lot of circulars had been delivered to



The Perfect Squelch

A professional Californian, making a brief wintertime visit to Chicago, took every opportunity to tout his state's wonderful sunshine, marvelous cities and parks, and healthy climate. Pulling into a filling station, he belabored the busy attendant with his glowing facts and figures in a heavy-humored way. When the attendant asked about checking his antifreeze, the Californian roared for the benefit of everyone in earshot:

"Antifreeze, what's that? I'm from California, fellow. Tell me, what does antifreeze do?"

"Why," the attendant said mildly, "about the same thing that smudge pots do in your California citrus groves."

E. W. Lester

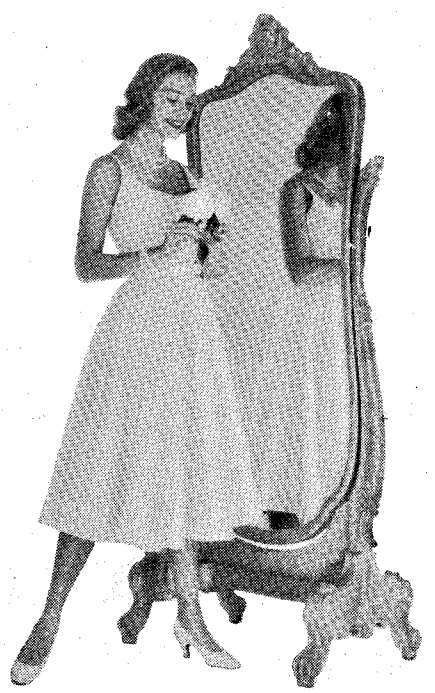
you could have danced all night

The wonder of the evening lives on . . . in the magic of the corsage you still hold . . . in the strains of remembered music that run through your head . . . in the memories of laughter and moonlight and swirling gowns. And you, young lady, were superb! You were radiant! All aglow with gaiety and charm. Nothing could stand in your way, not even "time of the month" difficulties—not since you'd found Tampax.

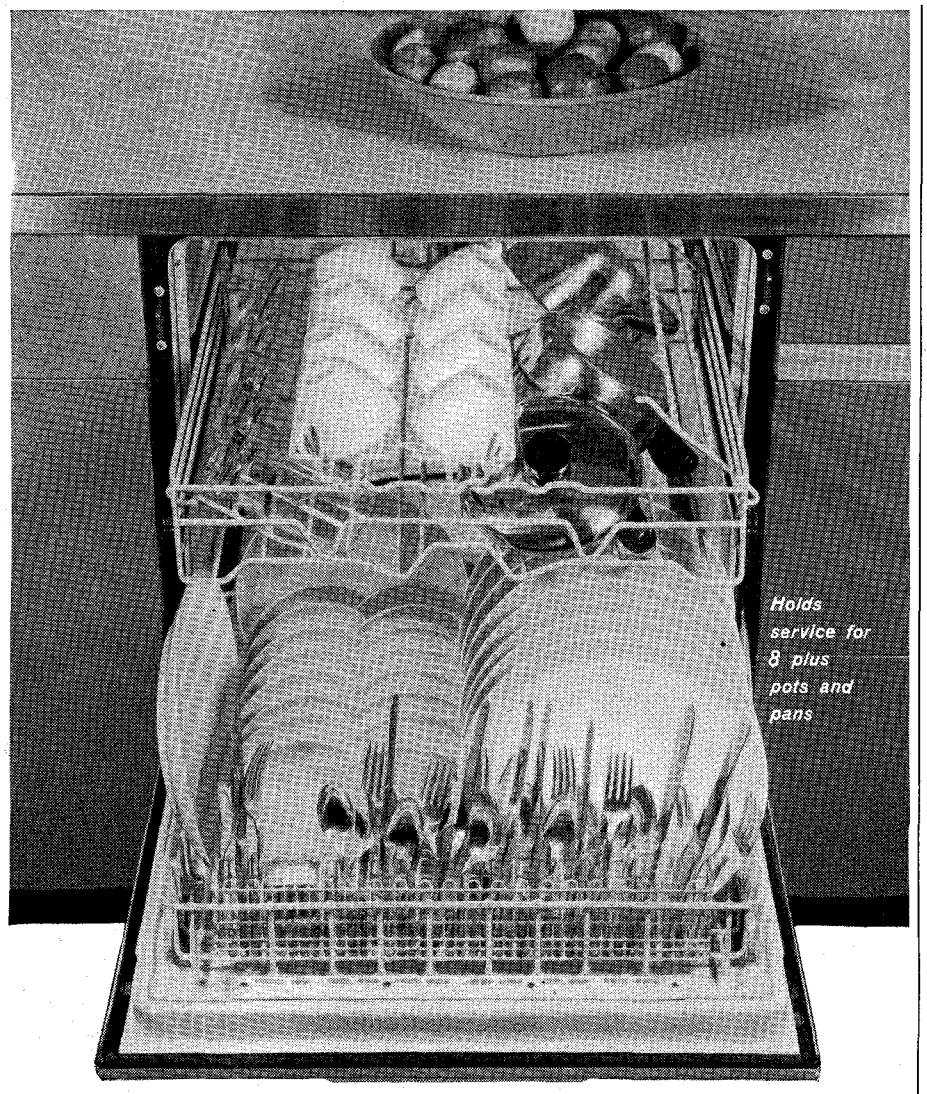
Don't you feel . . . well . . . just a little bit sorry for the girls who haven't discovered Tampax as yet? Imagine pinning yourself into a contraption every single month! Tampax* internal sanitary protection is light and dainty—completely invisible, completely comfortable, when in place. Sitting, standing, dancing or walking, it can't chafe or irritate; in fact you can't even feel it's there! Everything about Tampax is pleasant . . . the way it prevents odor from forming . . . the fact your hands need never touch the Tampax . . . its ease of disposal.

Millions of girls just like you are using and enthusing about Tampax. Readily available wherever drug products are sold, it comes in a choice of three absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Small, convenient, tucks in the tiniest purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Now—The

"CLEANINGEST" DISHWASHER EVER!

and It's the Biggest Time-Saver of All!

Cleans *greasy pans and griddles*
Cleans *off even 3-day dried-on egg*
Cleans *off stubborn lipstick*
Cleans *food from the tines of forks*

Wait no longer for the automatic dishwasher of your dreams. It's here from Frigidaire and it washes *everything—cleaner* than you ever dreamed possible.

So safely, too, your finest china is safe.

And what a time-saver! Handles service for 8 *plus* pots and pans, or 70 cups and saucers, or a full day's dishes for a family of 4. You can save over 200 hours a year—your dishwasher does the work.

Here is the dishwasher that can save you almost an hour a day from the most humdrum of all household chores. So automatic, you simply press the Starter Button, walk away—and *relax.*

Why wait any longer? See your Frigidaire Dealer and discover how easy and economical it is to install *now.* Ask him about a free home trial with a portable model.

• Four Models: *Under-Counter; Freestanding; Sink and Dishwasher Combination; Portable. All in fashion-right colors, inside and out.*

Look for your Dealer's Name in the Yellow Pages of your Classified Telephone Directory under the Heading "ELECTRIC APPLIANCES"

'57 FRIGIDAIRE

AUTOMATIC DISHWASHER

GM GENERAL MOTORS

Frigidaire—Built and Backed by General Motors

the post office, virtually no returns had come in, he grew impatient. So he sat down at a telephone and began calling some of the same people he had circularized. The result of his first day's work left him exhilarated and a little incredulous. Out of twenty calls he got fifteen orders.

"I figured," he says, "that I had something."

The "something" that Leitman had was an idea for a new kind of tire brokerage. Buying from manufacturers, selling to users and shipping directly from factory to consumer, he could save a lot on warehousing and other delivery costs. Also, using the same combination of direct-mail and telephone selling, he could cut sales costs considerably. Then, by passing most of these savings on to the purchaser in the form of lower prices, he could put himself in an extremely favorable competitive position. Leitman took his idea to the New York Telephone Company, where the experts, encouragingly co-operative, provided both advice and special services to help smooth its operation.

Now, nearly nine years later, Leitman's "something" has become a company that owns and operates its own factory and sells upward of $6,000,000 worth of tires a year. It employs a staff of twenty-five salesmen, none of whom has ever seen a customer, and pays a telephone bill of $150,000 a year. In this development it has hit upon and exploited quite a few sales gimmicks. Leitman is, understandably, secretive concerning most of them. One of the cutest, however, is the practice of having Southerners, complete with bona fide drawls, to solicit prospects in the South, and Yankees to deal with the New England trade.

For a long time now, telephone selling has been under a cloud. Reputable businessmen have shied away because shysters and fly-by-nights have often resorted to the phone. But success stories such as Leitman's are bringing the telephone an ever-widening business usage. "We are beginning to realize that it is possibly the most valuable machine the businessman has," says Ronald Crawford, president of the old, conservative Basso Printing Corporation, of New York, "if we can only learn to use it effectively."

This need, in turn, has given birth to a brand-new type of specialist—the management consultant who, for a fee, will write telephone sales manuals custom-tailored to a company's specific needs and instruct a company's personnel in their most effective usage. One of these specialists is a tall, grizzled man named Theodore Allen (Ted) Johnson, of New York City. Although his work is that of teaching other people what he knows about telephone usage, Johnson himself is learning new things all the time. Some time back he got out a twenty-four-page booklet entitled 49 Ways to Make the Telephone Sell for You. In less than a year he found himself revising and enlarging it under the title "63 Ways ——" and so on.

As Johnson sees it, the basic fact that keeps him in clients is the ever-shortening work week. "Look," he says; "the salesman is the foundation of all business. No product or service a company can offer is ever worth anything until some salesman has found a customer and converted it into money. Important buying, the big-money buying, is mostly done by the big company's high-level executive—the very person who is hardest to see. No matter what time he may reach his office in the morning, he's seldom free to see callers before nine-thirty. By noon or a few minutes after, he's on his way to lunch, which is usually a business discussion and often two hours long. By four-thirty he's beginning to be distracted—thinking about what portion of his paper work he's going to take home, about the train he's going to take, wondering if he'll have time to stop off at some bar for a quickie on his way.

"Now, all this means that the salesman has just five hours a day, five days a week, to get the most important part of his job done—the job of seeing his prospective customer. The salesman who tries to do this by paying a personal call, sending his card in and waiting in an anteroom, is hopelessly lost. There just isn't enough time available to him to get much done. The alternative is to use the telephone to make firm appointments. There are obstacles here too. The executive always has a secretary to screen his calls, and usually he also has an assistant, a sort of glorified office boy, to talk to callers the boss doesn't choose to speak to. The salesman who tries to deal through these office boys is wasting his time just as surely as if he were sitting in an anteroom. To get anywhere at all, he's got to get through to the boss.

"There are certain, definite procedures," Johnson says, "that experience has proved effective. It is to the salesman's advantage to know what these procedures are, and also to know how to vary them to suit the particular circumstances of each individual case. My business is finding, refining, developing and selling such procedures. And, for the moment anyway, I'm keeping pretty busy."

With a grin that seems compounded of amusement and mischief, Johnson adds, "Remember, if the executive didn't have that phone on his desk, he'd probably be working the same twelve-hour, six-day week his grandfather did. But since it is there, he has to take some of his business to the lunch table because that's the only way he can have a long, quiet discussion away from telephone interruptions. So a lot of people must be getting through to him."

What with the telephone companies, the schools, the salesmen and the specialists all working in the same direction, it would appear that those 218,000,000 calls a day now being made are only a starter—the mere beginnings of the Telephone Age. The prospect brings to mind a story told by Robert Casey, one-time ace reporter on a Chicago newspaper.

Cuba, it seems, was having one of her perennial revolutions, and Casey had been sent to Havana to keep Chicagoans abreast of its progress. One day, in his hotel room, he put in a call to his office. Presently he was greeted by the cheery voice of one of his paper's switchboard operators.

"Good morning, Mr. Casey. And how are you down there, enjoying all that beautiful sunshine?"

As she completed her question, a nest of machine gunners in the park outside the hotel cut loose at a group of their enemies on the hotel roof. As usual, their aim was bad. Casey dived for the floor, taking the phone with him.

"Sunshine?" he inquired. "Just listen to that!" He held the phone to an open window, the better to catch the chattering below.

"What's that?" his operator asked.

"Honey," he replied, "that's a machine gun chewing the ceiling out of my hotel room."

From faraway Chicago came the gasp of a frightened woman. "Good heavens, Mr. Casey," she said. "Take care of yourself." And she disconnected him.

Not the best of etiquette, perhaps, but sound advice for everybody, and getting sounder day by day. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No Girl is Different (Continued from Page 30)

It was very nearly impossible for David to settle down with his evening paper without Jill and Sally's yakety-yak, either addressed to him or to each other. The telephone was no longer an instrument of communications; it was a back fence over which to gossip. Home was no longer a place into which David retreated gratefully after a day in the noisy gorge which was the city. Now it was, "David, hurry into a clean shirt; we're due at the Kitzingers' for cocktails. . . . David, don't collapse in a heap; you have to drive Jill up to Judy's. . . . But you can't play golf this Sunday; Jill's taking the car to the beach. . . . Dad, it's just the most real-gone suit and it's only eighty dollars."

Now and then David tried to do a little objective planning concerning Jill's future.

The next year the boys got bigger, older, shorter-haired, and wore slacks and sweaters instead of blue jeans and T shirts. As far as David could determine, Jill didn't crack a book in her senior year, but, to his intense relief, graduated, and as a reward David rented a ho[illegible] at the beach for the summer. He went down weekends and the churchlike quiet of his home when he got back on Sunday night was so intense it almost hurt.

Jill, David could see, was becoming sensational. Sun-bathing gave her skin the color of an old copper penny, with the flawlessness of a new copper penny. Her chestnut-colored hair developed fascinating streaks, and her new sense of power, as she worked her way through a platoon of palpitating young giants, made her glow as brightly as a new flashlight.

In the fall, the summer's young giants reluctantly went somewhere, and Jill went ahead to bigger and presumably better things. She started seeing young architects, young attorneys, young doctors. They came in droves and their heartbeats were much in evidence around the house in the sweet fall weather.

But that was a transitory development. David, hopeful that Jill would find a young man who was solvent and physically sound, was the epitome of fatherhood. He greeted each new arrival with gusto, he turned off the television set, he tried to inject a note of gay camaraderie into the proceedings, until Sally finally said, "What are you doing—bucking for corporal?"

"I am trying," David said, "to do what should (*Continued on Page 65*)

... ...

History Revisited

By MARIAN GLEASON

I hear the drum, the bugle song
Of destiny, as I assign
The next four pages.
Battles throng
The paragraphs, and every line
Attacks the ear with pounding gun.
The class is deafened and abused.
Antietam, Gettysburg, Bull Run
Are only names to get confused.
The class will little note, nor long
Remember what we say here, yet
The destiny, the drum, the song
The most forgetful can't forget.

... ...

She was nineteen, and it had been decided, though without his vote, that she would not go to college this year. "She isn't certain what she wants to do, David," Sally said.

David almost blurted, "Why doesn't she get married, then?" Certainly that seemed to be the only logical ending to the preliminary steps. When Jill was seventeen, young men with scrubbed faces, and crew haircuts starting arriving. That was in the fall of her junior year. She became a rally girl for the basketball team and seemed in danger of blowing a fuse each Friday night, but sputtered out and slept till early afternoon each Saturday.

That summer she blossomed out at the Harrisons' pool, and David realized that a somewhat startling change had taken place. Putting it mildly, she had filled out. Her eyes seemed to get larger and darker, the planes in her face flattened, and a little cleft developed in her chin.

"She'll not appear in that suit at the Harrisons' pool!" David had screamed. "Why, she looks like a—a ——"

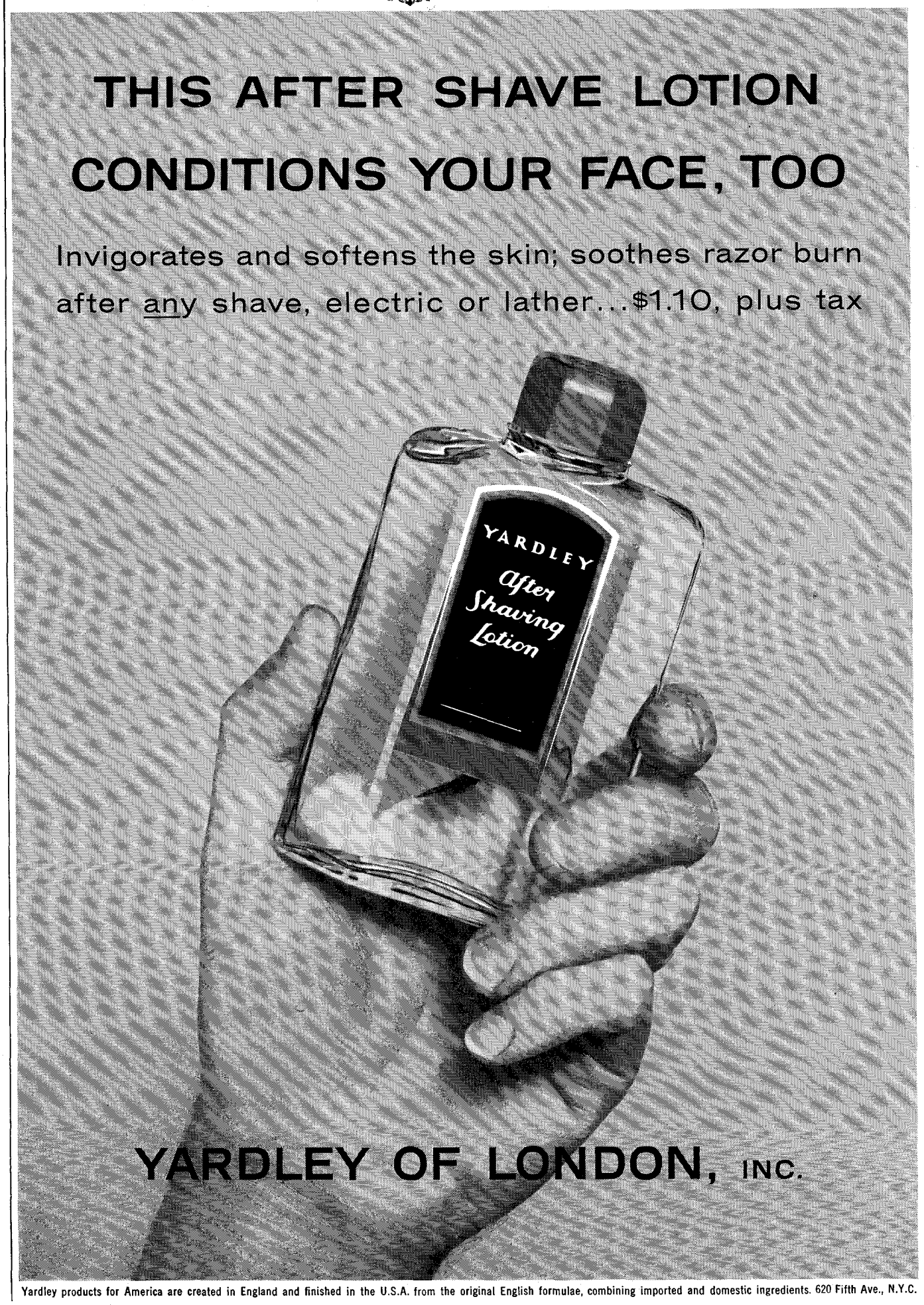
"I think the suit looks very nice," Sally said.

"Oh, sure," David said, "very nice. What there is of it."

By appointment purveyors of soap to the late King George VI, Yardley & Co., Ltd., London

THIS AFTER SHAVE LOTION
CONDITIONS YOUR FACE, TOO

Invigorates and softens the skin; soothes razor burn
after any shave, electric or lather...$1.10, plus tax



YARDLEY OF LONDON, INC.

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. 620 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW OBSERVATION SEAT available in 9-passenger Plymouth Sport and Custom Suburbans. More legroom. Folds flush into floor for extra cargo space.

from the Observation Seat of your

BIG, NEW PLYMOUTH SUBURBAN

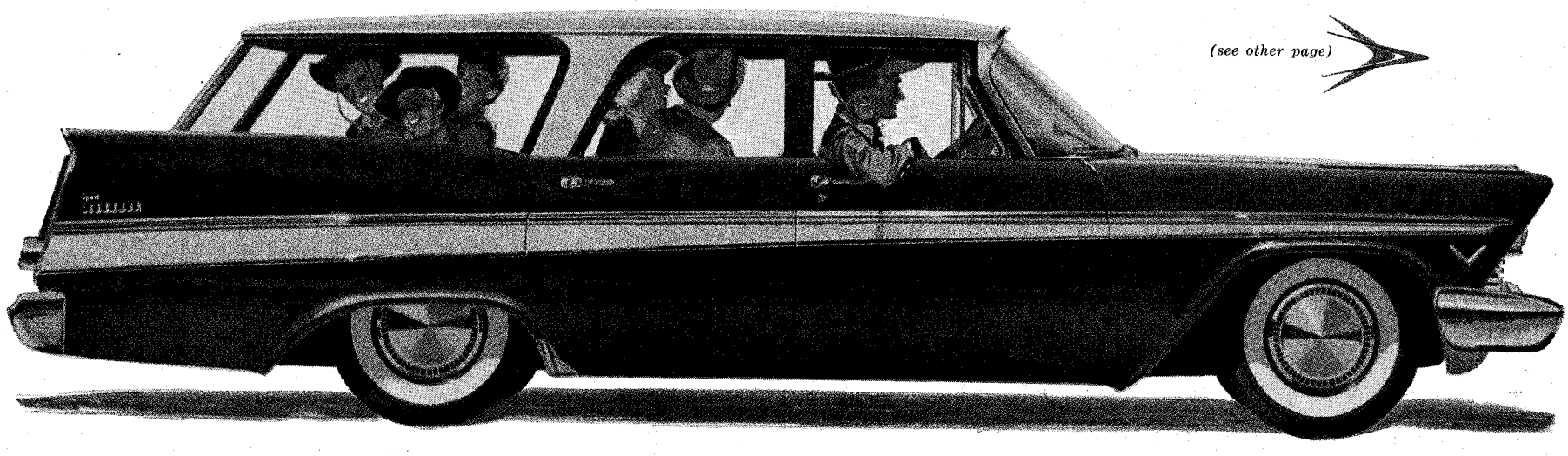
see how far behind the "other two" are

Here's a dazzling *new kind* of station wagon . . . the big Plymouth Suburban! 3 full years ahead! With exciting new features you can't get on any other station wagon in the field!

Just a few of the many important advances are shown on the opposite page. You enjoy them in the biggest . . . longest . . . widest . . . roomiest station wagon in the low-price 3.

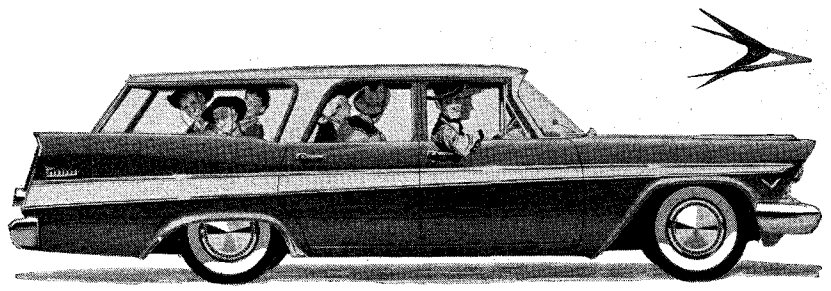
In fact, you can't buy bigger at *any* price!

12 exciting models. 2-door and 4-door. New, higher-power six and terrific new FURY V-8 engines—super-powered up to 290 hp!

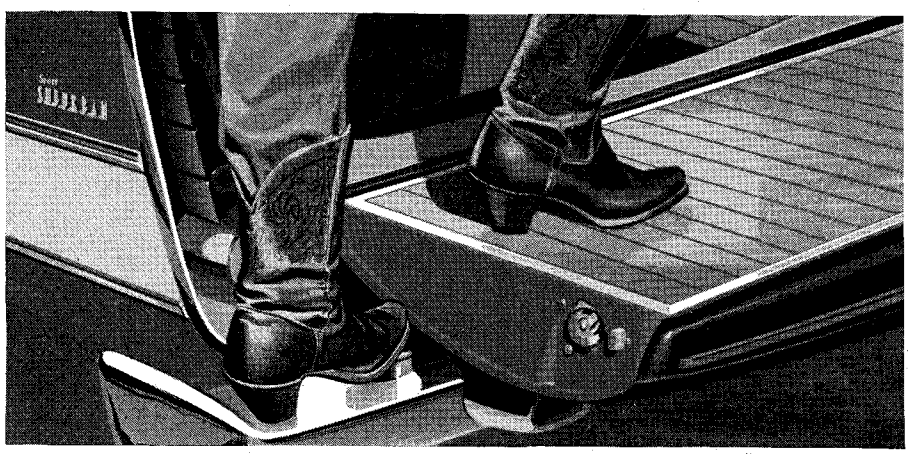


(see other page)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



YOU'LL WANT THESE FEATURES...ONLY ON PLYMOUTH SUBURBAN IN THE LOW-PRICE 3



COMFORT STEPS. Both sides of tailgate for easy entry. New Suburbans also offer 122-inch wheelbase, luxurious new Torsion-Aire ride, Flight-Sweep Styling.

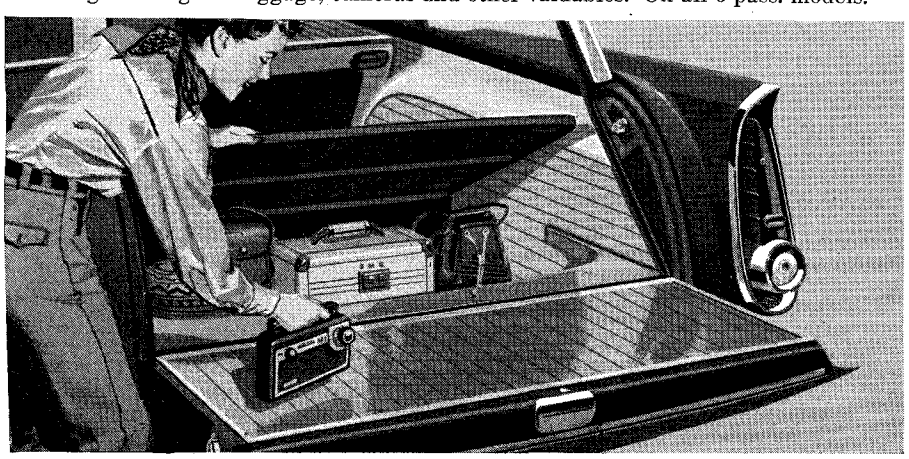
DISAPPEARING REAR WINDOW. Rolls down into tailgate. Easily operated from inside or out. Locks securely from inside. Electrically controlled on 9-pass. models.

when you drive a

Plymouth

you're 3 full years ahead

SECRET LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT. Almost 10 cubic feet of locked space for safe, out-of-sight storage of luggage, cameras and other valuables. On all 6-pass. models.



(*Continued from Page 63*) be done. Make your home a place where young people are welcome. Make your home a mecca. Then they won't be running all over town, making fools of themselves."

As a matter of fact, he was merely racing his engine and wondering what he would do with this gorgeous creature until she decided what she was going to do with her life.

So now he listened with much more than indistinct interest as Doctor Ashenfelter continued. "In our society," Doctor Ashenfelter said, "women are now competing with men on somewhat equal terms, not in a physical sense, but in business, industry and politics. Much of the wealth of this nation is in the hands of women, partly because the men killed themselves off amassing this wealth. Partly because of this, there has grown up a belief among women that there is something degrading about being a homemaker. Young girls who have no ambition other than to marry and raise a family are looked upon as being incredibly old-fashioned. At one of my guidance clinics a young girl was brought in by her parents, the problem being that the girl did not want a career. She merely wanted to stay home, look around for some nice young fellow, get married, raise a family and keep house. The family was horrified. But this girl was the exception. The so-called emancipation of women has resulted in the subjugation of men. And the peculiar aspect of this development is that women actually don't want to be emancipated. It is being forced upon them by the increased emphasis on materialism. I suggest to you men that you look deep into your family relationships. You might find that you are not the master of your home, only the servant."

After the dinner, David approached the learned doctor. "Do you really mean that part about a matriarchy?"

"Absolutely," Doctor Ashenfelter said. "And it will get worse."

"It will?"

"Much worse. More emphasis on material things, meaning that more wives will go to work to help get those things. The breakdown of the family follows, and after that, the breakdown of the nation."

"Wow!" David said. "Sounds serious."

"It is. The fall of every great nation can be traced to the breakdown of the family. Men must take back the reins, we must reduce our material wants, women must return to the home and the role for which they were created. Otherwise, chaos is inevitable."

On the way home, David thought over these things. It could not be done at once. He could hardly walk in and announce, "The breakdown of our society is imminent because of you women. From now on the Lambert home is no longer a matriarchy."

Sally would say, "Yes, I know, dear. Would you like some hot chocolate before you go to bed? I knew that psychiatrist would get you all worked up."

No, this would take finesse—a gradual transition back to the old values, when a man was king in his home.

David ran his car into the garage, closed the garage doors and went into the house. Jill was down on her knees, doing something with pins to the hem of a dress which Sally was wearing.

"Hi," Sally said. "How was the dinner?"

"Fine," David said.

"What did the psychiatrist have to say? Did he put you all on a couch and have you tell about putting a little girl's pigtails in the inkwell?"

"He wasn't like that at all," David said stiffly. "Doctor Ashenfelter is a recognized authority."

"A head shrinker," Jill said, through the pins in her mouth. "You could eat a candy bar and they'd tell you that you had an unhappy childhood or something."

"Martha Anderson went to one once," Sally said. "Cost her seven hundred and fifty dollars to find out that she had a mild form of claustrophobia, which she's known for thirty years."

"For one thing," David said, "I found out that we are living in a matriarchy."

"A what?" Jill said.

"Matriarchy," David said, "which is a society dominated by women."

"Well, it's about time some man admitted it," Sally said.

"According to Doctor Ashenfelter, it is also time men did something about it."

"H'm'm'm," Sally said, unimpressed. "What did he propose that the men do?"

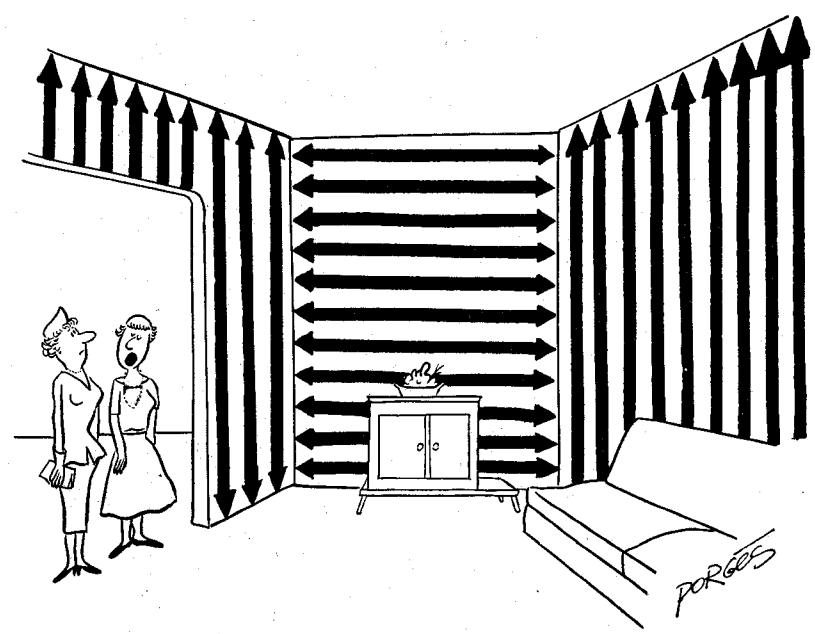
"For one thing, take back the reins."

"Fine," Sally said. "Take 'em back. How do you like the dress Jill designed for me?"

David felt that the subject should not have been dropped so lightly. "The fall of every great nation," he began, "can be traced ——"

"Turn," Jill commanded.

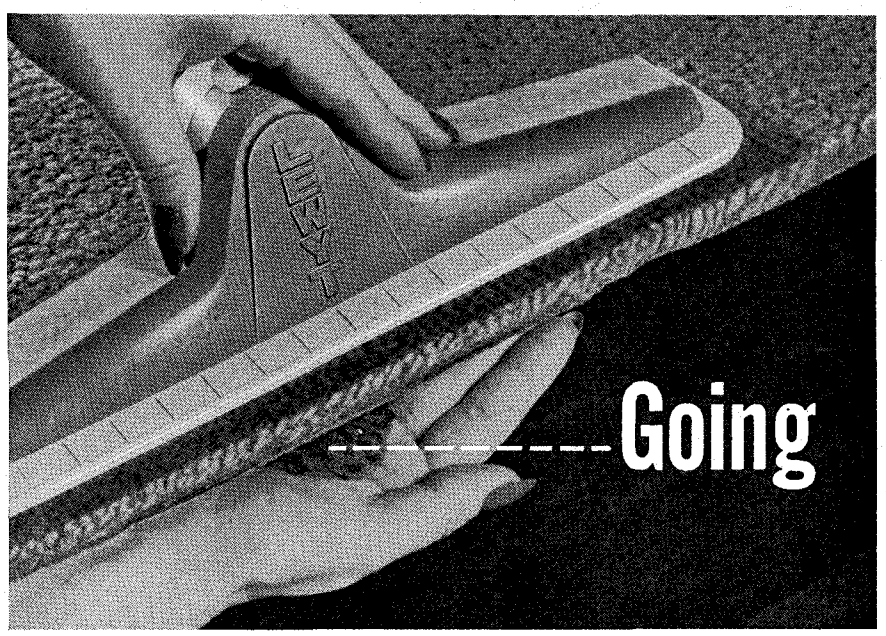
Sally turned. "Jill designed it from scratch," Sally (*Continued on Page 67*)

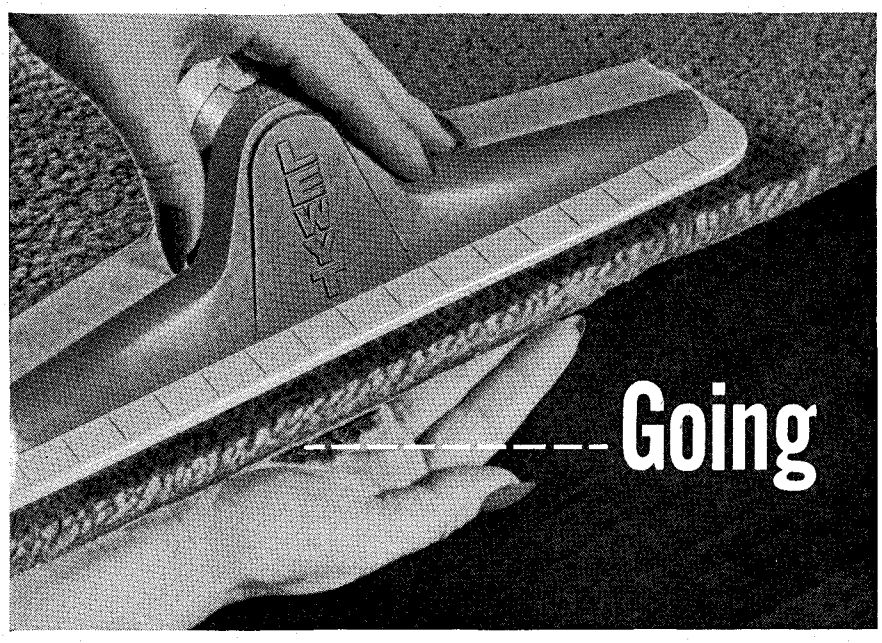


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"We feel it makes the room look bigger!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



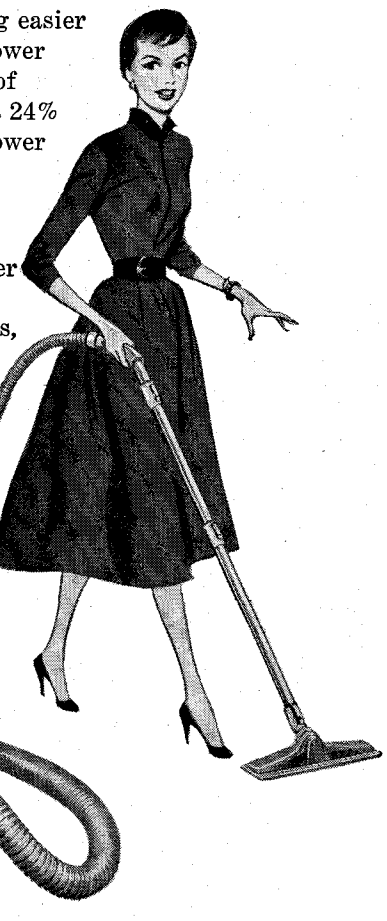


NEW LEWYT POWER CLEANER

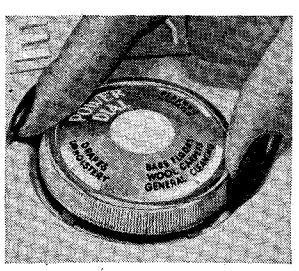
Pulls dust through ¾ inch rug!

Look! Haven't you always wanted this much rug-cleaning power to make housekeeping easier than ever before? Only the new Lewyt Power Cleaner gives you the exclusive, leak-proof SEALED POWER SYSTEM that provides 24% MORE SUCTION—24% more cleaning power ...to pick up embedded dirt, threads, lint, even pet hairs.

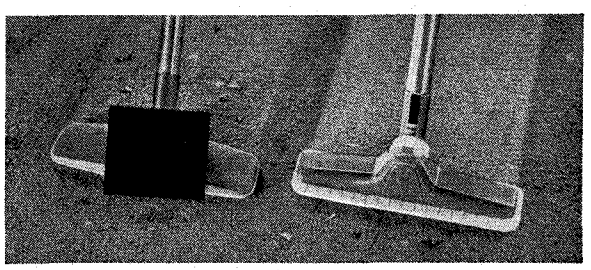
And, no other cleaner is so easy to use because the all-metal Lewyt Power Cleaner is on easy-rolling Big Wheels! Tools ride right along, 2-in-1 Rug 'n Floor nozzle rolls, too. Instant dirt disposal. Extra quiet... thanks to new *Sonic* Silencer. See your Lewyt dealer now! He's listed under "vacuum cleaners" in your phone book!



Easiest cleaner in the world to use.
Lewyt's Big Wheels roll easily over sills, rug edges, bare floors. *Compact, only 12½" high.*



Only Lewyt has exclusive Power Dial that lets you "dial" *exact* suction.



At left—rug partly cleaned by an ordinary cleaner. *At right*—rug power cleaned by new 1957 Lewyt Power Cleaner in one easy-rolling stroke!

NEW 1957 GOLDEN

LEWYT POWER CLEANER

Sold at leading stores in U. S. and CANADA

LEWYT CORPORATION, Long Island City 1, N.Y.

©LEWYT CORP., 1957

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 65*) said. "It's going to save you at least eighty or ninety dollars."

"—— to the breakdown of the family," David said. "Men must take back the reins."

"You said that before," Sally said.

"Women must return to the home and the role for which they ——"

"Turn again," Jill said.

"—— were created," David finished.

"I should think you'd be impressed by what your daughter has done," Sally said, "rather than mumble about the fall of women."

"The fall of nations, not women."

"It's the same thing, you said."

"I did not say!" David yelled. "Doctor Ashenfelter said ——"

Sally turned clear around and David stared. The dress had practically no back. A wide V, made of his wife's skin, went clear down to the waist.

"You mean you're going to wear that thing? It hasn't any back."

"It isn't supposed to have a back," Jill said.

"See here, Sally, you aren't a chorus girl. . . . Put a back on that thing, Jill, and don't be silly."

Sally looked at Jill and sighed. "Men!" she said.

"Fathers!" Jill moaned.

"I suppose we men don't know anything about women's clothes?" David said.

"Could be," Sally said.

"All the great designers are men," David yelped. "There's Dior, and that fellow down in California—Adrian. And that fellow over in France who died—Fath—and plenty of others. Even the great chefs are men."

"You're right," Jill said, "come to think of it."

"M'm'm'm," Sally said.

"So I suppose if a woman wanted to learn dress designing, she'd naturally turn to a man, wouldn't she?" Jill said.

"Certainly," David said. "She might as well have the best."

Sally looked at David compassionately.

"Oh, dad, that's wonderful!" Jill said.

"It is?" David said. "Why?"

"Because Tony Ferradino is opening his school of dress designing next week, and he's only taking ten, and I showed him some sketches that I made and he was really impressed and took my application."

"School of dress designing," David said. "When did this start?"

"Didn't I tell you?" Sally said.

"No, you didn't tell me," David said, "as you well know."

"Well, since Jill isn't going to college, she feels that she should get started on her career."

"Career!" David shrieked. "That's just what Doctor Ashenfelter was talking about. She needs a career the way I need another ear. It all ends in the dishpan anyway, as your mother said when you wanted to go to normal school."

"Father," Jill said, "a girl these days has to prepare herself for life."

"All right," David said, "prepare yourself for life. Learn to cook without using nine pans and three recipe books. Learn to save money, darn socks and make decent coffee, and what to do 'til the doctor comes. Learn something besides rock 'n' roll and the latest hair style, and you'll be preparing yourself for life."

"Well, father," Jill said, "make up your mind. When I was seeing a lot of Jasper Erlandson, you were as nervous as an overweight jockey for fear I was going to marry him. Now all of a sudden ——"

David winced. "That jerk!"

"Well, he was a man," Sally said, "and he was available, and he could afford the license and a dishpan."

"I do not mean," David said desperately, "that Jill should marry any man who comes along. I merely mean that she should prepare for marriage instead of a career."

"But I'm all prepared, father," Jill said. "Women marry the men they meet. Now who am I going to meet sitting around the house darning socks?"

"Who are you going to meet at a school of dress design?"

"Tony Ferradino, for one," Jill said.

"Oh, great!" David said. "That's all we need—a dress designer." He could see the man now, flitting around with pins in his mouth.

"You haven't even met him," Jill said.

"And that isn't all ——" David mumbled. He wondered how the great Doctor Ashenfelter would handle this situation. Theory was all very well, but putting that theory into practice was a vastly different matter. Let's see, what was it the doctor had said? Men must take back the reins, women must return to the home and the role for which they were created. Otherwise, chaos. That was it. First, take back the reins. Just point out to Jill firmly but kindly that this business of a career was going to stop before it got started, that it was a waste of time and money, and that he wasn't going to put up with it.

> The average woman can drive circles around a man—and is quite likely to do so.
>
> HAL CHADWICK

"Jill," he said, "this school is a waste of time and money, and I ——"

"It's only nine weeks, father."

"And only three hundred dollars," Sally said. "I think it's a wonderful ——"

"Three hundred dollars!"

"Five nights a week for nine weeks," Jill said. "works out to only six dollars and sixty-six cents a lesson. It seems to me ——"

"Only six dollars and sixty-six cents a lesson? Seems to me that's steep enough."

"You pay five dollars for a half-hour golf lesson," Sally said. "This lesson is two hours long. At that rate, you're spending twenty dollars just for golf, and our daughter is only spending six dollars and sixty-six cents for her career."

"She doesn't need a career!"

"You don't need a golf lesson either," Sally said. "Your handicap is down to five."

"My handicap is down to five," David said, "because I took golf lessons."

"There!" Sally said. "You see? You admit that you must take lessons to learn anything."

"I admit nothing," David said. "Besides, I don't have three hundred dollars to plunk down to this Tony Ferradino."

Sally shrugged. "Oh, that's all right. We can use part of the five hundred that Aunt Julia set aside for Jill's education. It's still in the savings account."

"That was for college."

"Not necessarily," Sally said. "Education, Aunt Julia said."

"I forbid ——" David began.

"She's my sister," Sally said; "not yours."

Doctor Ashenfelter, David said to himself, *now what? I suppose if you were here, you would hammer the table and deliver an ultimatum? And you know what that would get you? It would get you the silent treatment until you gave up. The thing to do is roll with the punch, so that you don't get hurt. Give a little, but reluctantly, so that they don't think the victory was won too easily.*

"I am willing to admit," David said, "that a course in sewing ——"

"It isn't sewing," Jill said; "it's designing."

"—— might be helpful as preparation for marriage, therefore you have my consent."

"Thanks, dad," Jill said. "We sent in the check this morning."

That was Friday. On Monday evening there was a slight complication because David had to be at a meeting of the board of directors of the Red Cross at eight. Jill's class in designing started at seven.

"Now see here, Jill," David said. "This designing business is not going to take precedence over every activity."

"Why can't you drive Jill down, go to your meeting, and pick her up at nine?"

"Because the meeting might last till ten, that's why. And because, as ridiculous as it may seem to you women, the Red Cross is vastly more important than designing clothes."

"Well, I can wait 'til you save the nation from disaster. It might give me an excuse to spend some extra time with Tony."

"Oh, it's 'Tony,' is it? How well do you know this jerk?"

"He isn't a jerk, and I met him once. He wants us to call him Tony."

David, grim-jawed, drove his daughter downtown. They stopped in front of a two-story building. On the second floor was a great plate-glass window on which was written "Ferradino" in a flowing script.

David sniffed. "Pretty fancy."

"It's his label," Jill said, patiently enough. "It goes on all the clothes he designs."

"Well, see you around ten," David said. "I'll honk twice."

"O.K.; 'by," Jill said. She took off, heels clicking merrily.

David went to the Red Cross board meeting and at ten minutes of ten was in front of the Willamette Building. He honked twice. Presently Jill came down the stairs, out the door and got into the car.

"Well, how'd it go?" David said. "Design any clothes?"

"No," Jill said gloomily.

"Something wrong?" David said. "I seem to detect a note of disenchantment with your entry into the world of high fashion."

"Oh, honestly!" Jill said. "That Tony Ferradino! He's just the most conceited thing that ever was. Just because he has a bunch of women just drooling over him, he thinks he's the only man alive."

"H'm'm'm," David said. "If I had ten women just drooling over me, I might think the same thing."

"Nine," Jill said firmly. "I didn't drool."

They drove home. Sally was just pouring fresh coffee. "Want some?"

"You bet," David said.

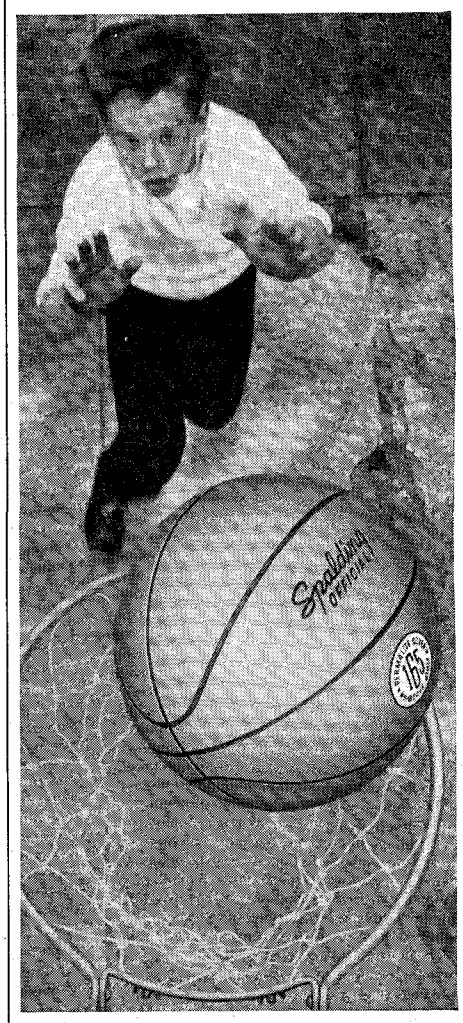
"No, thanks," Jill said. She marched into the front room.

"What's the matter with her?" Sally said.

"That Tony Ferradino is just the most conceited thing that ever was," David said, "to quote Jill." He shrugged. "What does she expect, and what does that have to do with the good she gets out of this designing school?"

Sally handed him the coffee and patted him on the shoulder. "Poor David," she said. "You never will understand women, will you?"

"That's another aspect of this matriarchy," David said. "Women can do any



Give your boy a backyard full of fun...with Spalding!

ONE SPALDING all-weather basketball, a goal and a net—that's all it takes to give your boy a backyard full of fun.

The ball's the new Spalding "165." It's rubber-covered so he can play it anywhere. And it's made with an exclusive inside nylon winding to prevent soft spots and keep it perfectly round. Backyard, driveway, playground—wherever it's played, here's one ball that really can take it.

It's colored a bright new orange-brown for extra visibility—is fully official in size with deep channel seams for ease in handling. The price? Just $7.95.

See the "165" at your Spalding dealer's soon—along with the sturdy official 18" goal for $3.50 and the heavy net at $2.20. Ball, goal, net together—all he needs to play—cost only $13.65.

P. S. Spalding makes a complete line of basketball equipment in every price range. And you can buy with confidence because all Spalding merchandise is unconditionally guaranteed.

SPALDING

sets the pace in sports

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fool thing they please, and when some man objects he is looked upon as a dope and told that he just doesn't understand women." He waved the hand unencumbered by the coffee cup. "I never hear any man say that women don't understand men."

"That's because women understand men," Sally said. "And don't try to wave both arms. You'll spill your coffee."

David walked into the front room. He sat down and sipped his coffee. Sally followed him in. Jill was sitting on the couch, thumbing idly through a magazine.

"David," Sally said, "aren't you going to get ready for bed?"

"Huh?" David said.

"It's ten-thirty. Why don't you take your coffee upstairs, get ready for bed and read in bed awhile?"

David could think of no good reason for not doing as Sally suggested. It was not until he was in bed that he realized that he had, somehow, been gracefully shunted out of the front room. He could hear the voices of Sally and Jill downstairs, talking, no doubt, about the conceited Mr. Tony Ferradino. "Doctor Ashenfelter," David said out loud, to no one in particular, "you are an idiot."

It seemed, in the days that followed, that dress designing involved more than sketches, choice of materials, line, some knowledge of the structure of the female frame, and a certain daring originality.

There was the matter of impressing Mr. Tony Ferradino. There seemed to be several processes involved in accomplishing this momentous feat. Jill immediately went on a diet. David peered at his child, who was as sleek as a three-meter diving champion.

"Diet!" he screamed. "You want to ruin your health? You eat your potatoes, young lady!"

David was made to comprehend that high fashion did not take kindly to a young woman proportioned along the general lines of a diving champion. You had to appear to have spent some time in a concentration camp on a diet of fish and rice.

"You aren't supposed to look buxom, father," Jill said.

"I thought you were learning to design these things, not wear 'em," David said.

"It all goes together, father," Jill said patiently. "An aircraft designer is a flyer and a mechanic, too, isn't he? That's what that conceited Tony Ferradino said, anyway. I mean you can't specialize. You must be well rounded."

"Eat your potatoes and you'll be well rounded," David said.

After two weeks, Sally got into the act. She screamed with glee over two of Jill's designs and promptly went downtown and came home laden with material, buttons, thread and assorted knick-knacks. The house heard the constant sound of the sewing machine, and when David came home at night he could hardly sit on a chair without running a pin into his anatomy. Dinner was very often delayed, and quite often he was told, "David, why don't you run out and get a bite? Jill and I are up to our ears."

"I'm not living in a home," David said. "I seem to be visiting a seamstress' establishment."

"We're saving you hundreds, David."

After a while David took to eating a quick dinner and going out of the house in the evenings. He worked in the yard, he wandered around the neighborhood, visiting people.

Two houses down lived the Barkleys and their sixteen-year-old son, Bill. David wandered into their garage one evening, intrigued by the sound of twin pipes muttering from a V-8 parked in the garage. Young Bill Barkley was head down into the vitals of an engine which gleamed with chromium fittings and two carburetors.

"Hi, Mr. Lambert," Bill said.

"What's doing?" David said.

"She was running a little rough, seemed to me, but it was my imagination. You know, like an airplane. Automatic rough when you reach the point of no return."

"Uh-huh," David said. "That's a sweet-looking unit."

"Thanks," Bill said. "Dad helped me some with her. He was real good about it, but mom was wild. You know how they are: Don't bring that greasy thing into my kitchen, wash your greasy hands, careful with my clean towels. And Jennifer and Henrietta and Doris ——"

"Your sisters?"

Bill nodded. "Brother! I wonder what it is about dames—I mean, women and girls? They just can't stand having a man doing something they don't understand. Dad says it's because we're living in a matri —— matri —— something or other."

"Matriarchy?" David said.

"Yeah, that's it—matriarchy."

"Your dad said that?"

"Yeah, means we're dominated by dames—I mean women, or something."

"I know, Bill. Did your dad have any solution to this domination?"

"He just sort of ignores 'em," Bill said. "They yakety-yak at him and he goes down in the basement and starts turning something on a lathe or he comes out here to the garage and works on a car, and if they call him for something he just says, 'Can't come now; I got the frammis separfluted from the dioplate.' That really stops 'em."

"H'm'm'm," David said, "that's very interesting."

Several days later, David drove a 1948 V-8 into his garage, parked it beside his car, got out and looked at his purchase. It wasn't bad. The body was rough, the differential had a pronounced whine, and the engine would have to be reworked. But the frame was O.K. and the car was so perfectly balanced that they were getting to be a collector's item.

He picked up a package and went into the house through the kitchen. A cacophony of feminine voices hit his ears. Sally came into the kitchen with a platter. "Oh, you're home," she said. She kissed him and began filling the platter with small, open-faced sandwiches.

"What's doing?" he asked.

"Bridge club," Sally said, "and Jill's modeling all the new things she designed and made. She has five orders already."

"Oh, no!" David said. "You mean she is now in the sewing business?"

"Not sewing, David," Sally said patiently. "Designing and manufacturing."

"And where is she going to do this designing and manufacturing?"

"Why, here at home, of course."

David started to say that by the lord Harry she was going to do no designing and manufacturing in his home, that why in thunder didn't she take up skiing or growing prize begonias or, better yet, get married. He thought of a somewhat long and involved speech concerning his rights as a husband and father, working from the premise that a man's home was his castle and finishing with Doctor Ashenfelter's bit about chaos coming inevitably from a matriarchy. And then he remembered the V-8 in the garage, the coveralls in the package, and Bill Barkley's father using double talk to becloud the issue.

"Well, I hope it works out," he said. "I have to get into my coveralls and get going."

Sally held the platter motionless, filled with sandwiches. "Coveralls? Get going? Where?"

"Have to get the pre-shaft off the frammisplate so I can see if anything's wrong with the tronic or the dynamesh."

"Oh," Sally said vaguely. "Mind telling me what you're talking about?"

"We've needed a second car," David said, "so I picked up a V-Eight today. Got it for a song, but it needs a little work."

"You mean you're going to fix it? Do you know how?"

"Plus tax."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Madam," David said loftily, "my mechanical ability far overshadows my superior intellect, great charm and striking good looks."

"But none of them can touch your mammoth conceit," Sally said.

"*Touché*, madam," David said. "I'll change in the downstairs bathroom so that I don't disturb the designing genius by walking through the front room."

Half an hour later David was happily up to his ears in grease. He had the hood off, the radiator hoses disconnected and was working on the bolts holding the radiator.

Sally came out to the garage. "David, can you drive Martha and Esther home? I have to start dinner and Jill is putting things away and cleaning up the front room."

David lifted his hands, as dirty as those of a boy on Saturday afternoon. "Sorry, this tronic won't partis now and if I leave, it'll pre-mesh."

"But couldn't you ——"

David sighed. "Sally, you want me to ruin this engine?"

"Well, of course not, but ——"

"If the tronic pre-meshes ——" David shot his hands upward. "Blooey!"

Sally looked a bit distressed. "Well, then Jill will have to take them home." She went out of the garage, her brow somewhat corrugated.

In the days that followed, David became delighted with his newly found sanctuary. If there seemed to be too much feminine yakety-yak, David simply went out to the garage. He lugged an old leather easy chair up from the basement and rigged up a reading lamp. He got an electric heater at the secondhand store. In his greasy coveralls he became king of his own domain, and loved every minute of it.

Now and then Sally looked at him queerly, and finally said, one evening, "David, are you happy?"

"Huh?" He glanced up from his newspaper. "Happy? Certainly. Why?"

"Well, you hardly ever talk to me any more. You spend all your time out in the garage. I never see you, and you seem completely disassociated from me and Jill."

"Well, you and Jill have been busy—Jill with her designing course and you with manufacturing. I just thought it would be a good idea to give you a little elbowroom."

"You probably haven't even noticed that she's been going around in the clouds for the last week."

"Going around in the clouds? Why?"

Sally sighed. "Because that conceited, insufferable Tony Ferradino has quite suddenly become that fascinating, charming Tony Ferradino, that's why."

David dropped the paper on his lap. "You don't mean ——"

"I certainly do mean," Sally said. "When a girl sees an attractive, successful man every day for three weeks, something has to give, David."

"You don't actually mean," David said, appalled, "that Jill would marry that jerk if he asked her?" David tossed his paper aside and started pacing the floor. "That's all we need—some dress designer. I can see him now, flitting around the house, draping every woman he sees in folds of cloth. Slicked-down hair, a pencil mustache and patent-leather slippers." He waved his arms. "Well, this is one time I'm putting my foot down. I'm going to ——"

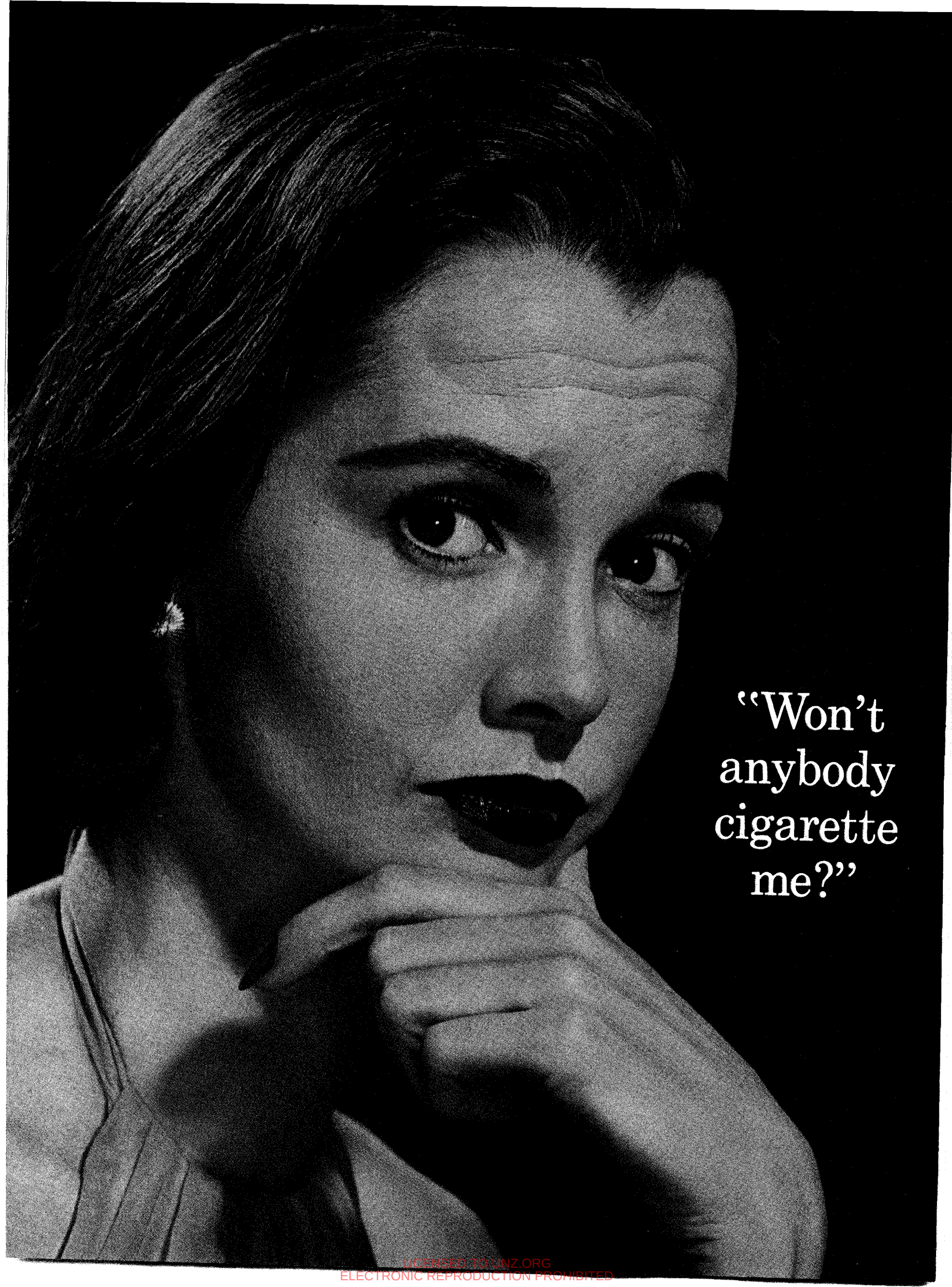
"Oh, simmer down," Sally said. "You haven't even met him."

"And that isn't all," David said. "If he shows his fancy face around here I'll ——"

"He's coming to dinner tomorrow night."

(*Continued on Page 7.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

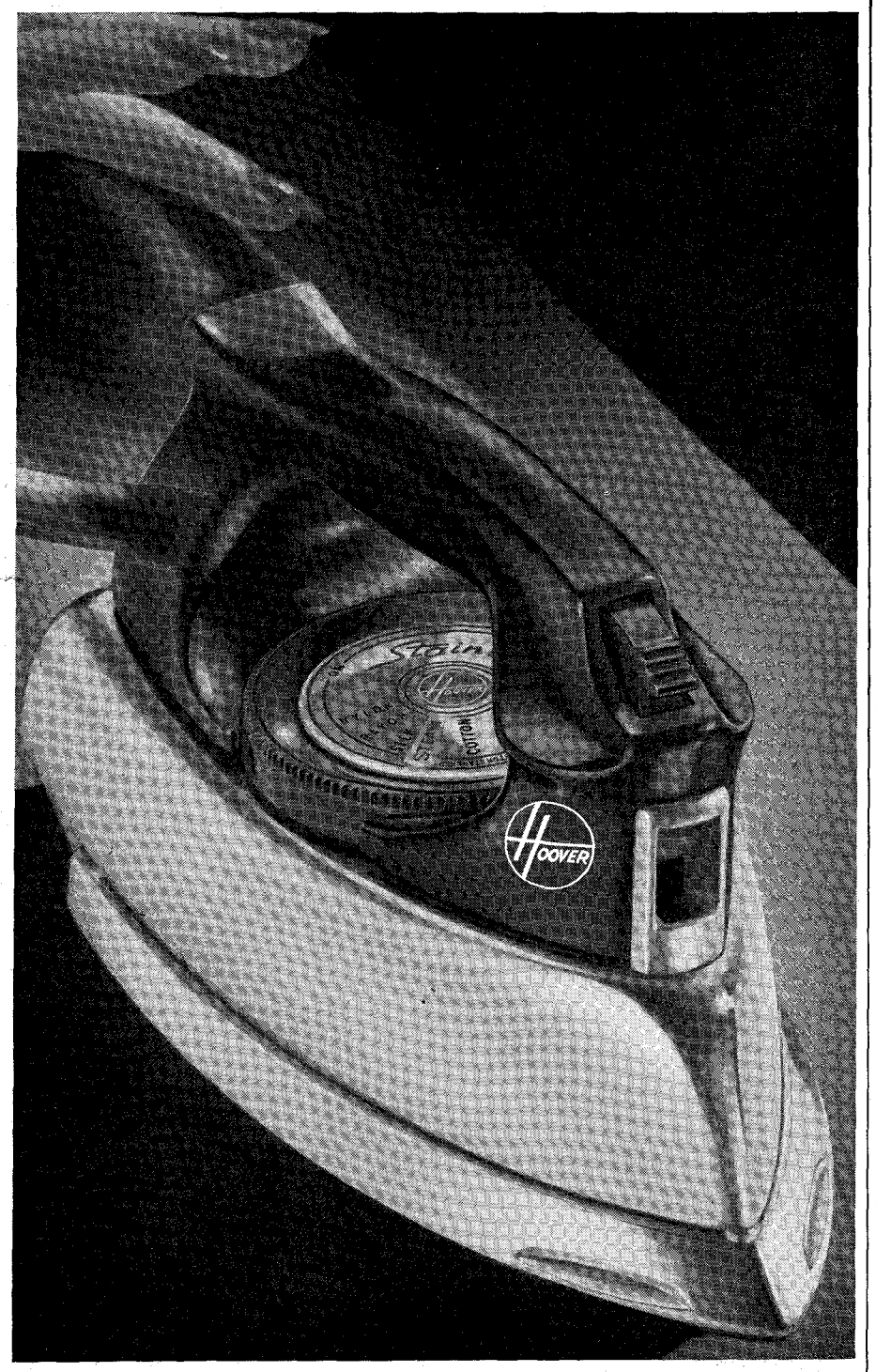


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...outglides all others!

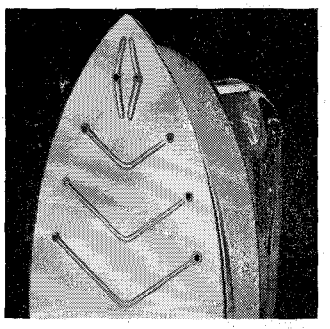


NEW HOOVER STEAM-DRY IRON

moves easiest because of its

Stainless Steel Soleplate

When it comes to ironing, nothing glides so easily over any fabric as stainless steel. So Hoover bonded stainless steel to aluminum to bring you the *first* steam-dry iron with a stainless steel soleplate. No other iron is so smooth, so easy-gliding, so free of "dragginess." Feel the difference at your dealer's. Get the new Hoover and make ironing next thing to a breeze.



No dry "spots." See those channels? They spread the steam evenly over the whole surface of the iron.

HOOVER®
FINE APPLIANCES
around the house, around the world

(*Continued from Page 68*)

"Good," David said, completely ignoring his threatening statement of a few moments before. "I'd like a look at this character—this fancy Dan who sneaks around behind my back and ——"

Sally sighed. "He didn't sneak around behind your back. You gave your consent to the designing school, you know."

"But I didn't give my consent to Jill's making a fool of herself."

"Why don't you wait until tomorrow night? Then, if necessary, you can make your speech."

"I'll make no speech, but I'll make him understand right at the beginning that this is a decent, respectable home and my daughter ——"

"Tomorrow night," Sally said, "and please don't come in for dinner at the last minute wearing greasy coveralls."

The next evening David, out of sheer stubbornness, came home from the office an hour early, got into his coveralls and went out to the garage. The engine was on blocks and David started in on the somewhat delicate job of fitting rings and gently tapping in the pistons. At five-thirty Sally came out to the garage.

"David, it's five-thirty."

"I know," David said.

"He's coming in half an hour."

"Fine, let him come. I have to get these pistons fitted. If he gets here early, he can help. He can pin the rings to the pistons and I won't even have to use a ring compressor."

"Now, David, you are not to come in dressed in those greasy coveralls."

"All right, all right," David said. "Just lay out my white tie and tails for me and I'll be in shape to meet the great man."

Sally turned around and went into the house.

Twenty minutes later, David heard a car pull into the drive. He glanced up. A young man pulled on the hand brake and climbed out. David stood up. The young man came toward him and grinned. He was tanned, with deeply set and very dark brown eyes. His nose was slightly crooked and he had plenty of chin. He was about six feet tall and built like a middleweight fighter.

"Mr. Lambert?" he said.

"Uh-huh," David said.

"Tony Ferradino," the young man said. "Nice to see you."

David, stunned, put out his hand, then took it back. "Greasy," he said.

Tony took hold of David's wrist and shook it. He glanced at the engine. "Fitting pistons?"

David nodded. "You're Tony Ferradino, who runs that designing school?"

Tony nodded. "Sure."

David grinned and then started to laugh. "Holy Toledo!" he said. "I thought you'd come flitting in here with a mouthful of pins." David pulled the slide fastener down on his coveralls. "I better belay this and get in and change clothes. Sally will boil me in oil if ——"

Tony Ferradino was getting out of his suit coat. "Bear you a hand," he said. "We can finish up in fifteen or twenty minutes."

David pulled up the fastener. "O.K. Fit those rings, will you, Tony, while I tap in this piston?"

"Right." Tony went to the bench and got to work.

Presently David said, "How'd you get in that designing racket, Tony?"

"We had six in the family," Tony said. "Five girls. Mother was a seamstress, and a darned good one. I've been up to my ears in women's clothes since I was a little kid. Always could draw, and took art in college, then did my hitch with the Navy, and, when I got out, started designing some things for my sisters. Mother made 'em up and they took hold. Nothing to it."

"Uh," David said. "You like this business?"

"Sure, I like it," Tony said. "I seem to have a knack for it, I enjoy it, and I'm making money at it. You know where I can get a better deal?" He grinned at David. "Oh, sure, I suppose I should be the hairy-chested type and drive a bulldozer, a truck or go out in the woods with a power saw, but why should I?... Here's that piston."

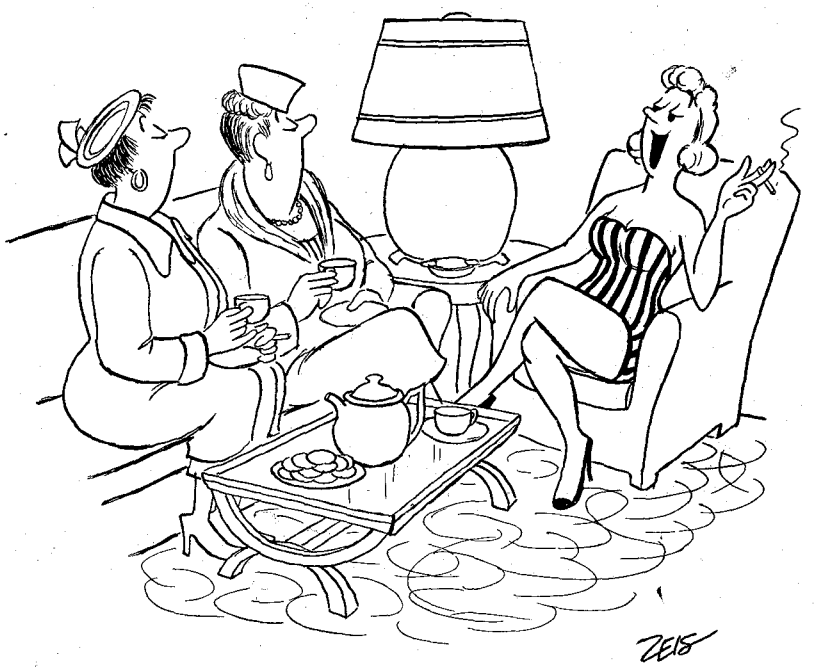
David tapped the piston in as Tony watched. Then he straightened and slapped Tony on the back, leaving a greasy hand print.

"Tony," he said, "what do you say we wash up and then have a tall, cool one?"

Tony grinned at David. "Best offer I've had today."

The two men, both with blackened hands, walked out of the garage. *Let 'em scream*, David thought; *Tony will back me up.*

THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh, you noticed! As a matter of fact, I have lost a few pounds."

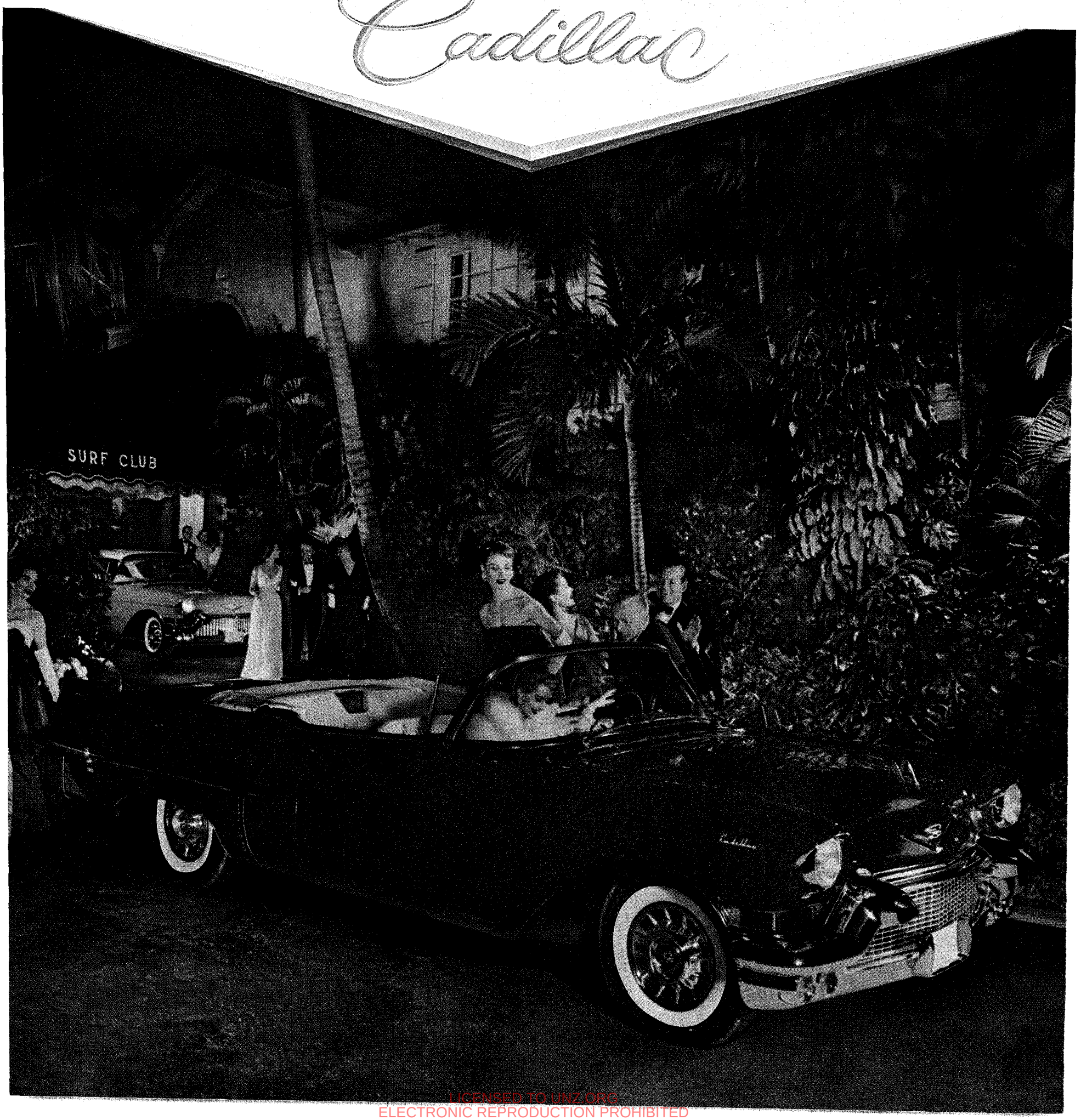
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gowns by I. Magnin

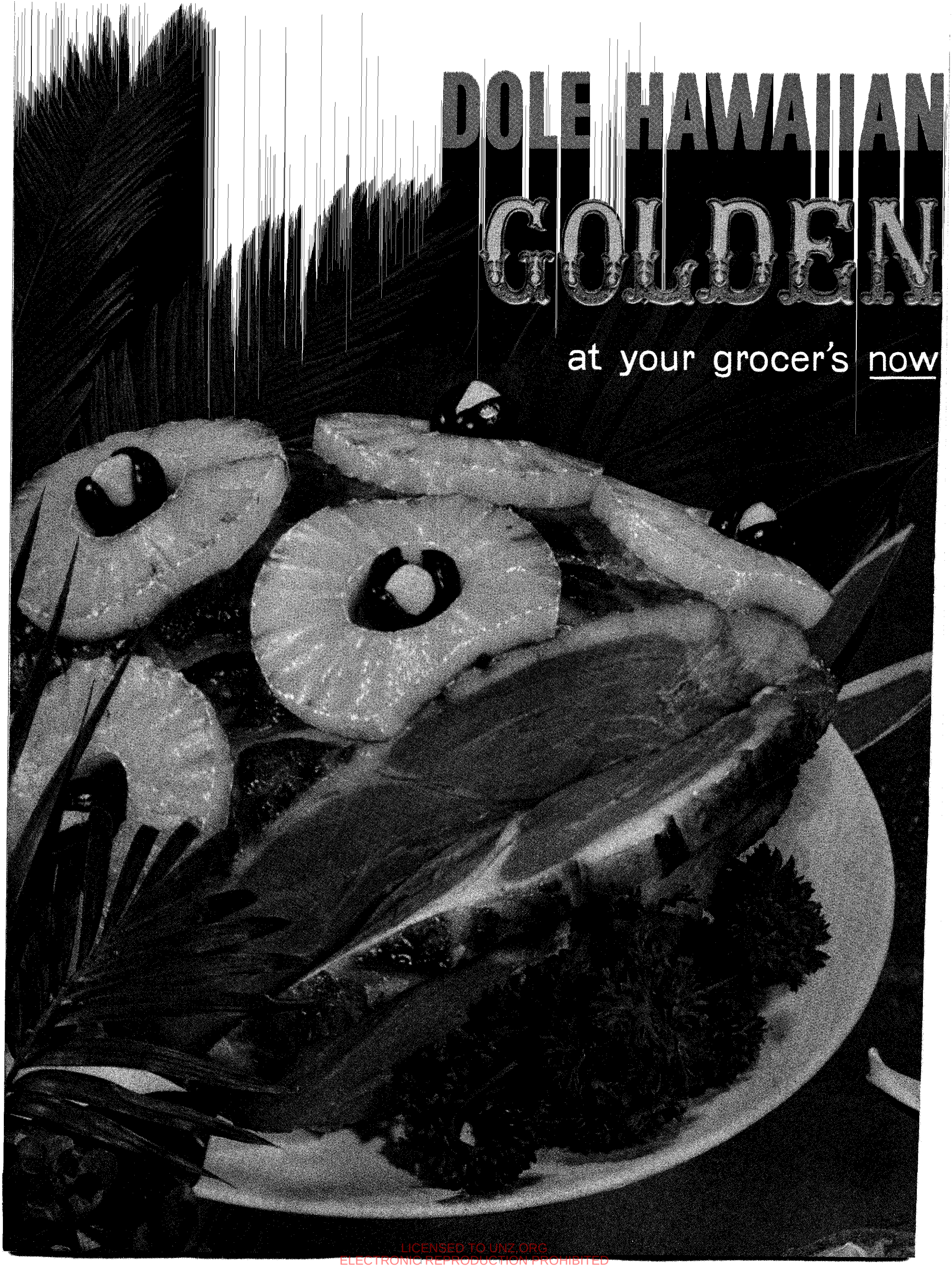
It Gives a Man a New Outlook...

. . . when he first views the world through the windshield of his own Cadillac car. In fact, we have it on the word of Cadillac owners themselves that it constitutes one of the most edifying experiences of a motorist's life. There is, for instance, the wholly new sense of pride he feels as he sits in possession of a motor car that is so widely respected and admired. There is the entirely new feeling of confidence and mastery he enjoys as he puts the car through its brilliant paces for the very first time. There is the priceless satisfaction of knowing that he is surrounded by every luxury and safeguard known to automotive science. And, finally, there is his deep inner pleasure in realizing that he has made one of motordom's soundest investments. And, of course, these wonderful sentiments will be all the more pronounced for the lucky motorist who makes the move to Cadillac in 1957. Why not visit your dealer for a preview journey and see for yourself? You're welcome to try the view from the driver's seat at any time.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

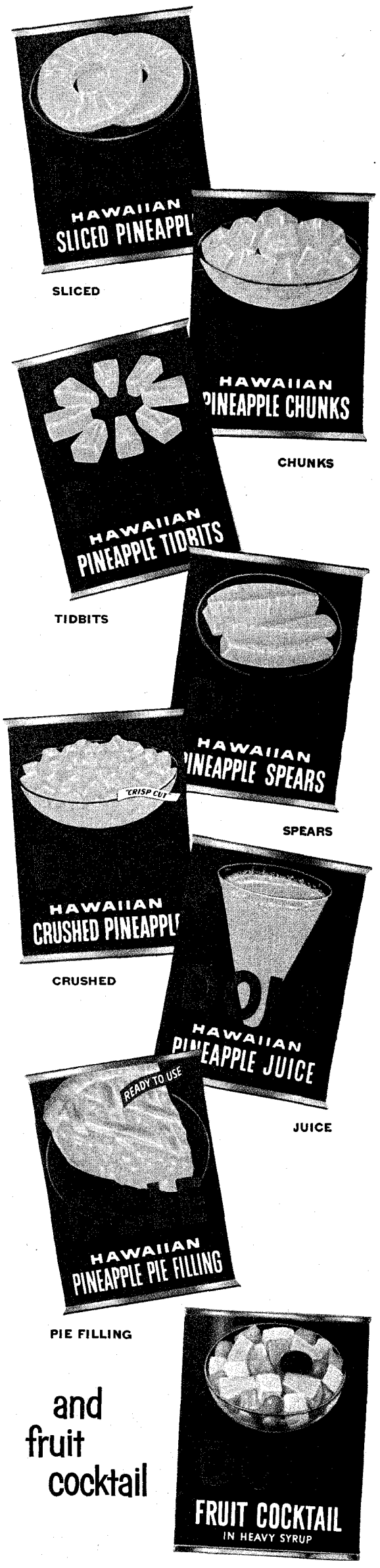


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

7 tempting varieties



and
fruit
cocktail

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Time Out for Marriage (Continued from Page 43)

the fresh hot water in the bowl. That way, she and Sam were side by side. He slid an arm around her waist.

Then a funny thing happened. In the middle of reaching for the towel she looked into the medicine-chest mirror and her eyes met Sam's reflected ones. For a long moment they stared somberly at each other, the sharp overhead light casting strange shadows in the depths of their eyes.

Sam and Vicky Lansing. Six-fifteen in the morning. Fourteen years married. Typical. Average. Blue eyes and brown. Lines in the face. What in the eyes? *Who, then, are you two?*

Sam moved his glance away from hers and looked down at his shaving brush. There was embarrassment in the turn of his head, the secret lids of his eyes.

"Better get with it," he muttered, and pushed the brush fiercely around in the wooden bowl of soap Jimmy had given him last Christmas.

"Indeedy," Vicky said quickly, too loud, too bright. "Indeedy yes."

In the kitchen, physical automation took over. She moved from breadbox to table to refrigerator to stove. Under her quick hands the table was set, the four lunches began to take paper-wrapped form, the eggs bubbled softly in the pool of milk in which Sam liked them poached.

Vicky was glad for the things to do. She felt vaguely disturbed and restless. She didn't like that minute, there before the medicine-chest mirror. It wasn't right that all of the years should have sat so clearly, so heavily on their faces and in their eyes. It threw the new day out of focus, gave it an import that no ordinary day had a right to have.

Sam came into the kitchen, smelling of the shaving lotion Frank had bought to go with the shaving soap from Jimmy. His skin showed faintly pink and healthy under it. His curly hair was damped into neat waves. He had that immaculate look that most men manage in the morning.

"Yum," Vicky said, putting the eggs before him, pushing down the toaster switch, "what a handsome man."

That was routine again, and Sam ignored it. "I'll bring home some fertilizer for the front yard," he said. "The crabgrass is getting the upper hand."

"Leave it to crabgrass," Vicky nodded.

Sam ate steadily and thoroughly, not as if he enjoyed it particularly, but as if it were important, a job to do well, so that other jobs might be done well.

Vicky poured herself a cup of coffee and dropped into the old rocker beside the table, hugging the mug with her hands. "Wish it would rain."

Sam put down his fork. He did it slowly, deliberately. Vicky found herself sitting up straighter.

"Vicky," he said, swinging around in his chair to look full at her, "Vicky, I had the queerest dream last night."

"Tell me about it."

"Well, it seems I was ——"

"Bang, bang, bang, tr-r-r-r-rboom!"

Vicky saw Sam jump to match her own abrupt start. No matter how many times Jimmy blasted into the kitchen this way, she never got used to it.

"Good morning, son," Sam said immediately. His face was warm and smiling, remote from the face of a sentence ago, the father.

Jimmy stuck his gun in the middle of Sam's back. "Reach!"

Sam lifted his hands slowly, stretching his arms high. A little ragged hole showed under the pocket of his shirt.

"I'll have to mend that next washing." Vicky got up, drinking her coffee as she moved. "Go get dressed, Jimmy. You can get an early start on your breakfast."

Jimmy swung the gun on her. Click, it went; click, click, click.

"Those darned clicks," Vicky murmured.

"He'll get over it," Sam consoled. He patted the boy's head and leaned to kiss Vicky.

For a moment, as his lips moved toward her, his eyes were like those in the mirror. Vicky closed her own, quickly. The kiss was good, light and gentle, but good and familiar, like the shaving lotion.

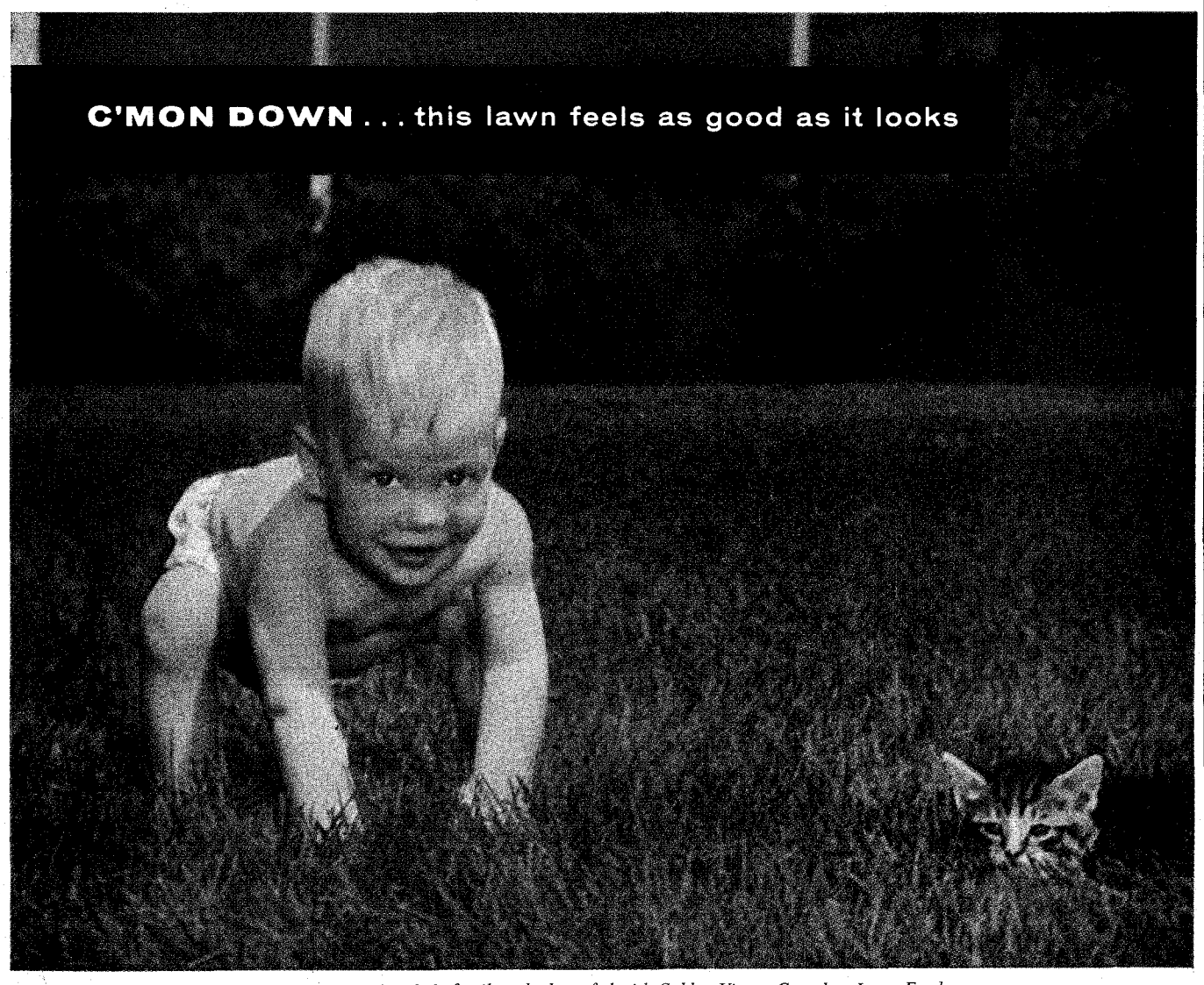
"Go get dressed, Jimmy," she commanded again, a little louder. She followed Sam to the door.

She watched him toss the brown bag of lunch onto the seat of the old car, listening to the grinding of the starter. When he was in the alley, he rolled the window down and waved to her, then put his hand to his mouth and tossed her a kiss.

Habit, habit, she thought. How many tossed kisses? How many mornings down the alley? She turned sharply, telling herself that was enough of that.

With the shutting of the door she went straight to the next part of her day. The cereal bowls, the orange juice, the big glasses of milk, the vitamins, the buttoning, the hair brushing, the teeth, the fingernails. All of it was accompanied by noise, sometimes by squabbling, always by jumping and questions, and no word said in a simple quiet tone.

During it, sometime, whenever it could be managed, Vicky put on her own clothes, brushed her own teeth and hair,



Pride and joy of the whole family—the lawn fed with Golden Vigoro Complete Lawn Food

Wherever you live, **GOLDEN VIGORO** Complete Lawn Food is made right for the soils and growing conditions in your area

won't burn grass

lasts far longer

Golden Vigoro is made in modern plants from coast to coast and in Canada

Vigoro is a registered trade-mark of Swift & Company

Our young friend here is in a position to know this grass is thick and green. Thank Golden Vigoro Complete Lawn Food for that.

This complete and balanced lawn food yields nourishment at a *controlled* rate. As soon as you apply it, the grass comes up and greens up. That's only the beginning. For months, Golden Vigoro keeps on providing every nutrient grass needs from the soil. That results in deep-rooted grass that holds its beautiful color all through the season.

Will it burn grass? No! Not a blade will be burned when you apply Golden Vigoro at the recommended rate of 1 to 3 lbs. per 100 sq. feet. Just spread clean, odorless Golden Vigoro on your lawn. No need to rake or water it in. You'll see the difference!

Note: *To maintain peak growth extra long, give your lawn a supplemental feeding of Golden Vigoro in mid-summer.*

For everything else you grow:

Vigoro Complete Plant Food—the balanced plant food for flowers, vegetables, trees and shrubs.

Instant Vigoro Complete Water-Soluble Plant Food—Ideal for house plants, for transplanting and for supplemental feedings of lawns, vegetables, fruit and shrubs. Double acting: feeds through leaves *and* roots.

Vigoro Complete Rose Food—provides a steady, uniform supply of balanced nutrients roses need.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made her face up as carefully as possible.

Then it was abruptly eight-thirty and the second car, the other old car, which was only a little shinier and more respectable, was backed by her out of the garage. The boys piled in, and she steered out of the alley, into the street already hot from the sun, into the odd tan grayness that meant a "Smog Red" day.

She headed first for the high school. Frank got out quickly, thirteen-year-old shy to be seen with his family. Vicky leaned toward him.

"Maybe this week," she said softly.

Frank lifted his head so that his fair hair fanned up. Despite his angles he looked amazingly like his father. "You think?" There was a sickening kind of hope in his voice.

Vicky nodded firmly, as if money were already in her hand, enough and to spare for track shoes.

Frank's smile was worth it and would take him through his day.

The junior-high school was on the other side of town. Buddy got out slowly, collecting all his gear, piling the books neatly. All the homework would be done, Vicky knew proudly, neatly copied, solidly learned.

"A boy to grace our old age," Sam said of Buddy once.

She leaned toward that boy. "Have a happy day, son," she said. "Relax a little, huh?"

Buddy smiled at her, but there was no comprehension on his face. She sighed. It didn't seem right to be an age-gracer at eleven. But you can't change the way a tree seems bent.

Jimmy started to cough just before they pulled into the parking lot of the elementary school. "Now, Jim," Vicky began.

"I'm fine, mom; just fine," the boy said quickly.

He pulled himself out without looking back at her. She let him go, knowing that there was no place in the day ahead of her for taking care of a boy who wasn't really sick, who just coughed every time the smog pulled down its chest-burning curtain.

She drove slowly, listening for any new squeaks in the car, her mind holding to Jimmy for a while, then moving ahead, the strangeness and restlessness still in her. She pulled up before the small market on the far side of town.

Mike said, "Well, how's my prettiest customer this miserable morning?"

Vicky laughed. "Flattery will get you anywhere." She looked fondly at Mike for a moment, at his grizzled head under the plaid cap, at his apron that was far from clean, at his nicked hands. Nobody had better meat than Mike, a better disposition, or lower prices.

"Just a pound and a half of ground round." At sixty-nine a pound, she'd still have seven cents left. *Made it,* she thought triumphantly, *and I'm a genius with meat loaf.*

Mike scooped out the meat, weighed it a little heavy, wrapped it dexterously, and reached over in the cold-cut section. "Two apiece today," he grinned, picking out six pieces of baloney. He wrapped them in waxed paper and tucked them into a used brown bag.

"Mike, you shouldn't." Vicky shook her head.

"Them boys look forward to it." Mike was still suddenly, looking past Vicky's left shoulder, the bag hanging loosely in his hand. "You're lucky, Mrs. Lansing," he said, softly for him. "Lucky with them boys and all."

"I know," Vicky said, reaching for the bag. She smiled and turned swiftly, her heels snapping against the old wooden floor of the shop.

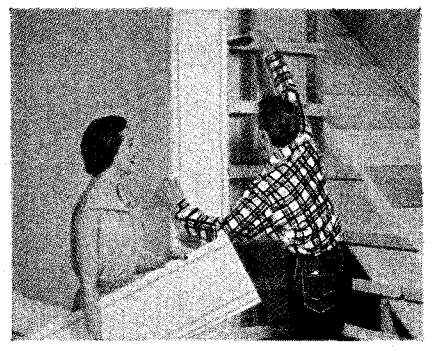
In the car again she thought of Mike, with not a chick or a child, and an invalid wife. "Lucky," she repeated his word.

The word didn't come out in her voice though, really; nor Mike's. It came out in Sam's, as he had pronounced it at six o'clock in the morning. The restlessness grew rough and edgy in Vicky's stomach. Because you don't live fourteen years with a man without knowing him. All happy little routines aside, something was bothering Sam.

"Don't you think you're pampering him a bit?"

It's easy to build this
beautiful family room

Send for the new Johns-Manville Booklet that shows step-by-step how to do it with...

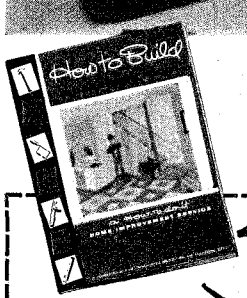


J-M Wall Plank—The new Booklet has complete instructions for putting up walls of this Insulating Board Plank. It illustrates the 4 pleasing pastel colors from which you can choose. Plank has attractive beveled edges, comes in various lengths and widths.

J-M Ceiling Panels—You'll learn from this book how easy they are to install—even over old cracked ceilings! Panels come pre-decorated in ivory or white. Both Ceiling Panels and Wall Plank have the J-M Lightning joint that hides all nails or staples.

J-M Terraflex® vinyl asbestos floor tile—The J-M Booklet shows you how to design and install your own Terraflex floor. You can choose from beautiful marbleized colors, rich-looking Cork types or gay Spatter type colors. The tile is easy to install with J-M brush-on Terraflex Adhésive.

Ask your J-M Building Material Dealer to show you all 3 of these Johns-Manville products.



Yours for 25¢

To build a beautiful basement room like this, send for the 36-page J-M "How-to-do-it" Booklet.

Johns-Manville

JOHNS-MANVILLE JM PRODUCTS

For your copy of "How to Build a Basement Room," mail coupon and 25¢ in coin to Johns-Manville, Dept. SP-3, Box 60, New York 16, N.Y.

I enclose 25¢ in coin. Please send your 24-Page Book "How to Build a Basement Room."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

County_____ State_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She pulled up beside the old house that never looked neat, but always looked big enough and comfortable enough and contented. She carried the meat into the kitchen and began on the dishes. The phone rang. PTA meeting tomorrow and would Vicky give the inspirational thought? She dried the dishes. The phone rang. "Vicky, you pet, could you dash out a couple dozen of your nice oatmeal cookies for the Cubs after school? Jane's got a virus—this darned smog."

She made Jimmy's bed. The phone rang. She ran downstairs. This time it was the school nurse. "Jimmy's running a little temperature again, Mrs. Lansing. Could you come for him?"

She got into the car and rode to the school, her eye on the gas gauge. With seven cents this was no day to run out. Jimmy didn't look any sicker than he had this morning. He looked madder, though.

"This was the day," he stormed, "when we were going to put the dried bricks on our mission."

She comforted him. She put him into the bed she'd just made. She brought him orange juice and the classic comic she'd tucked away for just such an emergency.

She made Frank's bed, and peeked at Buddy's all neat and tight and done before he dressed or had breakfast. The phone rang. Marge wanted the recipe for chicken soup made from the bones. Marge wrote very slowly.

Jimmy called, "Mom, I'm hungry."

So it went.

So it went, Vicky thought, scurrying now, carrying up the tray with soup and gelatin, rushing back to mix the cookies, to get them baked, trying to vacuum the living room and get a load of jeans started before the day was all gone. So it went. And it was almost time to pick up Frank and Buddy (darn that gas gauge), and she'd have to take the cookies to the den mother because she didn't have a car, and what in heaven's name would she say that was inspirational at PTA?

By the time the boys had been home five minutes the house was full of noise and excitements. The breadbox was rifled, the baloney discovered, a quart of milk vanished. Vicky stood, trying to look calm, listening when she was supposed to, in the center of it all, nodding, saying yes or no, mixing the meat loaf, being sure it had that touch of poultry seasoning, of Worcestershire and dry mustard, that made it distinctive. She tucked it in the oven and rinsed out the mixing bowl. She stood with the towel in her hand, and suddenly she realized that *it was quiet. Blessedly, heavenly quiet.* The phone wasn't ringing. The boys weren't scuffling. They'd all gone somewhere. And the washing was almost dry, the dinner almost ready, Jimmy asleep, breathing smoothly for once.

Out of the window she saw that the twilight sky was clear. With the quick-change artistry of the southland, the smog had blown away, leaving streaks of pink in the west, and the mountains standing purple and rippled, layer on layer of them, against the lighter purple of the heavens.

Vicky leaned over the sink, staring out of the big window above it. She held the *moment in her mind as if it were a pearl* in the palm of her hand. A pearl she knew would be jostled any time by the reappearance of the brood, the chug of Sam's car, the mashing of potatoes and doing of dinner dishes and homework and TV crashing, and pushing boys off to bed, unwilling, protesting, so that they could rest and face tomorrow.

Face another six o'clock, she thought. And abruptly it was six o'clock that *morning in her mind.* She and Sam stood before that mirror. Then Sam was saying, as he had at the breakfast table, intense and serious, "Vicky, I had the queerest dream last night."

The restlessness she'd buried all day swept over her, big and choking. Sam never had a chance to tell her what he'd dreamed. They'd had no chance to investigate their mingled glance in the mirror. Nor would they have. Tonight or tomorrow or the next day, next month, next year.

As if the restlessness were a motor which propelled her, Vicky walked out of the kitchen, up the stairs and into their room, hers and Sam's. The room of two tired, hard-working parents, who had no energy for whispered confidences in the dark, who fell asleep over the evening paper, right in bed with the light on, and woke up later to turn it off and pull out the alarm.

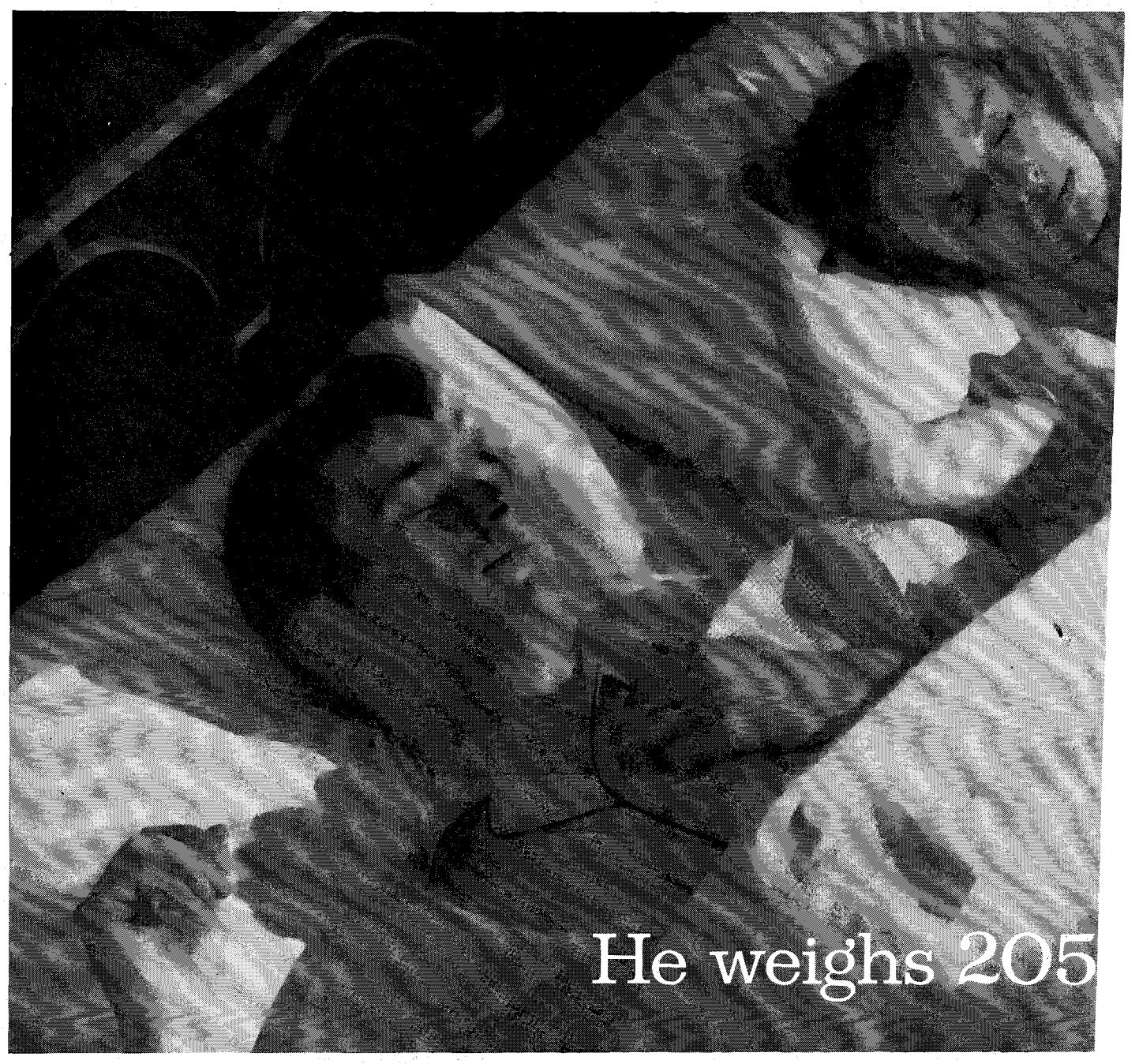
She stood for a second, as she had downstairs, turning the idea which had come to her, full born, around in her *mind.* Then she moved swiftly to the closet. She got out her best dress, twisting the hanger to see if it needed pressing. She pulled out Sam's sports jacket and his freshly cleaned slacks. She laid out lingerie and underwear and socks. She took Sam's good shoes and ran downstairs to the utility room, got out the polish, the brush, and set to work.

Frank came in first. "Mom," he said at once in his direct way, "you mean what you said this morning?"

Vicky kept her head down. "Take your bath now, Frank. Dinner's going to be early."

"Mom?" he repeated uncertainly.

She looked up at him then. "This, son," she said, "is a tough world. First things have to come first."



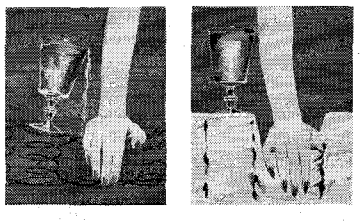
Each gets separate comfort...

Only Beautyrest lets two sleep together in perfect comfort. Only Beautyrest has separate, independent springs.

Last night his every turn jarred her awake. *Tonight* her rest is completely undisturbed. Reason? *Today* they bought a new Beautyrest mattress with matching box spring.

You see, Beautyrest is made differently from all other mattresses. Instead of springs being tied together, Beautyrest springs are separate and independent. *His* and *hers.*

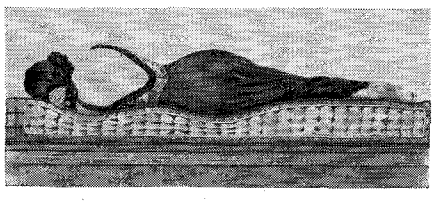
Separate springs mean separate comfort—without any rolling together.



"ORDINARY" (wire-tied springs) **BEAUTYREST (independent springs)**

See how glass topples over when you press down on nearby spring in "ordinary" mattress. Springs that are wired together sag together.

See how glass remains upright on Beautyrest. Each spring is independent, strictly on its own. Each coil reacts only to the weight above it. So vital to double-bed comfort!



Greater single-bed comfort, too

If Beautyrest is so right for two, think how perfect it must be for *single* sleepers. Independent springs give gently under

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If he'd been three years younger she would have sworn there were tears in his eyes. He moved slowly from the kitchen and his feet were old on the stairs. Not at all like young feet in track shoes.

Vicky tightened her mouth. She had to hold her muscles tense to keep from following those old feet, from saying, "Yes, yes, dear. We'll manage," to dry those unshed tears.

Buddy shut the door carefully behind him and wiped his feet on the faded piece of old rug by the door. "I can do that, mom," he said. "Dad gives me a dime when I do."

"Dad," said Vicky definitely, "has no dimes tonight."

"Isn't this pay night?" Buddy asked. He ran the water hard and drank a glass of it, swallow by swallow, the way a person would whose doctor had told him to do it for health.

Vicky stood up, stared at the gleaming shoes that hardly showed any cracks at all now, and shook her head.

"Do you keep track of that, too, Bud?" she said.

Buddy grinned shyly. "Well," he said, "I figure if I'm going to be a businessman I got to know how the money comes in the house."

Vicky moved to him quickly and gave him a kiss on his cheek. "Bud," she said, "there are other things than money and school work and good grades. Remember that."

He looked startled at such heresy. "When's dinner?" he asked. "I got time for my arithmetic?"

"Frank's taking his shower now. You next. Dinner early."

She went to the phone, the shining shoes still in her hand, pushing her along. She made a call. As she was putting up the receiver Sam swung into the alley. She watched him unload a brown paper bag, a heavy one by the way he tugged, and set it by the garage. She watched him straighten, really seeing him for once reach his arms upward to take out the kinks. Then he came across the long narrow porch, moving slowly and heavily for about half of the way. Then he pushed back his shoulders, tipped up his chin and by the porch light she could see him set a smile on his face.

He opened the door. "How goes it with my family?" he cried heartily.

"Fine." Vicky didn't look at him, now that he was close. "How's with you, dear?"

"Can't complain. Can't complain."

One thousand times she'd heard him say that, Vicky thought. And she'd never considered it one way or the other. Of course, he could complain. He stood on his feet all day in front of that darned machine, and his trick football knee bothered him. He came home and spread fertilizer over the yard, and helped Frank with algebra and built planes with Jimmy and tried to get Bud into some outdoor activity. And everybody knew how crotchety his boss was, and the overtime that she added up so gleefully was that many more exhausting hours for him.

She couldn't look at him. After fourteen years Vicky Lansing couldn't look at her husband because if she did she'd burst into tears, a stream of them, just because he was such a good joe.

He came to stand beside her. He reached into his pocket and brought out a slip of paper and a slim packet of money.

"I put the usual amount in the bank," he said. "Overtime gives us about twenty extra cash ——"

"Twenty dollars and seventy-two cents," Vicky said absently. She ran one finger over the toe of Sam's polished shoe.

"The fertilizer was two-sixty ——"

"Sam," she said suddenly, "you go upstairs and take a shower. Right now. The boys should be all through."

"Now see here," he protested, "what's all this cleanliness stuff? I had a shower this morning and if I'm going to spread this fertilizer ——"

"Don't ask, just do," Vicky said.

"We going to have company?"

She shook her head. She turned to him then. "Please," she murmured. "For me. I'll be right along."

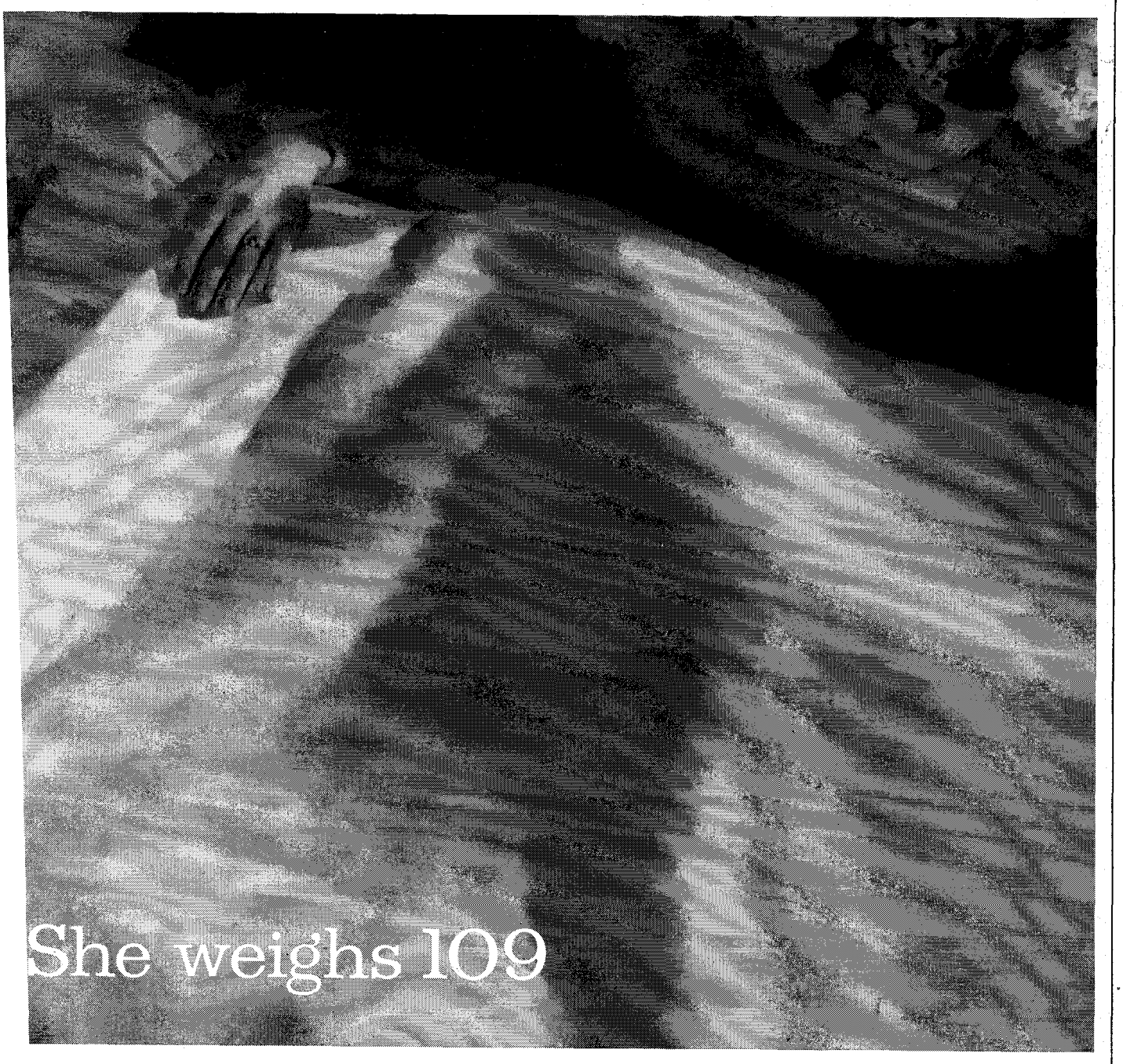
"Women," Sam mourned. But he kissed her on the cheek and said, "Have your little secret."

On Refusing Secrets

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

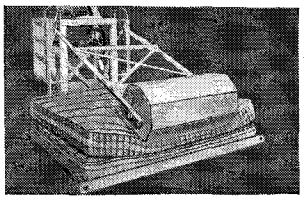
You want my pledge that I
will seal
My lips and never say a
word
Of what you're burning to
reveal?
My friend, you are absurd.

Thus to expect that I'll
tuck back,
Like loaded pistols on a
shelf,
These secrets which,
however black,
You cannot keep yourself!



eparate rest on BEAUTYREST

weight of your hips, yet firm up to
port the small of your back.



The least expensive mattress you can own

e's why the best costs the least. At
ted States Testing Co., a 270-pound
er went over all leading-make mat-
ses. Beautyrest stood up 3 times
ger than the next best mattress.

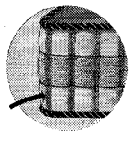
Longer-lasting? Yes. And the Beautyrest 10-year guarantee brings original price of $79.50 down to about 2¢ a night.

Your choice of firmness

Choose the Beautyrest that suits you best. There's Beautyrest Standard model (for most firmness requirements) and Beautyrest Extra-Firm model (for those who need or prefer it). Extra-length and extra-width Beautyrest also available.

Be sure to get the MATCHING BEAUTYREST BACKSAVER BOX SPRING with exclusive platform top, which is scientifically engineered to give maximum comfort and even greater Beautyrest durability.

P.S. Look for the border with the vertical double stitch lines . . . it identifies the Beautyrest mattress.

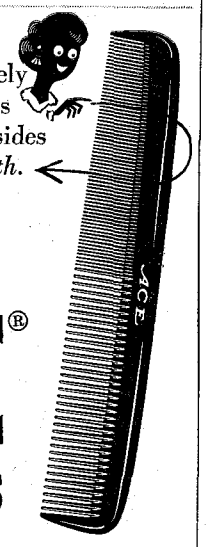


Only SIMMONS makes BEAUTYREST

*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office, Copr. 1957 by Simmons Co., Mdse. Mart, Chicago, Ill.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

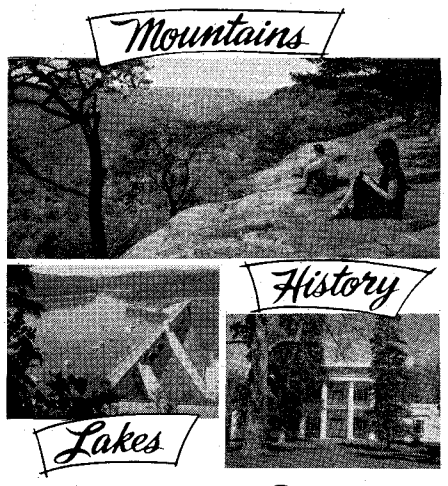
Good health advice from careful mothers:
"Don't lend your comb, don't borrow others."



Only ACE completely rounds and smooths each tooth: ends—sides *—even between teeth.* No sharp edges to scratch scalp or snag hair.

ACE®
HARD RUBBER COMBS

SMOOTHER • STRONGER • LAST MUCH LONGER



Enjoy all 3 on a
Tennessee Vacation

This year enjoy 3 vacations in one. Vacation in Tennessee, land of the Great Smokies and the Cumberlands, land of 20 blue, fish-filled Great Lakes, land of Jackson, Houston, Boone, Crockett, historic homes, TVA and Oak Ridge. Write for a profusely illustrated, 40-page Guide to Tennessee's vacation and convention attractions.

Free Color Book

Tennessee Division of Information
1542 Cordell Hull Bldg., Nashville, Tenn.
Please send FREE Color Book
Name _____
Address _____
City & State _____

"Shave again too."

"Good night!" He grumbled his way out of the kitchen.

For a moment Vicky stood watching him, and the restlessness in her began to lighten, to bubble, to turn to excitement. Then she hurried to put supper on the kitchen table, to call the boys.

When they were assembled, when grace had been said, she talked fast. "Mrs. Elliot from down the street will be here at seven," she said.

"Why?" Frank asked.

"To baby-sit."

All the forks stopped working. All the eyes turned up. All the mouths echoed, "Baby-sit?"

That just shows you how rare, Vicky thought. *That just does it for sure.* She nodded.

"But she costs money," Buddy said, in that way of a capital M. "We could take care of ourselves and you could maybe pay us half ——"

Vicky shook her head. "You're big boys," she said. "I know that. So maybe you can understand how it is. What we're going to do—what I'm going to do—will cost as much as ——" She turned to Frank. "Track shoes." Frank gazed soberly at her. "Or"—she looked at Buddy—"a down payment on a bicycle." Buddy turned his eyes down to his plate. *Or*, her mind added, as she glanced toward Jimmy, *an extra good checkup by that allergy specialist.*

"What are you going to do?" Frank asked at last.

Vicky looked over all their heads, out of that wide kitchen window, out to the mountains that couldn't be seen at all now. "Your father and I," she said slowly, "are going to take time out for marriage." She waded out of the room as if the sudden silence were a real pool, deep and treacherous.

Upstairs Sam stood in the center of the room, a towel wrapped around him, a comic grin on his face and confusion in his eyes.

"I don't know what to do next," he whispered dramatically. "Not till I get my orders. I'm cleaned, shaved, and I gather that the clothes on the bed have something to do ——"

"Put them on," Vicky said quietly. She caught up her robe and went into the bathroom. The shower water was stone cold against her after all its previous use. It felt good. It added to the bubbles, as if champagne were sparking her, inside and out.

When she returned to the bedroom, Sam was gone. She hurried, being careful about the seams of her stockings for a change, the edged line of her lipstick. At the head of the stairs she stood for a moment, breathless, surprised at the heavy sudden hammer knock of her heart. She walked downward slowly, testing the high heels she wore so seldom that her sandals were six years old.

"Well," Sam said from the foot of the stairs. "Well!"

"I'd like my coat, please," Vicky commanded regally. "Is Mrs. Elliot here yet?"

Sam nodded. "Yes, your majesty."

Then she was surrounded. Frank whistled. Buddy said, "Gee." Vicky looked down into Jim's eyes. They were wide and shining.

"How beautiful can you get?" asked her third-grader, and Vicky's heart grew so large in her it shut off her breath.

Sam slipped her coat over her shoulders, and still feeling tall, Jimmy's words bright and ringing in her ears, she preceded her husband to the better car.

It started on the third try.

"Where to?" Sam asked. His voice sounded hushed and strange.

"Just go up to Foothill and keep going." Vicky took a deep breath. "Keep going until you find the best, most extravagant, most exciting restaurant between here and Pasadena."

Sam whistled this time. "So that's your secret," he said. Then, "How?" he asked simply.

It was there. In that one word. Everything. The trying and scrimping and stretching and working. A word had no right to prickle against your eyelids, Vicky thought. A man who worked as hard as Sam should never have to ask how. It should be in his wallet, the how, the possible.

"We have," she said, trying to make it dignified and light and ignoring of eyelids, "twenty dollars and seventy-two cents. At the least. If it costs more, we'll take it out of the grocery money."

"You're off your rocker," Sam protested. But it sounded kindly. It sounded, strangely, proud.

"I am," Vicky agreed. "And isn't it good?"

They found the restaurant, set back from the road and rayed with shining cars, most of them expensive. Sam didn't try to find an inconspicuous place for the old car. He slid it into a narrow space between two shimmering current monsters, slipped from his seat and came around to open Vicky's door.

That, Vicky thought, taking his arm, keeping her shoulders back and her chin up, was the gesture that set the tone of the whole evening. The dating gesture which took her out of the mother-cook-washing-machine class. With the wide door's closing they were in another world. Laughter spoke to them first, then music, then carefree voices. Soft lights wrapped them in an intimate glow. The rug was thick under their feet as they followed the waiter to a small table beside a huge brick fireplace where two great logs burned as logs never burned at home.

"Well," Sam said.

"Well," Vicky echoed.

There was a long pause. During it the waiter brought a huge bowl of creamy dip surrounded by crackers Vicky had never seen in the chain stores.

"Two beers, please," Sam said.

Vicky felt her eyebrows go up, matching the waiter's. She tugged Sam's arm. He leaned his ear toward her.

"Shouldn't it be something fancy?" she whispered.

"I like beer," Sam stated flatly, and loud.

"Two beers," the waiter said, and went away.

Vicky stared at the beautiful people in their beautiful clothes, having a beautiful time.

Sam said, "Here's to us."

She stopped her survey quickly and lifted the foaming amber liquid in the stocky glass. Her hand shook a little. Sam's eyes weren't quite on hers, nor hers on his.

"Here's to us," she repeated.

She was suddenly assailed with shyness. The way it had been when they first met. When she knew they had a thousand things to talk about and didn't know how to start them. When she knew she wanted this man beside her to touch her hand, even a very little, for the quick electric thrill she was certain would run up her arm. She sipped very slowly, daintily, and each tiny swallow fizzed and bubbled against her throat.

"Well," she said at last.

Sam smiled down at her. He was sitting very straight and it was a formal smile. "May I serve you?" He reached forward and piled a cracker with the dip, extending it with two fingers.

Vicky smiled back. "Why, thank you, sir." She looked at Sam's glass. It was empty. "My, my," she whispered.

"It was good," Sam said loudly.

She took a big swallow of her own drink. "Good," she agreed.

Sam snapped his fingers. It wasn't a loud click, but it had authority and the waiter turned and nodded. Sam held up two fingers, then pointed them down at the glasses.

"Oh, none for me," Vicky said quickly.

"Of course you'll have another." This time Sam's voice was full of authority. "People who do this sort of thing"—he swept one

(*Continued on Page 83*)

"Your motor is coming over beautifully on our television screen . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Keeping water out in the rain

MASONRY WALLS made of brick, stone, or concrete have long stood the test of time. But today, they can be made even better with a coating of silicone water repellents. These amazing materials prevent damaging rainwater from entering the countless tiny pores or openings in masonry structures.

When the water freezes after penetrating, it can cause spalling—cracks off small pieces. And, if it seeps all the way through to the inside of a building, paint peels . . . woodwork warps . . . plaster stains and cracks.

Now, silicone water repellents provide the answer. Brushed or sprayed on the surface, they line—not seal—the pores in masonry. Even heavy rain driven by hurricane winds cannot break through this invisible raincoat . . . yet moisture from within can evaporate freely.

The people of Union Carbide produce silicones for other uses, too . . . automobile and furniture polishes, lubricants, electrical insulation, and new rubber-like products . . . all of which help bring more and better things for all of us.

FREE: *Learn how Union Carbide products and research help satisfy basic human needs. Write for "Products and Processes" booklet XC.*

UNION CARBIDE
AND CARBON CORPORATION
30 EAST 42ND STREET UCC NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
In Canada: UNION CARBIDE CANADA LIMITED, Toronto

UCC's Trade-marked Products include

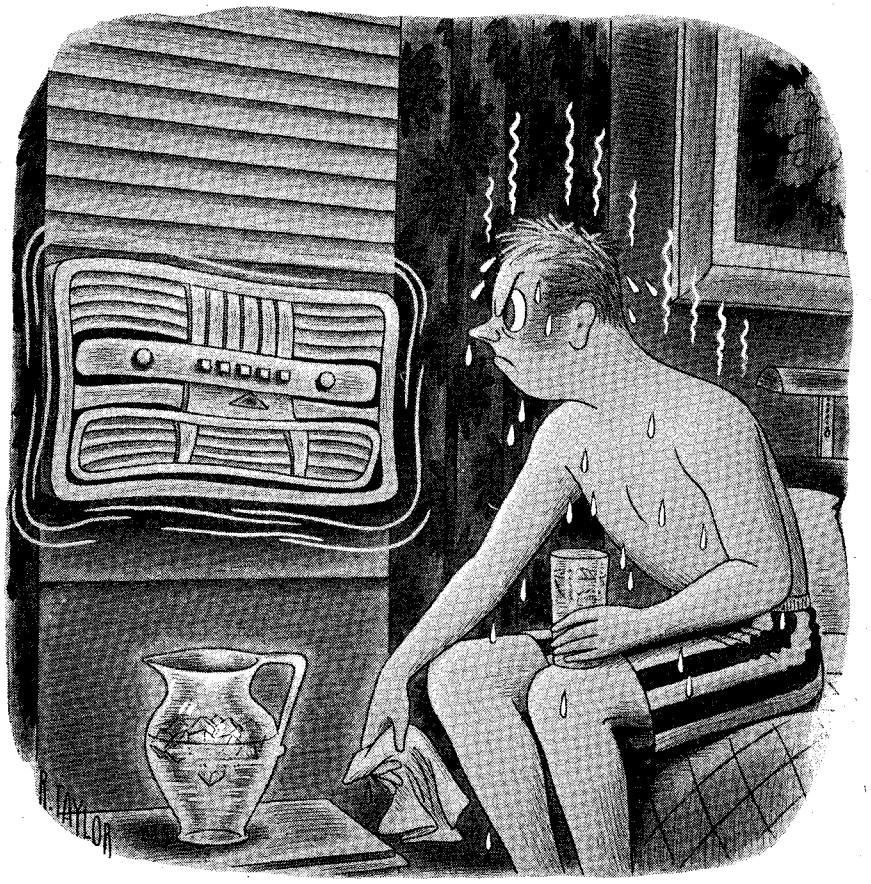
UNION CARBIDE Silicones	CRAG Agricultural Chemicals	EVEREADY Flashlights and Batteries		ELECTROMET Alloys and Metals
LINDE Oxygen	SYNTHETIC ORGANIC CHEMICALS	PRESTONE Anti-Freeze	HAYNES STELLITE Alloys	Dynel Textile Fibers
PYROFAX Gas	BAKELITE, VINYLITE, and KRENE Plastics	NATIONAL Carbons	UNION Calcium Carbide	PREST-O-LITE Acetylene

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

. . . slow heating up ?

. . . octopus outlets ?

. . . housework endless ?



. . . skimpy wiring ?

Somebody ought to tell them about full HOUSEPOWER TRADE MARK

And you? Are your appliances creepy in heating up . . . *starved* by skimpy electrical wiring? Octopus plugs and extension cords clutter your home? Plagued by blown fuses? These signs mean *low* HOUSEPOWER!

Confidentially, 4 out of 5 homes, both old and new, suffer from low HOUSEPOWER (not enough electrical wiring, outlets and switches). Better find out if your home is one of the four: just call your electrical contractor or electric company for a HOUSEPOWER Rating. If added wiring is needed, your electrical contractor will do the job quickly, neatly, economically. And *full* HOUSEPOWER will increase the value of your home . . . help you LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY.

Your electrical industries sponsoring

HOUSEPOWER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 80*) hand in a wide gesture toward the cocktail room, and the dining room beyond—"as seldom as we do, don't have to fear two beers."

Twenty dollars and seventy-two cents in his wallet, thought Vicky, and he became master of his destiny and wisdom personified. Or maybe it was the beer.

"You look familiar to me." She smiled up at her husband.

Suddenly he was familiar to her. Not six o'clock in the morning, or in the evening, or shaved or unshaved, with a head cold or spreading a load of fertilizer familiar. He was familiar, right then, at that moment, because of the way he sat, the way he looked around, the way he lifted his glass and spread the appetizers, and glanced down at her. It was a familiarity hidden by the years, by layers and layers of practical existence. It was Sam, the sure and hopeful, and fifteen years ago. In the year of "The Courtship."

He grinned at her. "I feel familiar," he misinterpreted into her ear. He lifted his hand and lightly stroked the back of her neck. "You're lovely, darling," he added so softly she couldn't be sure that he'd said it.

The check the waiter brought on the small tray, just for beers, Vicky thought, trying not to look at it, would buy meat for at least two days at Mike's.

"Don't you dare," she warned herself, and was surprised to hear her words.

"I beg your pardon," Sam said exaggeratedly. "I didn't mean to presume on such slight acquaintance."

Vicky turned to him and delight began to spread all through her. His eyes were just as blue as they used to be, and in this light there was no tiredness anywhere on his face. *May it do the same for me*, she prayed.

"What did you dream last night, Sam?" she asked. She took his hand and put it back against her neck. "Nobody knows us," she whispered, tracing his chin with her finger.

His laugh boomed out suddenly. "Why, you little wench," he cried joyously. "You little doll."

Let them look, Vicky thought, aware of a pair of quickly turned heads. Let them think they'd had too much of this cocktail business if they wanted to. She and Sam didn't care. They knew better.

She tucked her left hand under a fold of her full skirt, so that no wedding ring would show. It seemed a proper thing to do. A wedding ring as worn as hers didn't jibe with the look in Sam's eyes, the eagerness in the way his shoulders bent toward her.

"I dreamed," Sam said, his voice quickly serious, as it had been this morning, "that I felt exactly as I do now, Vicky. Young and—and ardent and untroubled. That we were alone; in the car, I think; and sitting on the top of a hill. The whole valley was spread out before us. Nighttime it was, and the lights were so bright. No smog. Just miles and miles of lights. And you were in my arms, making all sorts of promises. All mine, you said. And the lights made promises—all mine, they said too—the whole blooming world."

He stopped. Embarrassment spread redly up his cheeks. He reached for the crackers, the spread, and worked busily.

Vicky sat very still. Any word of hers could spoil it, this moment, this hidden time in a strange place, more than a pearl in the palm, a pearl in the heart growing larger as pearls do in the shell.

It was the waiter's words that pushed between them. "Dinner now, sir?" he asked.

Sam stared down at the cracker in his hand. Then he looked at Vicky. It was a look like the one in the mirror, for intensity, but it was not somber, not laden with years and questions. "Are you hungry?" he asked her softly.

Vicky shook her head. "Too many crackers," she said faintly.

"No dinner," Sam stated firmly.

He stood up, ignoring the waiter's disgusted look, pulling Vicky up. He put her coat around her and took her hand and led her from the elegant restaurant. He tucked her into the car and shut the door. The motor caught at once and sounded smooth, as if some of the power from the other parked cars had rubbed off on it.

Vicky sat quietly in her corner, as Sam backed out, made a left turn off the main highway, and drove steadily back toward the hills. She sat in the dark, and something old and wonderful and almost forgotten pulsated from Sam's mind and body toward hers. She didn't know how long they rode, but she was conscious of the car's climb. After a little she shut her eyes. She opened them when the car stopped, when Sam switched off the motor.

"Look." Sam broke the silence at last.

They were parked on the lip of a cliff. Below them, to the left, spangled the lights of the town they lived in, to the right those of Pasadena, and far off the concentrated glow, like white fog in the sky, that was the city of Los Angeles.

"Lovely," Vicky murmured, through the sudden pain in her throat. She was aware of it all at once. The leaning darkness of the mountains tight behind them, the crazy riot of the stars above, and all that below, that man-made promising beauty, washed clean for once and showing its true power.

"Vicky," Sam said, staring straight ahead, "I love you. I love you, darling. Very much."

A little funny sound came out of her tight throat. On its echo Sam turned and reached for her and held her and put his mouth down on hers. The wedding ring on her hand had no weight at all. The three boys at home didn't exist, nor the old house, nor the alarm clock, nor Sam's crotchety boss. The whole world was minusculed to the sheltering size of a small old automobile, surrounded by the magnitude of all nature, spreading out eternally around them, and in them.

The clock above the drive-in promised them four hours until six o'clock. But the hamburgs were hot and spiced with a good sauce, and the coffee was delicious.

"So much for thick expensive steaks," Vicky said.

"You sorry?" Sam chewed thoughtfully, staring over her head at the on-and-off neon lights.

"I am not," Vicky stated definitely. It wasn't hard for him to believe her, not the way she was fitted into the curve of his shoulder, as blatant and contented as the adolescents in the next car.

"We'll have steaks the next time," Sam promised. He moved her, just a little, started the car and paced off down the highway.

"Just so there is a next time," Vicky said, half to herself.

"There will be." Sam put one hand over hers. "We've found the place on the hill again, Vicky. We can go there, when we need to—and be quiet and together—and look down—and see what is ours ——" His voice trailed into silence.

Sam, Vicky thought, her whole chest knotted with love, *Sam.*

It was wonderful and slow and drowsy. The known street came at last. Mrs. Elliot opened the door when she heard them, and came down the steps, her smile showing in the yellow of the porch light.

"All serene here," she reported in passing. "You children have a good time?"

Vicky nodded. "Good," she whispered. She watched the old lady climb in beside Sam, watched them move off.

Good, her mind repeated. *Good, good, good.*

She didn't know the stars were gone until she heard the slow, easy beginning of the rain, the extra gift, refreshment to her ears, to add to the other refreshments of this evening.

She leaned against the doorway, watching the wet curtain grow thicker, waiting for Sam to come back, and put the car away, and walk with her through the door of their home.

Lucky, she thought. This time the word had none of Mike's wistfulness, none of Sam's sour tone. It was said with the proper inflection in her mind. Prayerfully. Gratefully.

As Sam swung into the drive she thought, *We really didn't spend much at all. There ought to be enough left for track shoes. If I make another meat loaf. I'm a genius with a meat loaf.* THE END

"Now take a letter to the superintendent of this building."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Dixie Cream®
DONUT

One bite . . . and that's what you'll say, as millions do! Melt-in-your-mouth goodness . . . light as a whisper . . . out-of-this-world flavor . . . assuredly Dixie Cream donuts are like none you've ever eaten before but the kind you'll want again and again! Made with specially prepared flour and an exclusive formula perfected 'way back in '29 by Mr. E. A. Hubbs after years of striving to produce glazed donuts that would become known as —

THE WORLD'S FINEST...
—"buy-words" of
donut connoisseurs!

AT YOUR LOCAL
Dixie Cream Shop
OR YOUR GROCERS
in 38 states from coast to coast!

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY
in your own
Dixie Cream Shop

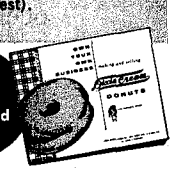
WE HELP YOU . . . find a location . . . equip and open your shop . . . teach you to make donuts and control quality.

MINIMUM CAPITAL required . . . as low as $3175 plus a financing plan on your equipment.

NO CHARGE for franchise, no royalties, no dues, fees or assessments.

BIG RETURNS "... NET PROFIT OF $606.35 on first month's sales of $2,202.98 . . . and within seven months expect to earn back our investment..." writes the owner (name on request).

FREE Brochure
tells how we help you succeed
SEND COUPON



DIXIE CREAM FLOUR CO., DEPT. 75A
P. O. BOX 180, ST. LOUIS 3, MISSOURI

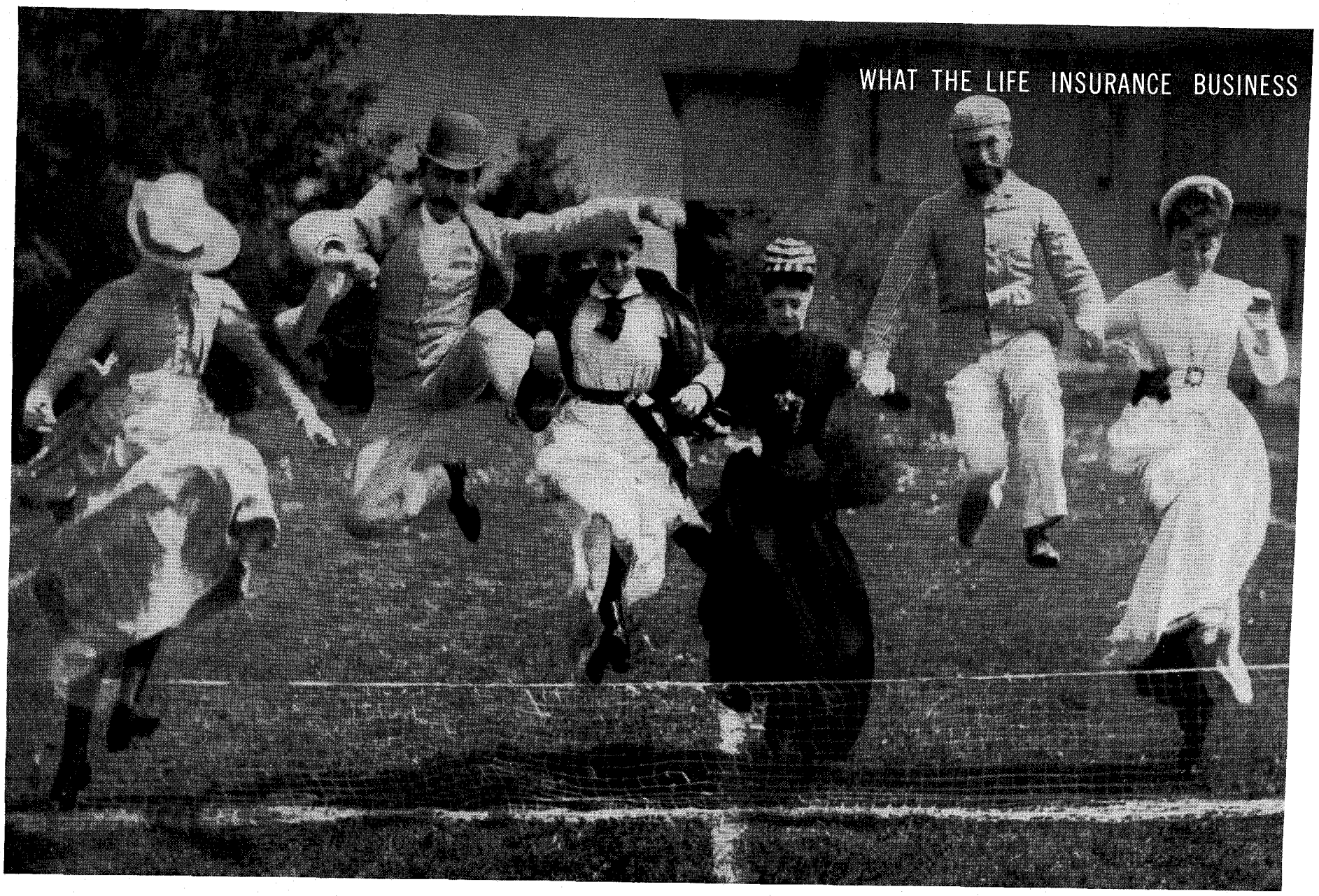
Send FREE illustrated brochure "Own Your Own Business making and selling Dixie Cream Donuts.

Name_____

Address_____

City, Zone, State_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



It's a big jump from Life Insurance to Living Insurance

Our great-grandparents *did* kick up their heels occasionally. But they couldn't expect to hold their life insurance unless they kept their feet strictly on the ground.

It's literally true that when great-grandfather went up in a balloon, his policy became invalid. Getting on a boat was risky, too. Only with special permission would an insurance company allow him to cross the ocean — or even the Mississippi.

Of course, there was a reason why insurance companies of a century ago imposed so many restrictions. Everyday hazards were much greater than today, and the average life span was 25 years shorter. A man bought insurance with a single idea: to protect his family, if he should die.

How different things are today! Travel is safer; health has improved; the rate of industrial accidents has fallen sharply. Keeping pace with this progress, American insurance companies have lifted many of the old restrictions. Even more important, they have evolved a modern viewpoint toward the *function* of insurance that has resulted in new, liberalized policies.

Living Insurance is new in outlook, wide as the needs and hopes of people today. People who want, besides basic family protection, a home of their own, college for their children, independence someday from a job.

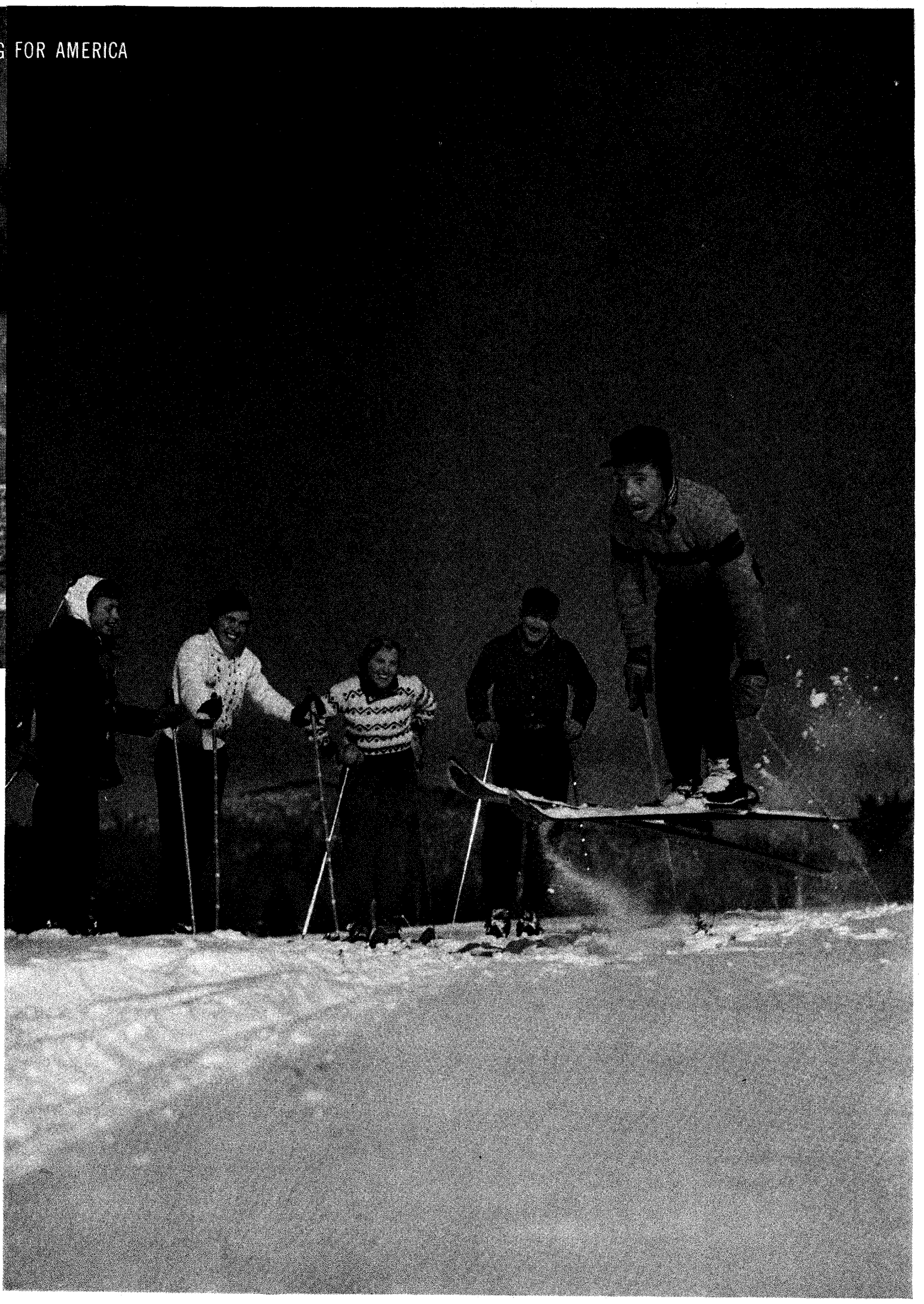
For *Living* Insurance means benefits for the living. Benefits for the policyholder while he lives. If he dies, benefits for those who live after him. In our time, it means a new kind of financial security that is helping millions of Americans to freer *living*.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U. S.
393 Seventh Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

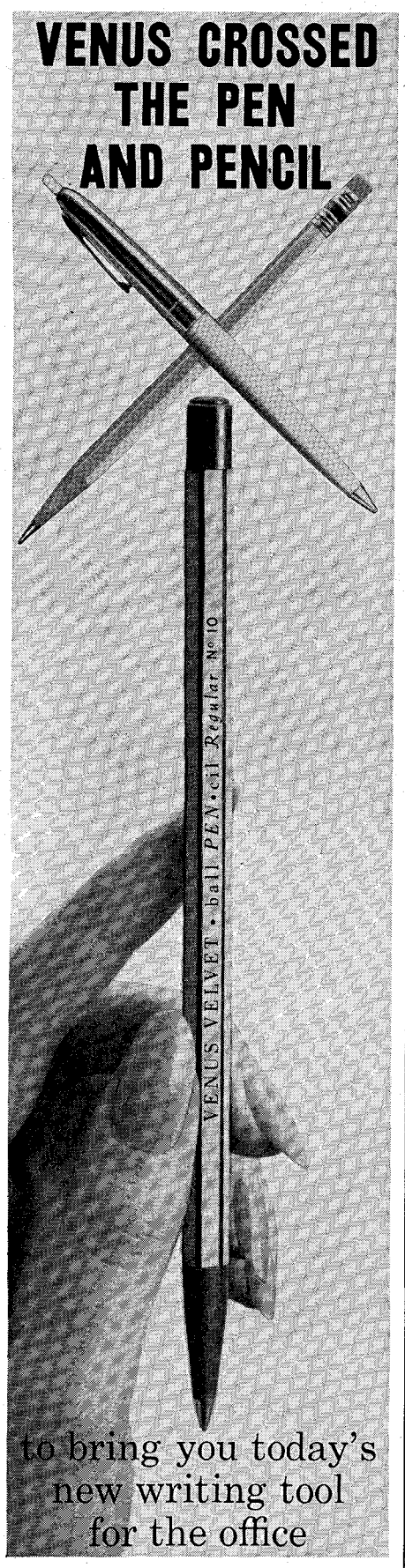
Living Insurance by Equitable

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

S DOING FOR AMERICA



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Leading firms are switching to this great new writing tool because it improves efficiency and lowers costs. Here's how: it combines best features of a pencil and ball point pen • wood barrel has lighter feel of a pencil • no point to break, wear down, sharpen • finest ball mechanism • ink supply lasts longer • comes in 4 styles: Regular, Double Duty, Super Fine, Liquid Velvet Lead. Sold only through stationers and selected stationery departments. 29c and 39c. Less in the economical dozen-packs.

©Venus Pen & Pencil Corporation, Hoboken, N. J.

VENUS
velvet
ball *PEN*·cil®

The Golden Shadow (Continued from Page 55)

rough. I think you've already got it located. If not, we'll wait until the Mounties' investigation's over, then do our own exploring. We already know it's somewhere inside the shadow of that butte out there."

"The butte's all of seven hundred feet high," Ravenhill pointed out. "At certain times of the day the shadow will be about two miles long. Now, the radius of a circle that will cover"—he did a swift mental calculation—"is at least twelve square miles."

Blodgett nodded. "I've figured that. Three men can cover a lot of territory. We'll have plenty of time. Look, Riv. You've played poker with me before. D'you really think I'm bluffing?"

"I rather think not," Ravenhill admitted. "But isn't a double murder rather risky? Even for a big pot?"

"This is my last pot," Blodgett said. "My last chance at big winnings. Listen, Riv. You've been around in the north. I'm fifty-four years old. I sweated and starved for twenty years on the blasted Bering. I've cut ice from the rigging in a living gale. I've lived with natives and eaten dog meat. I spent seven years on the Island. And you talk about taking risks? When you know I've got nothing to lose?"

"I know," Ravenhill said. "I've eaten my dog meat too. But there's a practical aspect here, old cutthroat. With your record, there would be a thorough investigation. Snively and Bull would stand up under it, perhaps. But what about Slim?"

"I'll manage Slim," Blodgett said. "At heart, he's crookeder than a snake. And he won't even be a witness. He can stand pat on that. He'll have to. But that's my department, gambler. Let's get down to brass tacks. You're smart. I don't have to spell things out for you. You know what I'm aiming at?"

"Of course. I must lead you to the strike tomorrow. Then, taking Peggy with me, get out of here fast."

"As far as it goes, that's it," Blodgett agreed. "But there's a little more. That's in your department. You're equipped to walk away from a showdown without a shirt to your back, and call it a day."

"Not always," Ravenhill demurred. "I swam away once. I'm still annoyed about it."

"That was penny-ante," Blodgett said. "This is a different league. The point is, how keep Peggy from squawking to the Mounties?"

"It will be hard," Ravenhill admitted. "I think I can manage it, however. It will involve a devilish loss of face. I'll have to pretend to Peggy that I can't find the strike, after all."

"While pointing it out to us," Blodgett agreed, nodding. "That can be done right under Peggy's nose. So far, so good. But the Mounties know all about Monty's strike and that you brought Peggy over to stake it. What happens when we show up in Lochiel to record the claim?"

"That's your department," Ravenhill countered. "You've got imagination. Build your own story. After all, you were an old pal of Monty McGraw's. You could pretend that Monty told you about the strike—sent word to you in prison, perhaps—and you simply flew over and staked the ground. We tried to find it and failed. Peggy has no legal claim on the discovery, you know."

There was a momentary silence, while Blodgett considered all this. Ravenhill looked down at the cove, pretending to be engrossed in the scene there, but aware that Blodgett's black, unwinking gaze was upon him.

Snively and Bull Morgan were spreading their blankets beside the smoldering fire, pausing to yawn and scratch their heads sleepily. Slim and Peggy were still at the table. Slim was expounding on some subject interesting to him, showing his teeth persuasively. Peggy sat slumped, listening. The whole cove was in shadow now, the sun low in the northwest.

At this point, Ravenhill knew beyond doubt what Blodgett's true purpose was. He could not afford to have a witness of Ravenhill's caliber running at large. He could not let Ravenhill leave the upper Nahanni alive, in fact, no matter what promises Ravenhill might make. That would mean Peggy's death warrant too. She would know too much or suspect too much—after the strike was located.

And Blodgett had concocted a curiously ingenious and effective device for covering his tracks: let Ravenhill's ship, with the two bodies aboard, drift over the falls and into the turbulent depths below. What would be left lodged on the rocks in the rapids or cast ashore perhaps miles below, would be evidence only that a crack-up had occurred. There would be no slightest clue to foul play. Just that another bush pilot, the victim of his own error of judgment, had crashed in the wilds.

"You're mighty plausible, Riv," Blodgett said. "But it doesn't ring true, somehow. You're willing to go along, like you say, and give up any chance at the loot?"

"Of course not!" Ravenhill said. "Really, Blodgett! After Peggy's out of the picture and the Mounties are satisfied, I'll want my split, naturally."

"What split?"

"What's your split with the others?"

"One third to Slim. One third to me. Snively and Bull get the other third."

"Slim's only a chauffeur," Ravenhill pointed out. "I alone can find the mine. Split Slim's third with me."

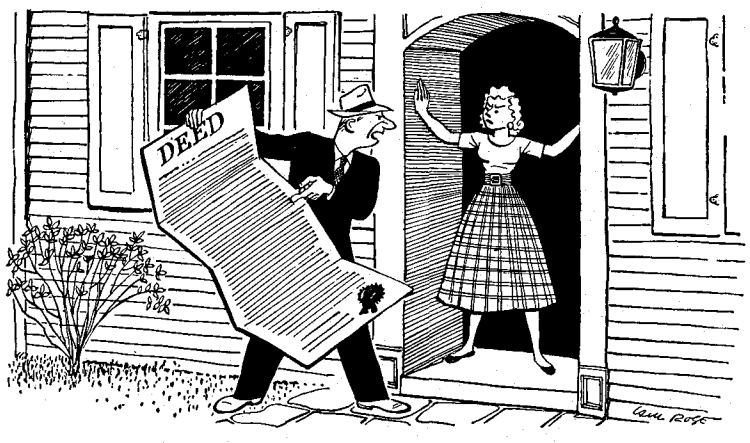
Blodgett pondered this briefly—too briefly—then waved his pipe. "O.K. Slim will scream, but I'll manage him. He'll never have a chance at a pot this big again. We hope it's big. We'll see tomorrow. You're standing pat on that, Riv? You haven't found the strike yet, and can't find it until tomorrow?"

"That's right. Not until tomorrow."

"Meantime, you can't fly out," Blodgett said. "You can't walk out. There isn't another camp within a hundred miles. So we're all set, eh?"

"We appear to have achieved a meeting of minds," Ravenhill agreed. "I've only your word on it that you'll give me my split afterwards, of course. I accept it—having little choice."

"You wouldn't take my word for a thin dime," (*Continued on Page 89*)



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Mary and her husband, weary of scrapping, decided to separate and divide their property. He kept title to their home, but agreed that Mary should have the furniture and the right to live rent-free in the home as long as she wished. Mary lived serenely until the day a stranger announced that he'd bought the home from her husband and would move in next week. When Mary refused to budge, the stranger sued to evict her.

"My husband agreed that I could live here as long as I wished, and anyone wanting to buy the place should have known of that and should have consulted my wishes," Mary argued. "As this man didn't, he can't evict me."

"According to the public records, your husband was the sole owner," the man countered. "Buyers under those conditions are not subject to secret claims. If you had any rights in the property, you should have had them put on record. As you didn't, you're out of luck."

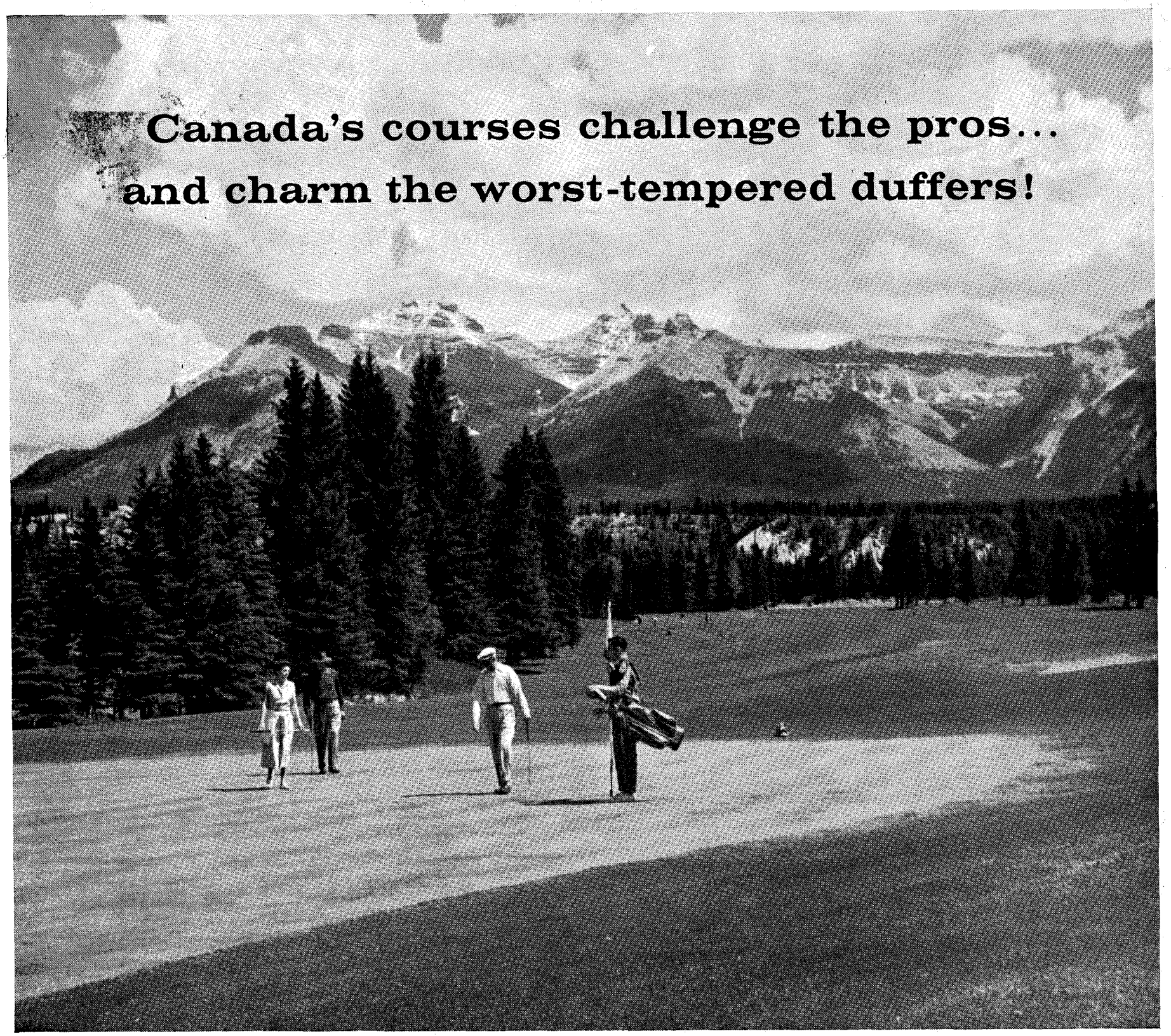
If you were the judge, would you make Mary move?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Mary stayed. The court said that her occupancy of the home constituted notice to the buyer that she might have some rights in the property. He should have inquired before completing the deal, the court said, as anyone buying real estate should be guided not only by public records but by the actual possession or occupancy of the property.

Based upon a 1954 New York decision.

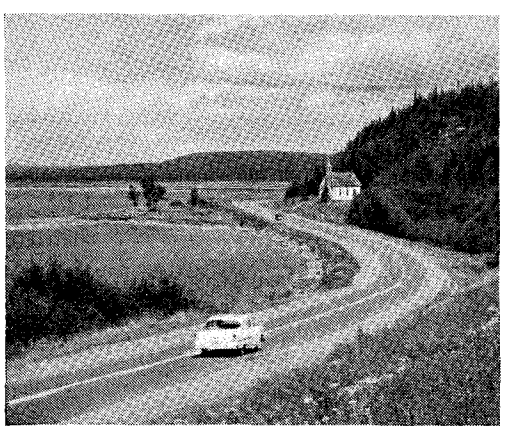
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



You'll love Canada's scenery — even when it takes your eye off the ball and adds strokes to your score. Wherever you go in Canada, whatever you do, this natural glory heightens your holiday pleasure. You'll find it in 29,000 square miles of vivid National Parks ...along 59,000 nautical miles of sunny seacoast...on the wooded shores of more than *one million* wonderful lakes...throughout the world's largest system of inland waterways.

And the highways help you enjoy it!

Good roads serve the Canadian vacation attractions — coasts, mountains, lakelands, Parks, resorts and colourful cities. Drive where you will, stop when you want—stay as *long* as you can. Your travel or transportation agent can help with the details...no passports are needed.



Canada

VACATIONS UNLIMITED!

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR THE CANADIAN VACATION PACKAGE — A COMPLETE, FREE INFORMATION SERVICE CONTAINING:

1. "*Canada—Vacations Unlimited*" booklet with illustrations describing holiday attractions in all parts of Canada.
2. "*How to Enter Canada*" ...helpful information on border-crossing, etc.
3. "*Highway Map*" of all Canada, northern U.S.A.
4. "*Special Service Enquiry Form*" which you can fill out and send in for information on the *particular* areas, activities, accommodation which interest you.

PLEASE P-R-I-N-T

01-1-02-57-03

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU
OTTAWA CANADA

Please send me—immediately—your free
CANADIAN VACATION PACKAGE

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Town*_____ *State*_____

Stick this coupon on any postcard, or mail it in an envelope.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Today's smartest floors wear KENTILE®

What originality! Kentile vinyl asbestos tile (KenFlex®) of blue Cotillion, green Bazaar and white Operetta. Black KenCove wall base under cabinet.

Take life easy with floors of KENTILE vinyl asbestos tile!

Easy to clean! Stain resistant! So long wearing!

There's something for the whole family in this handsome get-together room! Television for the kids, movie projector for Dad, plenty of dancing- and play-space for everyone. And how Mom raves about her wonderful new floor of Kentile vinyl asbestos tile! Why? It's not only beautiful to look *at* but so carefree to live *with!* Dirt and grease can't harm it . . . a quick wipe-up keeps those sparkling colors shining bright . . . and it will last for years. Now all colors are coordinated, too, so you can mix or match to your heart's content. Interested? . . . then see your local Kentile dealer soon. He's listed under FLOORS in your classified phone directory. Kentile, Inc., Brooklyn 15, N. Y.

So easy and so inexpe to do-it-you

KENTILE FLOORS

AVAILABLE IN VINYL ASBESTOS • SOLID VINYL CUSHION-BACK VINYL • CORK • RUBBER AND ASPHALT TILE... OVER 150 DECORATOR COLORS

©1957, Kent

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 86*) Blodgett returned. "You have the same standing with me. You figure I'm bound to cut you in afterwards because you know too much about the setup? I'll buy that too. But try no shenanigans, Riv. Not any. You're on mighty thin ice."

He knocked the ashes from his pipe and rose to his feet. He looked down questioningly at Ravenhill, who had remained seated, contemplating the cove below.

"Well?" Blodgett demanded. "Any unfinished business?"

"Just this," Ravenhill said: "I'd like to talk to Peggy alone. Send her up here, eh?"

"Why?" Blodgett made a gesture of contempt. "She doesn't know anything, and proud of it. Why not let her keep on thinking that life's all ice cream and roses?"

"I've got to have her conditioned, nevertheless," Ravenhill returned. "Doubts must be planted in her mind. She thinks I can find the strike, and she must be prepared for the possibility that I can't.

... ...

March Wind

By Rachel Graham

Over the hill with
somersaults
And into the ice-slicked
town
The wind skids past. It
dips and vaults
Up the streets and down.
Around the face of the
courthouse clock,
Then down with a flip and
a sting—
Such a bumptious wind as
this will rock
The cradle of growing
spring!

... ...

Dammit, Blodgett, I rather like the girl! That she knows nothing about dealing with cutthroats like us is no clue to her mentality. I'll be in a frightful position in her eyes. Isn't it in my department to prepare her to accept the brutal facts tomorrow?"

Blodgett considered this in his deliberate way, then shrugged. "Make it short," he directed. "There's been enough palavering. From here out, it's action. I'll send Peggy up." He started toward the apex of the cove, then halted and returned purposefully. "Stand up, Riv. Move a little back, so they can't see us below. . . . That's right. Hold up your hands."

He frisked Ravenhill expertly for concealed weapons. Ravenhill made no protest. He was unarmed. There had been a rifle in the emergency equipment carried on the plane, but Slim had undoubtedly taken care of that detail.

"O.K.," Blodgett said. "We're all heeled, including Slim."

"This evidence of mutual trust is touching," Ravenhill said. "Doesn't it raise a doubt about our recent meeting of minds?"

"Just coppering our bets," Blodgett said, turning away. "Look to your own hole card, gambler. It had better be good tomorrow."

Ravenhill watched while Blodgett descended ponderously to the level of the cove. He approached the table and spoke briefly to Peggy. She rose up at once and began to ascend toward Ravenhill. She mounted hurriedly, with a sort of restrained haste, raising herself quickly from one rock fragment to the next. Ravenhill sensed that she was completely terrified, and trying to conceal it.

Blodgett's army gathered about the table below, heads together, their faces turned up toward the bench. It was a brief conference, then Blodgett waved Snively and Bull Morgan back to their outspread blankets. Blodgett seated himself at the table beside Slim, and both assumed restful postures, half turned toward the heights.

Peggy achieved the crest, then walked shakily toward Ravenhill. "Easy does it," he soothed. "Put on a bold front."

He indicated a place on the ledge beside him.

"They can't hear us," he told her warningly, "but they're watching every move. What about Slim?"

"Please," she said, trembling. "J-just a minute. I'll be all right. I—I just can't bluff like you, Riv."

"Of course you can," he encouraged. "It's just weakness of the flesh, not the spirit, my dear. Remember the old saying? 'The coward dies a thousand deaths; the brave but one.'"

She looked at him, awed and tremulous. "Is it that bad, Riv? Are they going to murder us here?"

"I doubt it," he said, flicking the ash from his cigarette. "I've definite objections to being murdered. We're still alive, you know. And remember, there's bound to be a gleam through the mist. What did Slim say?"

She had caliber in the pinch. She pulled herself together fast, and even managed to smile, though she was white-faced and shaken still.

"Slim thinks I can find the mine tomorrow," she said. "So he offered to deal with me, and not with Blodgett. He—he didn't even consider you. He said you'd come along just for the ride, and that Blodgett would deal you out. Then he'd deal Blodgett out, and he would be the only one left to fly his ship. Riv"—she was staggered anew—"he talked about all that in an ordinary way, just as if he were discussing a hand of bridge!"

"It's more like poker, I think," Ravenhill said. "Bridge has its fine points, of course. What else?"

"He told me Captain Blodgett couldn't stake the mine and record it. Neither could Snively or Bull Morgan."

"Why not?"

"Because they're ex-convicts. They don't have miner's licenses. They can't get them."

"H'm-m," Ravenhill said. "I hadn't realized that. So Slim is to stake the claim, and then, presumably, split it with Blodgett and the others. Which means that only Slim and I —— Wait. Do you have a miner's license?"

"Yes," she admitted. "Sergeant Hepworth had me get one in Lochiel before he telephoned you. He told me to be sure to stake the claim myself, if we found it. But that doesn't matter now," she went on hurriedly. "Let them have the mine, if they must. Only, let's get out of here, somehow."

"That's the question before the house," Ravenhill agreed. "But you could manage it yourself, perhaps, by dealing with Slim?"

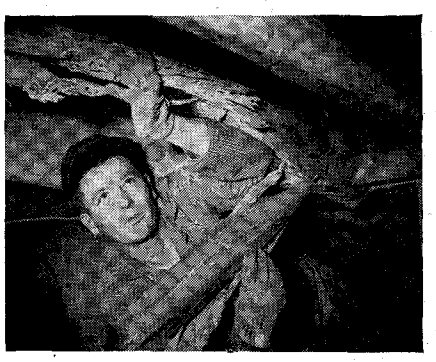
"That's utterly out of the question," she said indignantly. "I got you into this terrible situation. You're the one they hate—and fear. You wanted to leave twice, but I wouldn't listen." She was close to tears. "I'm so sorry, Riv."

He was deeply touched, and—as an instant reflex—hid it at once. "It's water over the dam," he told her cheerfully. "Eyes front. We're both in a spot, and

Termites? ...call Terminix

for guaranteed protection

You can laugh at termites *after* your home has been protected by Terminix, world's largest termite control service. Today, with high building and repair costs, termite damage is doubly expensive—reliable protection doubly important. So don't take the needless risk of costly termite damage. Call your local Terminix company for property inspection and reliable recommendations.



Termite damage is so costly because it usually occurs in foundation timbers and in hard-to-reach areas under floors and inside walls. A trained Terminix inspector knows where and how to look for hidden signs of termite infestation in its early stages.

Guaranteed Protection

For complete protection of your home against termites, it will pay you to insist on the scientific services of your local Terminix company. Their contract with you is guaranteed by E. L. Bruce Co., lumber industry leader, and insured by Sun Insurance Office, Ltd.

Phone for Terminix Inspection

Look in your classified phone book for BRUCE-TERMINIX SERVICE under "Termite Control" (or under "Exterminating") and phone for a Terminix inspection. **For free copy** of "TERMITES!" write Terminix Division, E. L. Bruce Co., Box 397-N, Memphis 1, Tenn.

BRUCE
TERMINIX

Find your Terminix company in the yellow pages

Ask about the low-cost Terminix Protection Plan for termite-free homes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with little to work on, I'm afraid. . . . Did Slim tell you he'd crippled my ship, so we couldn't take off until they gave the word?"

"Yes," she said. "Slim bragged about it. He said he took off your gas-valve-shut-off handle. He pointed out that that meant there was only his Zenith ——"

"Wait," Ravenhill said, his lips pursed in a silent whistle. "You've given me an idea, my dear. Give me a moment more to let it grow."

Up to that instant, Ravenhill had been toying with what appeared to be their sole remaining chance of survival. The chance was so meager that it seemed foredoomed on the face of it: attempt to steal out into the wilds with Peggy, and try not only to remain concealed, but to survive, afoot, without equipment, until the Mounties came to investigate their nonappearance in Lochiel. It might be a week before they did so, since an exploration-flight plan had wide latitude.

Even to embark on this forlorn trek would require a long lead over Blodgett and his crew. The odds were overwhelming that they would be run down and captured. Ravenhill might have made it alone, but Peggy couldn't possibly keep ahead of such experienced hunters and trackers. Moreover, they were under observation now. Blodgett would be aware of the possibility of such an attempt, and would keep them under observation, literally under guard, until tomorrow.

But here was a daring plan, full-grown. Peggy's own words had suggested it—the familiarity with which she had referred to the gas shut-off. Ravenhill had forgotten her eight hours' flying time. She couldn't fly a Zenith, certainly, having had no experience with float-equipped ships. But she was familiar, in general, with engines and controls, and what made an airplane fly.

Mentally, Ravenhill gave the scheme a final appraisal. It bristled with unknown equations. Much depended on Peggy's caliber. Much more depended on luck and timing. But it was the best the circumstances afforded. Ravenhill had long since adopted a cardinal principle: when all other avenues were closed, accept whatever course remained, and proceed.

"Peggy," he said, "we're in a life-or-death dilemma. If we must abandon the strike, we'll do so. It's a question of survival. Blodgett expects me to lead him to the strike tomorrow. If I do, we're done for. You understand that?"

She nodded. "I gathered that from Slim."

"And you're now willing to follow my lead without question?"

"Don't make me eat crow," she pleaded. "Of course I will! That pop-eyed gal who was so darned smart at the beginning has gone 'pffut'"—she snapped her fingers—"like that. This is me, Riv. I hope you're glad we've met."

"Delighted," he assured her—and he really was delighted. She had herself well in hand now.

"And I'll tell you something more, Riv," she confided. "I was so frightened down there that I'm sure Slim thought I had false teeth, the way they were chattering. But I'm not frightened now, and d'you know why? Because I'm with you. Take a bow, sir!"

Ravenhill inclined his head. "And we're going to test your new character at once. Ready?"

"Me and my big mouth!" she moaned. "Now I'm shaking again." She wasn't shaking. "What do I do?"

"I'll have to leave you alone with Blodgett and his pals for a while," he explained. "You won't be in personal danger in the beginning, I'm sure. Fortunately, Blodgett has a low opinion of your importance in this play."

"Quite right," she said. "I'm the dummy, as in bridge."

"Now listen carefully," he told her. "This is it, step by step: First, you and I rise up presently, as though we were about to join the others back there. Instead, we pause and talk; then turn and nonchalantly stroll—thataway, as these Western cinemas have it." He pointed eastward toward the bench. "See that first mound of rock? We'll sit there and resume our conversation."

"Good!" she approved. "I like that."

"We'll sit there," he went on, "with our backs to the cove here. But Blodgett—and perhaps Slim—will pop up to investigate. We're in plain view, our backs to them. We're merely talking."

"Is that all we're doing?" she asked.

"Blodgett and Slim," Ravenhill went on severely, "will lurk here, watching us, perhaps twenty minutes. Then, being impatient men—and suspicious also—they'll be over to the mound to investigate. They'll find you there. I'll be gone."

"I knew there was a catch to it," she complained. (*Continued on Page 93*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh, George. . . . how sentimental!"

Live Modern!

Pick the pack that suits you best!

Yes, you are free to choose . . . only when you smoke modern L&M. And only L&M gives you the flavor . . . the full, exciting flavor that makes L&M America's fastest-growing cigarette.

Free up! Get more fun out of life . . . . . .

Photographed at Cypress Gardens, Florida © 1957, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MIRACLE TIP
L&M
FILTERS
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
New! Crush-proof L&M BOX (COSTS NO MORE)
TWENTY
THE MIRACLE TIP
L&M
FILTERS
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
Handy L&M PACK (KING & REGULAR)
On some occasions the Crush-proof box is a natural
Other times, the pack will suit you better.
You are free to choose . . . only when you smoke modern L&M.
. . . . . Freshen up your taste! . . . . . Get more flavor out of smoking!
full exciting flavor
. . . PLUS THE PURE WHITE MIRACLE TIP
Live Modern!
smoke L&M
AMERICA'S FASTEST GROWING CIGARETTE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

full of spunk...

but beautifully behaved... the '57 Chevy!

It doesn't just look sweet, smooth and sassy... that's the kind of car the '57 Chevy is. And you get sports car control behind the wheel... a solid, sure-footed feel on the road, smooth and easy response to every command.

When you design sports car sure-footedness and precision of control into a passenger car, you're ahead right off the bat. Chevrolet's new advances in steering, suspension and springing take care of that. Then drop in the industry's most advanced, most talked-about V8 engine and you've got a car that's noticeably different from any other on the road. That's the new Chevy—the lithest, liveliest, sweetest handling number of the year.

That's why you'll get more of a lift out of driving a '57 Chevy. Its pep and easy handling make it fun. Safer, too. It's spacious inside, daring in design outside. But still it's a stickler for tradition, and in the grand Chevrolet manner it's known to be as trouble-free as that totem pole in our picture.

Drive a new Chevy, one with the exact power you prefer (h.p. goes up to 245*). With triple-turbine Turboglide, too, the newest and smoothest of all automatic drives (an extra-cost option). Your dealer will gladly arrange it. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

1 USA '57 CHEVROLET

**270-h.p. high-performance V8 also available at extra cost. Also Ramjet fuel injection engines with up to 283 h.p.*

The new Bel Air 2-Door Sedan with Body by Fisher—one of 20 new Chevrolets.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 90*) "You'll be gone, and we've only just met." Then she spoke seriously. "But how can you manage to disappear while they're watching us?"

"You sit on top of the mound," he explained. "I'll sit on the other side, partly in view at first. Presently I shift my position, still talking, and I'm out of sight. You pretend to keep on with the conversation. You wave your hand to make your point. You nod. You protest, even. While I'm fading into the brush eastward."

"But where are you going?"

"Out on the bench," Ravenhill said. "I'll stay out there until the situation looks promising here in the cove. Blodgett will want to know where I've gone, and why. He'll be very annoyed, in fact. You'll tell him you don't know why I'm out there; all I told you was that I had to copper my bets before tomorrow. And that I'd be back for breakfast. Incidentally, let's check our watches."

It chanced that their watches were almost perfectly synchronized. "Tell Blodgett I'll be back around seven," he instructed.

"But what will you be doing out there?" she asked. "Or should I know?"

Ravenhill considered this swiftly. She would have an important role to play during the forthcoming hours; a logical plan of attack would prepare her for it.

"We're gambling on human nature—what we know of the setup here," he explained. "First, Blodgett will question you. That I'm 'coppering my bets' will drive him wild. I'm out on the bench for some purpose, and that purpose isn't good for Blodgett. Any number of possibilities will occur to him. I could be out there tearing down the monuments on a claim I had previously staked. The claim may still be unstaked, but I could be covering up the showing of quartz, so that I would be in a better trading position tomorrow. Now, Blodgett and Slim will pursue me out on the bench. Snively and Bull Morgan will be left behind. Can you tell me why?"

There was no time for guessing games, but he wanted to test her grasp of the situation, her appraisal of the shrewd and criminal minds with which they must deal.

She passed the test easily. "Because Blodgett can't leave the camp unguarded. He doesn't trust Slim. But neither Snively nor Bull Morgan can fly their ship. . . . Wait. This isn't good. I'm left in camp alone with Snively and Bull Morgan?"

"You are, indeed," he returned. "And you'll have a risky chore to do. Bull's not vicious. Snively's a low form of reptile, but I'm sure Blodgett will give him strict orders about you when he leaves. If I'm eliminated, he'll need you tomorrow. That's a detail to watch. Blodgett will ask you what time tomorrow afternoon the shadow of the butte must be checked. Tell him that much, but no more. You don't know any more. You're puzzled by all these developments."

She nodded. "My bewildered pose. The best in my repertoire." She shuddered. "Now I'm alone with Snively and Bull. What do I do?"

"Watch them get blotto," he told her calmly. "On three fifths of Scotch that Slim overlooked on my ship. They're tucked away in the map compartment."

"Blotto?" she said, aghast. "I'm alone with them, and you want them drunk yet?"

"Yes," Ravenhill said. "And they will be. I know them both. First, you retire to your tent the moment Blodgett and Slim leave. You're tired, and you have a headache. Presently, you ask Snively if he will please get a fifth of Scotch from my ship. You think a nip will help your headache. He'll get all three bottles, of course. But they won't harm you, I'm sure."

"No?" she said. "You'd be surprised what sometimes happens in my vicinity when men get drunk. Fortunately, I'm the athletic type. I've been able to outrun them thus far."

"You may have to here, but I doubt it," he told her. "They're both afraid of Blodgett. They'll brood over their wrongs. Snively resents his second-level status with respect to Slim. And this may sound incredible, but Bull has dreamed all his life about having a little chicken farm down in Oregon. So it should go about like this—though it's a calculated risk, remember. First Snively, the less robust of the two, will be stiff as a plank. Then Bull, weeping, will collapse."

"Brother!" she said, shuddering. "Why did I ever leave home? Now they're both drunk. What then?"

"Then," Ravenhill said, "if I'm lurking close by, above the cove here, and Blodgett and Slim are still out on the bench, I'll hurry down and take over. Otherwise, it will be up to you—your grand gesture comes next. Your blow for freedom and all that."

"Don't tell me," she pleaded. "I can't do it. Grand gestures will be too much for me, at that point." She sighed. "What must I do?"

"Listen closely," Ravenhill said. "There's a detail about those ships out there which Slim overlooked, in his eagerness to get back and set up camp for you. Blodgett doesn't even know it. Both those ships are Zeniths. Slim's is newer and more powerful, but much of their equipment is standard. That applies to the gas-valve-shut-off handle which Slim removed. So, the moment Snively and Bull are blotto, you hurry aboard Slim's ship and —— But you have it already," he broke off. "You've grasped it, eh?"

She had, indeed. Her face was alight. "It might work, Riv! Where are your tools?"

"Never mind them," he told her. "Use Slim's. They're spread out on the floor of his cabin. Just snatch up a screwdriver."

"And take off his gas-shut-off handle," she said, nodding. "Put it on your Zenith's fuel line and hurry back to bed. Blodgett won't know your ship can fly. Then, if we can get aboard —— Riv," she said solemnly, "you're wonderful!"

"Tut!" he warned, holding up his crossed fingers. "There's many a slip, and all that. Slim hasn't hooked up his oil line yet," he pointed out. "He can use my gas-shut-off handle, of course, but he'll need a few minutes before he can take off. Meantime—we hope—we're on our way. Remember, we've only a fighting chance. Everything must mesh properly. Nevertheless, shall we give it a whirl?"

"Of course!" she said. "Shoot at the moon, gambler!"

He was delighted at her caliber. Not one woman in hundreds—no, thousands—could have borne up so well under these truly formidable circumstances. But there was not time now for an exchange of compliments.

"Yours is the heavier role," he told her. "But proceed with confidence. Now for the first step—from which there's no turning back, incidentally. We get up slowly, approach the head of the cove here, pause and turn back casually. Ready?"

"Ready or not," she said, "here we go."

They got up in leisurely fashion, approached the (*Continued on Page 95*)

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

Any man who thinks he's more intelligent than his wife is married to a smart woman.

If you can read the handwriting on the wall, your children are old enough to know better.

Anybody who thinks people have no originality should watch them folding road maps.

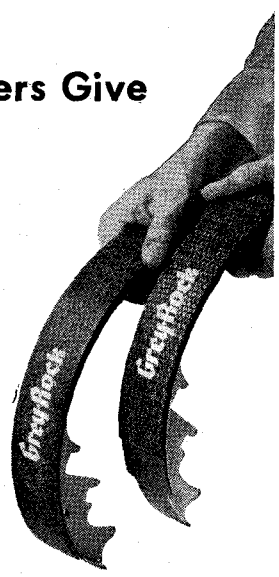
One thing a lot of people have left after taxes is a guilty conscience.

The best cure for an ailing schoolboy is still Saturday.

Home is where a man goes when he's tired of being nice to people.

"And while you're here, let's look at the brakes"

Make Sure *You* Get the P-L-S* Brake Inspection Grey-Rock Dealers Give —It Just Takes a Few Minutes



A P-L-S inspection could save your life. The Grey-Rock dealer will *P*ull a wheel, *L*ook at your brakes, *S*how you the condition of your linings. And if your brakes need relining, he'll recommend genuine Grey-Rock Balanced Braksets.

Why Grey-Rock? Because today's faster, heavier cars need Grey-Rock's *balanced* brake action. To give that good pedal feel, quick, safe stops even on the longest hills, Grey-Rock combines many different types of linings—including woven and molded—into sets specially balanced for each make and model of car and truck. You'll find this advantage in Grey-Rock alone—never in inferior linings.

For *your* safety's sake, have your brakes P-L-S inspected every 5000 miles. And when you need new linings, get Grey-Rock!

*Grey-Rock's nationwide plan for the protection of life and safety

Every piece of Grey-Rock lining—bonded or riveted—is branded for your protection

Only **Grey-Rock** makes

BALANCED BRAKSET LININGS

BALANCED BRAKSETS • TRUCKSETS • BRAKE BLOCKS • VEE-LOK® CLUTCH FACINGS

GREY-ROCK DIVISION of Raybestos-Manhattan, Inc., MANHEIM, PA.

RAYBESTOS-MANHATTAN, INC., Brake Linings • Brake Blocks • Clutch Facings • Mechanical Packings • Asbestos Textiles • Industrial Rubber • Sintered Metal Products • Engineered Plastics • Rubber Covered Equipment • Abrasive and Diamond Wheels • Laundry Pads and Covers Bowling Balls • Industrial Adhesives

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's the talk of those who travel:

"Yes, sir,–my Blue Cross card goes where I go! No worrying about hospital bills for me!"

ALL across America you'll find friendly hospitals ready to honor your Blue Cross card . . . a mighty comforting thought when you're miles away from home. Blue Cross Plans in communities from coast to coast all have special arrangements—like a partnership—with local participating hospitals. All have the same unique aim . . . to provide for hospital care, rather than dollar allowances. At home or away, today more than 53 million people depend on Blue Cross to help them meet the costs of hospital care. Last year alone, Blue Cross Plans across the country paid out more than *one billion dollars* for members' hospital bills! *To join: Most people enroll where they work. Ask your employer, or contact the local Blue Cross Plan listed in your phone book. Blue Cross Commission, Dept. 315, 425 North Michigan, Chicago 11, Illinois.*

®Blue Cross and symbol registered by the American Hospital Association

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 93*) edge overlooking the cove, then halted. Peggy assumed her part like a seasoned trouper, stretching her arms wearily and stifling a yawn. Both were in the low sunlight, though the cove was flooded with deepening shadow.

Ravenhill glanced at his watch: ten o'clock. The sun would be hidden behind the northern peaks in another hour. Then would come the strange half twilight of the midsummer north at the meridian. The deepest twilight would come at one; then, slowly, dawn would begin to glow again beyond the peaks to the northeast.

"I've got something more to discuss," Ravenhill told her, motioning eastward. "Let's sit on that rock outcropping, eh?"

They turned and moved eastward. They did not look back, but Ravenhill could almost see Blodgett leaping to his feet as they dropped from view. No sound came from the cove, however. It was perhaps fifty steps to the outcropping. They mounted up, with Ravenhill giving Peggy a hand up its rugged face.

Peggy seated herself on the crest, and Ravenhill disposed himself at her feet, his head and shoulders projecting into view from the rear. Both were facing eastward. Ravenhill lit two cigarettes, so that twin spirals of smoke climbed upward in the motionless air.

"Don't look back," Ravenhill warned in a low voice. "Have you got your compact? Do your lips—and at the same time hold your mirror so that you can see who's watching back there."

She did so, going through the motions of old habit. Her mirror wavered and became fixed.

"It's Blodgett and Slim," she said. "I can see their heads among the rocks." She completed her make-up, then put the compact away.

"Now listen closely," Ravenhill said. He shifted his position uncomfortably, and with a natural movement slid down slowly and to his right, so that her body blocked the view of the watchers behind them. "Final instructions, my dear," he told her. "If Blodgett asks you whether your father talked about his adventures here on the bench, tell him as little as possible. Just that he and his party almost starved here, but finally made it to the Liard. Above all, don't mention the mountain sheep."

"The sheep dad shot?" she asked, mystified. "Why?"

"No sheep," he insisted. "That woolly monster may be our salvation yet. And the fewer details Blodgett has, the better. Now the time has come. I'll begin to fade from the picture." He shifted his position lower. "On second thought, don't wait for Blodgett and Slim," he advised. "Give me fifteen minutes. Then get up and go back to them. They'll think I just left."

She nodded. "Good luck, Riv," she whispered.

"And to you," he returned. "We may need it. Tell Blodgett I'll be back at seven."

He lowered himself down, hurriedly but quietly. He paused to give her a brief, cheerful salute, then disappeared at once into the farther brush.

Peggy carried on a pretended conversation in low tones, gesturing occasionally, pausing for responses. She glanced furtively at her watch, to check the fifteen minutes Ravenhill must have before pursuit began. She did not allow herself to think of the nightmare events that had engulfed them or of their chances of survival. She had a part to play, she told herself grimly, and play it she would, though her knees had begun to shake again and she could hear her heart pounding.

"Don't be so aloof and high-hat," she admonished the empty rocks below her. "It's just a pose. You're soft inside. . . . How's that again? You're a lone wolf, eh? There's no such animal, my fine-feathered friend. You'll see. . . ."

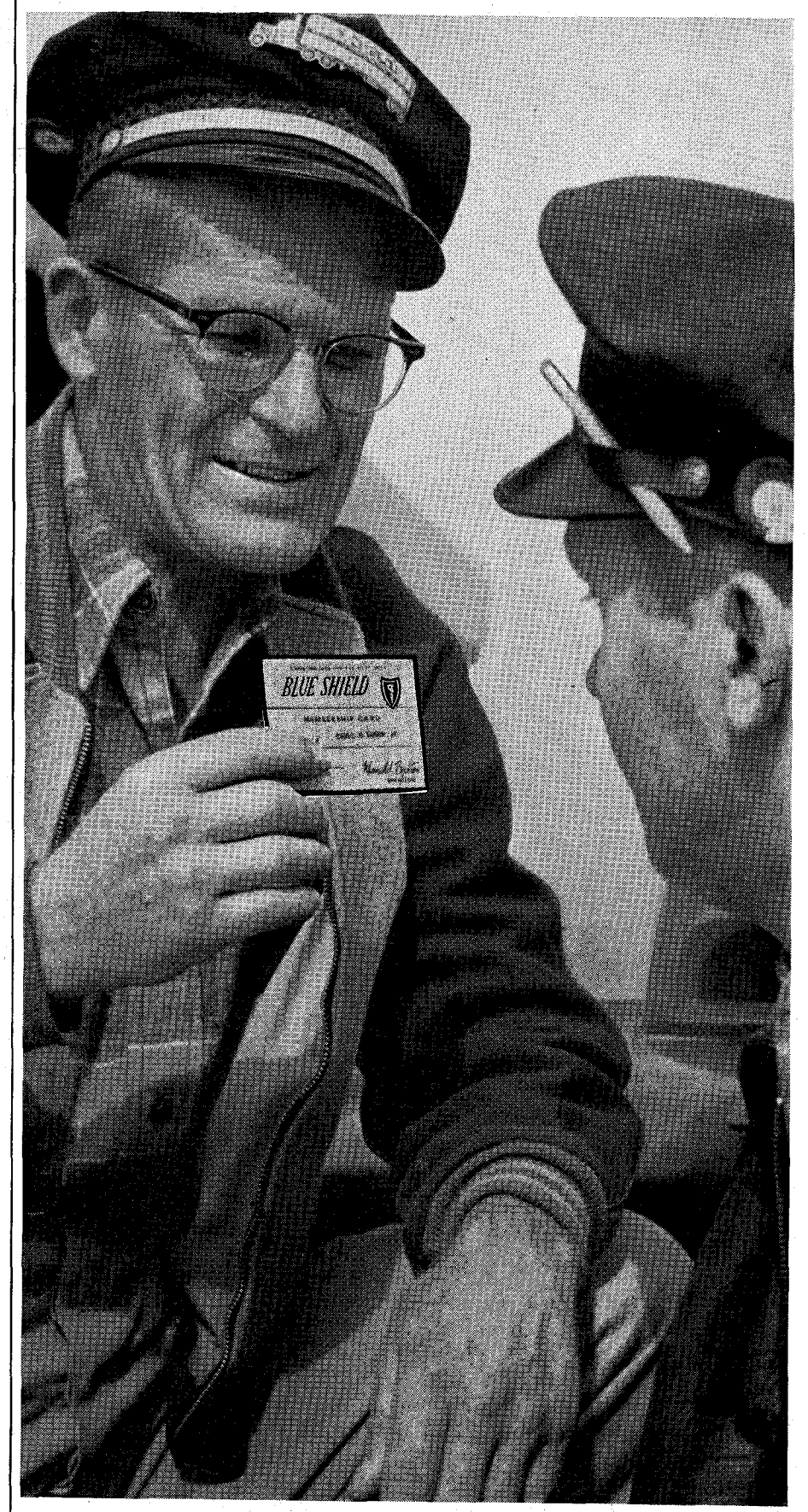
She continued the pantomime while the minutes dragged. She could almost feel the eyes of the watchers boring into her back. Yet each minute was giving Ravenhill a greater lead over the inevitable pursuit. It didn't seem possible that men as alert and savage as Blodgett and Slim Crandall could be deceived by such a simple device.

And yet, as she produced a cigarette and leaned forward as though bending to Ravenhill's offered lighter—and her own lighter flared briefly beyond the rock—she could see why the illusion was near perfect. It would not even occur to Blodgett and Slim that Ravenhill was gone. Therefore, in the absence of the slightest clue to the contrary, he must still be there.

Finally, at long last, the fifteen-minute interval was over. She sat silent for a moment or two longer, her chin resting on her hands. Then she came to her feet, turned around, took her time about

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Your problem is: you have a size 5 mind and a size 8 foot."



And for doctor bills, millions will tell you:

"Join Blue Shield and you know you're all set. It's backed by doctors!"

It's good to know that most of America's doctors sponsor Blue Shield Plans in their own local areas. With this kind of support, you're sure of getting worthwhile surgical-medical expense protection. Blue Shield gives liberal benefits for hundreds of operations . . . and many other medical services. Yet, for all this protection, your cost is surprisingly low. Blue Shield Plans operate not-for-profit—except for necessary expenses, all money taken in goes toward paying doctor bills. *To join: Most people enroll where they work. Ask your employer or your local Blue Shield Plan. Blue Shield Commission, Dept. 315, 425 North Michigan, Chicago 11, Illinois.*

® Service marks reg. by Blue Shield Medical Care Plans.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Andy Thomas finds 8 daily uses for his new RCA Victor Tape Recorder

(it cost him only $159.95)

"It's great!" says Andy Thomas, referring to his new RCA Victor *Congressional* tape recorder. "Frankly, I bought it just for office use. But soon I was taking it home—to parties—everywhere. Push-buttons make it a cinch to operate. And thanks to 'Golden Throat' tone, the playbacks really sound professional. You also get two speeds: one is best for voice—one for music. But don't take my word. Today, ask your RCA Victor dealer to show you the *Congressional* (model 7TR2) in tan simulated leather. If you prefer Hi-Fi, there are 2 beautiful models from $199.95."

RCA VICTOR
Tmk(s)® RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
CAMDEN 8, NEW JERSEY

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

Manufacturer's nationally advertised list prices shown, subject to change. Most models also available in Canada.

selecting the best route down from the rock and descended slowly.

She had taken less than five steps toward the cove when Blodgett and Slim rose up into full view. Her careless bearing deceived them for a moment, then they came charging toward her.

"Where's Riv?" Blodgett demanded harshly.

She halted and looked back. "I don't know. He said he was going out on the bench."

"What for? What's he up to?"

Peggy was thankful then that her previous attitude toward Blodgett had been so—so downright dumb, as she saw it now, because it was easy to hide her terror under an innocent-eyed front.

"He said he'd be out all night," she said. "He said something about coppering his bets. I really don't know what he meant."

"How long has he been gone?"

She shrugged. "Not too long. Why? Shouldn't he have left?"

Slim muttered an imprecation. "I'll go after him, skipper. Wait till I get my rifle."

"Bring me Ravenhill's," Blodgett directed. "Step on it!"

Slim hurried back to the cove. Blodgett grasped Peggy's arm and forced her to follow almost at a run. His grip was like iron. She glanced at his face and wondered, terrified, how she had ever thought him kindly and considerate. The mask was gone now. His scarred face was grim and formidable.

He halted at the edge, looking down at the cove. Slim had his rifle and was unlimbering Ravenhill's from its scabbard. He ejected the shells quickly, reloaded and came running. Snively and Bull Morgan leaped up in their blankets, fully dressed, looking up to Blodgett for orders.

"Get down there and get to bed in your tent," Blodgett told Peggy. Furious and aroused as he was, he spoke in almost calm vein. It was far more ominous than blustering rage. "Stay there," he ordered. "Wait. Riv's up to something, blast him! You don't know why he's making a run for it?"

"No," she said, thankful that the truth required no bluff. "He just said he'd be back in the morning. At seven."

Slim rose up from the moraine, puffing from his exertions. In addition to the rifles, he had a belt of ammunition strapped about his waist.

"What goes on, boss?" Snively called. "You want us to bring our artillery?"

"No!" Blodgett shouted back, his voice booming in the cove. "Listen, you and Bull! Ravenhill's sneaked out on the bench! Slim and I are going after him! Peggy's going to bed in her tent! See that she stays there until we get back! Got it?"

"Got it!" Snively returned, showing his teeth.

"And no funny business!" Blodgett warned. "Don't bother her! Don't frighten her! Treat her like a lady! We'll need her tomorrow—if we can't run Ravenhill down! You hear that, Bull?"

Bull nodded, blinking. "I understand, cap'n!" he said. "Treat her like a lady!"

Slim now came up with his rifle, breathing heavily. Blodgett reached into a shoulder holster and produced a long-barreled revolver, checked it and returned it to its place.

Peggy started toward the brink, but Blodgett halted her.

"Hold it, Peggy." He did not speak in harsh or unkindly vein, but with a touch of weariness. "Listen. You don't know anything—of course. You don't know whether Riv's found the strike. You don't know whether he can. But tell me this: where did Monty say the strike was? There was something about where the shadow of the butte falls tomorrow afternoon. What time? Or did Riv tell you not to tell me?"

"No," she said truthfully. "Riv said to tell you, if you asked. It's where the shadow falls at four."

"Now what d'you make of that?" Slim asked Blodgett, showing his teeth. "If Riv told her to tell us——"

"Quiet," Blodgett said. "The strike may be there. That's the joker in this whole deal—it may be exactly where it's supposed to be. Does Peggy know? Do we?" His raging impatience was close to the surface. "Peggy, did Monty tell you anything about how he found the strike?"

"Very little," she said. "He joined up with some trappers who were heading downriver. They almost starved here on the bench. But dad managed to shoot some game and they finally made it down the cliffs below the——"

"Skipper," Slim reminded, "Ravenhill's getting farther away."

"Let him go," Blodgett said. "We're not chasing him out there. There's miles of brush, and bad light coming on. It would take bloodhounds to track him. He knows that."

For a moment, head bowed, Peggy thought the game was up. But Blodgett went on bitterly, a new plan of action decided.

"He wants us to chase him, for some reason. O.K., we'll cross him. The boys can watch things down there. I'll stand guard over on those rocks where Riv and Peggy were roosting, so I can see that he doesn't sneak back to the cove. . . . You head out past the butte, Slim. We can figure where the shadow'll fall tomorrow—maybe a half mile to the southeast of the butte. Head straight for that point and see what Riv's up to."

"And if he isn't there?" Slim asked.

"Then come back and we'll all wait in the cove. If Riv comes back in the morning, fine. If he doesn't—well, we've plenty of time. He hasn't any outfit. He can't walk out." Blodgett turned on Peggy. "You two palavered there for better than fifteen minutes," he accused. "What were you talking about?"

"About the mine," she said. "He said we might have to let you stake it, but—but he still hoped you'd live up to your agreement——"

"Never mind," Blodgett broke in. "Let it go. What he said to you wouldn't mean anything to us. He's had you eating out of his hand from the first. All right." His wave of the hand dismissed her. "Stay in your tent down there. . . . Let's go, Slim."

They started eastward at a fast walk. Slim broke into a dogtrot and took off into the southeast, heading toward the butte. Blodgett continued on toward the rock outcropping where Peggy had spent the previous tense minutes. He clambered up to the low crest and stood there, leaning on his rifle, looking about him. He turned to glare questioningly at Peggy.

She began her descent toward camp, hiding her terror. Here was one of the "unknowns" Ravenhill had mentioned. Ravenhill had assumed that Blodgett and Slim would be far out on the bench at this stage. Instead, Blodgett was close at hand, out of sight of the cove itself, but within earshot of an extraordinary noise in camp, and watching the camp's sole means of approach.

Peggy went on with outward resolution, nevertheless. Snively and Bull Morgan, motionless by the embers of the campfire, were watching her every move as she lowered herself cautiously from fragment to fragment in the moraine spilling down to the cove.

TO BE CONCLUDED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ship in Peril (Continued from Page 35)

"What can I do to help?"

Burley thought rapidly. He needed all the help he could get, but what could Marlowe do? "Well," he said slowly, "you can take a turn around the deck and make sure everything is fastened down. Be careful, though." He could just picture the SC109 doing a fast roll and flipping Marlowe overboard.

As Marlowe started up the ladder, Burley called after him, "Take a couple guys and rig some lines to hold on to, so we can move around safely." As an afterthought, he added, "Lifelines, we call 'em."

Marlowe said, "Aye, aye, sir," and disappeared up through the hatch.

Burley felt better. He stepped out of the wardroom into the radio shack.

"Any word from the skipper?" he asked Sparks.

"Not yet," Sparks said, "but the weather boys are all excited. They think the typhoon's going to hit us for sure. Suppose the skipper can't get back?"

Burley shrugged. "Suppose he can't? So?" He backed out of the shack. *Suppose he can't get back?*

He reached into the bookcase for Knight's Modern Seamanship and opened it to The Tropical Cyclone and wedged himself into a chair. As he started to read, he heard the one remaining diesel being kicked over. It snarled twice, spat, ground some gears, coughed, coughed again and started to purr.

Horgan stuck his head down the hatch. "What speed shall we make, sir?"

"Ahead slow, Horgan, and tell the boys to nurse it."

When Horgan's head disappeared, Burley rethought his decision. *Yes, ahead slow was probably right. We don't need anything more now. Ahead slow is O.K. Hope all the decisions are that easy.*

As usual, Knight's was more complicated than necessary. But the instructor's drone came back to him. Long hours of study were paying off as the theory of storms came clear again. He scanned the pages quickly. Not much here to help.

He flipped up front to the section on Stability. *That's what we have to worry about now.* As he studied the words a sharp roll spilled him out of his chair. He scrambled back, righted the chair and wedged himself in again. He followed the lines down the page with his finger. "Period of roll—the time it takes a ship to make one complete roll from side to side. The period should remain approximately the same regardless of the magnitude of the roll. Should the period increase appreciably, or the ship appear to hesitate at the end of the roll before coming back, she is probably approaching or past the position of maximum righting effect and immediate steps should be taken...." *Or she'll capsize,* Burley added.

He thought, *So that's why the rolls are so fast. We have to roll through thirty or forty degrees in the same time we usually take to roll fifteen or twenty.* Feeling as if he had discovered one of the great truths of seamanship, he put Knight's away and climbed to the pilothouse.

The sea was visibly rougher, with waves higher than any he had ever seen. Rain and spray pounded at the windshield. Although it was only about noon, the sky was dark.

He tried to sound casual. "How goes it?" he asked Lewandusky.

The helmsman gave a brief nod. Muscles stood out on his shoulders as he wrestled the wheel.

Burley went out on deck. Marlowe had done a good job. Lifelines were rigged along both sides, with connecting lines in between. Covers had been pulled over the twin .50-caliber guns. He grabbed a lifeline and fought his way forward.

Marlowe was there with the bos'n, rigging a line from the 3-inch gun to the bullnose at the bow. The tarp over the gun was snapping and ballooning in the wind. Burley helped them finish the job.

"Find Brennan and send him to the wheelhouse to spell Lewandusky," he told Marlowe.

A girl often thinks she is a boy's first love, until she sees how well he treats his dog.

HOMER PHILLIPS

He grabbed the bos'n by the arm. "Boats," he shouted over the wind, "do you think we can put out another anchor? If we drop it fairly close to that one, it'll take some of the strain!"

The bos'n nodded. "I'll rig it ready to drop. Give me full speed ahead. When I drop it, cut your speed back."

Burley nodded, then fought his way up the ladder. Horgan was on the bridge, talking rudder commands into the speaking tube. For an instant Burley was angry with him. Only an officer should give rudder commands. Certainly not a quartermaster third. Then he thought, *I'm going to need all the help I can get. Glad he's doing the job without being asked.* He told Horgan they were going to drop another hook. Horgan nodded.

Burley spoke into the tube to the engine room. He felt the answering surge of power as the subchaser slowly fought her way up along the Manila line. The bos'n crouched on the bow, shoulders propped against the heavy anchor. A seaman crouched beside him, water gleaming on his bare back.

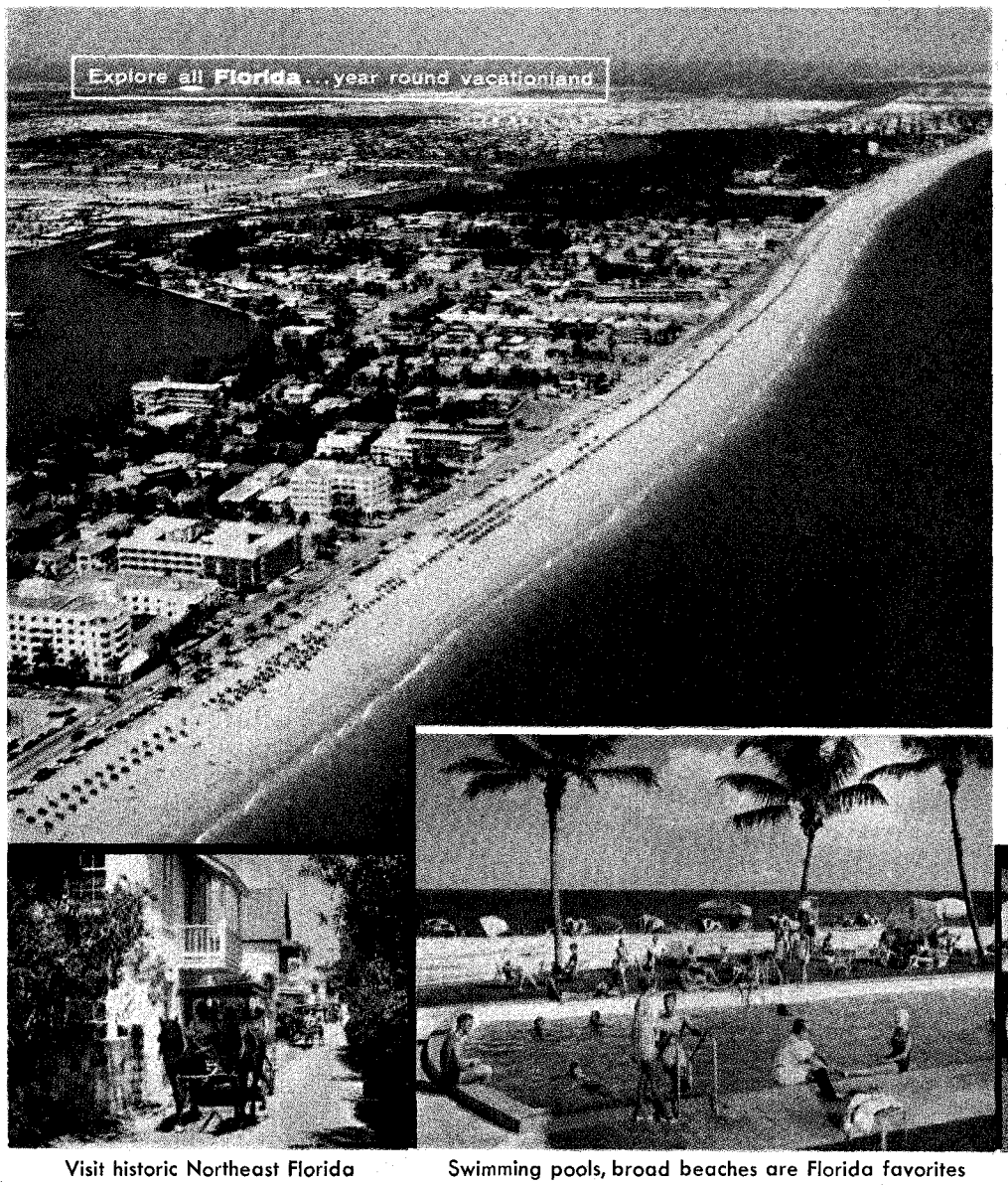
Taut anchor cable slacked slowly until it was hanging straight down from the bullnose. Burley gave it another few seconds, holding his arm over his head. He brought his arm down in an arc, pointed at the bos'n and shouted, "Now!" The bos'n nodded and waited another eternity of seconds before shoving the anchor over. A black, glistening snake of wire rope dived into the angry sea behind it. The bos'n waved at Burley, who spoke into the tube again. The vibration damped out and the tiny craft stood still while the two anchor cables, the white Manila and the black wire, snapped out ahead.

The bos'n crawled back to the pilothouse, around it and up the ladder to the bridge. He peered out over the bow. "They seem to be taking an equal strain, sir. We were pretty lucky."

Burley nodded. He wanted to act as if it was planning, not luck, but he was too thankful for it. And too scared.

She rode well to two cables. Bucking, pitching and dancing, but still under control. Burley tried to think back, *Where was I before we put that other hook out? What was I going to do?*

He hung on while the subchaser snapped through an extra steep roll. An awful fast roll. Almost took his head off the way she snapped from one side to the other. The inclinometer caught his eye. The pointer spun wildly. At 30 degrees it was still gaining speed. It went past 35, past 40, up almost to 45 before it started back. Then it gained speed, shot past the zero mark and slid up to 40 on the other side. It happened so fast that he couldn't believe he'd been through a complete roll.



Visit historic Northeast Florida

Swimming pools, broad beaches are Florida favorites

Branding on Central Florida ranch

All Yours!—the warmth, the waters, the wondrous sights of Florida

There is really no reason to deny yourself the healthful good fun of a holiday in Florida. Not with her varied vacationlands and vast assortment of lodgings offering wide range of rates.

And think of the many benefits a Florida vacation pays you. The finest bathing beaches on this continent streak down either coast. The salt water surf and warm sun relax and soothe, give you a priceless feeling of well-being.

Think, too, of the wonderful sights you see. The fabled beauty of the sub-tropics—swaying palms, flamboyant flowers, sleek yachts on Venetian lagoons, this nation's oldest historic structures, gardens, pageants and exhibitions.

Take in the rolling hill country of inland Florida where 30,000 lakes teem with fighting bass. See orange groves, crystal springs, water ski shows.

So do make this your year to step up to the grandest of vacations—come down to Florida.

FLORIDA
... land of good living

FREE | **COLOR-PHOTO BOOKLET**
Simply mail coupon now for your copy

State of Florida • Room 1606-A
Commission Building, Tallahassee, Florida
Gentlemen: Please rush your 36-page booklet of color pictures and vacation tips to:

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... *Zone* ..... *State* .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A complete roll. The period. Knight's Seamanship.

The ship pitched forward as he started aft. Then she reared back and he almost skidded off the bridge before he grabbed a rail to steady himself. He backed down the ladder. The pilothouse door was closed. He struggled to pull it open against the wind.

Inside the pilothouse it was almost peaceful. The wind was just a dull roar in your ears. It wasn't plucking at you, hammering at you, driving nails into your skin. Burley stepped into the tiny chartroom. Everything loose was on the floor, rolling with every roll of the ship. He picked the stop watch out of its holder in the chart drawer and stepped back into the pilothouse.

Probably be a good idea to have a word with the boys. Encourage them. Let them know things were going to be all right. He said a few words, cracked a little joke and fell silent. They knew their job better than he did. He stood there silently, hoping they were taking encouragement from his presence but knowing there was no reason why they should. He wanted to say something but couldn't think what.

Sparks scrambled halfway up through the hatch from the wardroom, saw Burley and said, "Just got a message from the skipper. He ain't comin' back."

It didn't hit with the impact he thought it would. He'd known for a long time that this was his fight, that the skipper wouldn't come back, couldn't come back. No small boat could live in that sea.

Sparks added, "He says 'good luck.'"

Burley nodded his head. "Very well," he said, as they'd taught him in midshipman school. Very well. Sparks was still there. He had to say something else. "Let me know if you hear anything more." His whole body felt numb.

Back on the bridge he found the stop watch still in his hand. He looked at it, wondering why he had it. Then he remembered. Knight's had said, "Fix your eye on the horizon." He looked out. There was no horizon. The only horizon was the next wave crest. And that was high over his head.

He tried to estimate how high it was. Take the freeboard of the ship—the distance from waterline to deck level—that was about six feet; add to it the height of the bridge above the deck, that was about eight feet. Add his own height, that was about six feet. That put his eye about twenty feet above the water. The crest was a good ten feet above his head. That made it a thirty-foot wave. Knight's Seamanship said that was highly unusual. The typhoon was blowing right down their throats.

He remembered the stop watch again. He fixed his eye on the inclinometer. When it passed zero, marking even keel, he clicked the watch. The pointer went past 20 degrees in a twinkling. Past 30, past 40, almost to 50, before it stopped and went the other way. Past 0, past 20, past 40, touched 50 and fell back. As it passed 0 again, he clicked the watch. Nine seconds. Nine seconds to roll nearly 100 degrees.

He tried three more times and got nine, eight and a half, and nine and a half. *A nine-second period*, he said to himself. *Now what do I do, now that I know that?* He hoped Horgan was watching. Hoped Horgan knew what he was doing. Well, as long as the anchors held, neither he nor Horgan had to worry—very much.

He took a quick look at his wrist watch. It startled him to find it was almost three o'clock. Only a moment ago it was noon. Just before they dropped the second anchor. Three hours.

He told Horgan to keep on feeding rudder commands to the pilothouse. Horgan looked up from the speaking tube where he'd been crouched for the past hour. Burley realized the command had been wasted. Horgan knew what was needed and was doing it. Feeling useless and tense, Burley wondered what to do next.

It was his ship. He was in command. What should the commanding officer be doing now? She was riding well. Anchors seemed to be holding. There was no need for him on the bridge. He climbed down the ladder. A handful of men huddled together at the base of the mast. He gave them what he hoped was a cheerful smile.

He grabbed the lifeline and went aft, hand over hand, to the hatch to the crew's quarters and galley. A sudden pitch threw him on his face. He clutched the hatch coaming and pulled himself along on his belly to look down in. A light suspended from the overhead swung wildly. Beside it, a coffeepot was suspended by four lines so it hung always perpendicular, no matter how the ship rolled. Marlowe and the bos'n and several others were there, juggling thick white cups of coffee. The bos'n saw him and poured a cup for him. Lying on his stomach on the wet deck, Burley took two strong scalding swallows. It warmed him. He hadn't realized how cold he was.

Marlowe reported everything secure. There was some damage in the galley, but the cook fires were now out, breakables stowed securely. The hot coffee relaxed him and he felt almost comfortable, lying there in the storm. He took another sip as spray poured over his head into the compartment. The coffee tasted salty.

The bos'n was saying something about the anchors holding O.K., not dragging, when there was a sound like a rifle crack

AMERICAN AIRLINES EASTERN AIR LINES NATIONAL AIRL

Six of the World's Top Airline

for their new fleets of jet-age Lockheed Electras

The airline parade to Prop-Jets is in full swing!

The six commercial leaders named above have ordered 128 new four-engine Lockheed ELECTRAS with Allison Prop-Jet power!

Already flying in America's newest military transports, Allison Prop-Jets are backed by 9½ million hours of turbine engine flight time.

The matched team of Allison Prop-Jet engines and Aeroproducts Turbo-Propellers is the most advanced aircraft power of its type in the world today. Here's how it will help the Lockheed ELECTRA perform:

1. A cruising speed of more than 400 miles an hc nearly 100 miles an hour faster than any Prop-Je liner flying on any airline in the country.

2. The fast "bite" of its props allows take-offs and ings in *short* fields, thus permitting ELECTRA s without extension of runways on most of today' ports. Will fly 2500 miles nonstop, and will brin speed and economy to the 200-300 mile flights comprise *most* air travel.

3. Jet-age performance with smooth, quiet, restful for the passenger!

AMERICAN BUILT FOR THE JET ERA IN AIR TRAV

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from the bow. Burley spun around on his stomach and looked forward just as a white whip cracked against the pilothouse. He scrambled forward on his hands and knees. The Manila line whipped about like a loose fire hose under full pressure. He scuttled up to the bridge.

Horgan was shouting instructions into the tube. Burley squatted beside him and looked out over the bow. The white line wasn't pointed out into the darkness any more. It was tangled around the gun.

While he watched, a wave crest hurtled into the air. It struck a smashing blow, pushing the bow to port just as she started a roll in that direction. There was another sharp crack. Burley hit the deck just as the wire rope whistled over his head. It took a two-inch-deep bite out of the oaken mast as it flicked past.

Burley leaped for the speaking tube, shoved Horgan aside and shouted, "Full ahead!" The one engine picked up its beat, the answer coming in vibration rather than sound. The tiny craft ducked deep into a trough, shook herself right side up and heeled over to starboard as she climbed to the crest. As she climbed she slid off to starboard, almost parallel to the crest. The wave, instead of sweeping under the hull, carried them along on its breast. Lying almost on her side, the subchaser struggled to straighten out and go over the top.

Burley shouted into the tube, "Hard aport, hard aport! Don't let her get broadside to those waves!"

Finally she climbed over the crest and slid into the next trough. Her propeller whined high as it came out of the water. By the time they reached the bottom of the trough, the bow had come around and they headed into the next steep mountain of water.

Halfway up, the crest was lifted bodily by the wind and thrown at the subchaser. It fell on the deck and bridge in a solid piece. The wooden hull bobbed like a cork, forced down under the weight, bouncing up when it rolled off. She shook herself like a dog and went over the peak, her screw whining.

Burley crouched, holding the tube to the pilothouse in one hand, to the engine room in the other. The only thing he could do was try to keep her bow into the waves and her screw from spinning wildly in air. Time stopped and he forgot he was scared. He was alone on the bridge for a century or two, fighting, fighting to keep from being swamped or capsized.

Horgan appeared and asked for orders. Burley told him to spell Brennan and Lewandusky on the wheel. There was nothing anyone could do. If the motormac kept the engine running and the helmsman kept her bow into the waves, it was all anyone could ask.

He felt a hand on his shoulder. Marlowe. He shouted something twice and Burley couldn't understand a word he said. Burley gave orders over another crest, then hunkered down behind the splashboard.

Marlowe put his mouth up to Burley's ear and shouted, "Let me take over for a few minutes! You need a rest!"

"You don't know how!"

"I've been here for half an hour, given every command you have, to see if I could! Let me try! Watch! I can do it!"

Burley looked at his watch. It was seven-thirty. Suddenly he was very tired, stiff from crouching. Salt puckered his mouth and stung his eyes.

"Go ahead! I'll watch! See if you can! I want a cigarette!"

Marlowe moved up to the voice tube. Burley laid his ear along it to hear the commands. Marlowe was O.K. Doing it right. Or right enough. Keep the bow into the waves, keep the screw from burning itself out. Who could do any more?

Burley crawled down the ladder. At the foot, half the crew were lashed to the mast and to each other. The man closest to the mast had his knife out, ready to cut loose if necessary. Their eyes were big and white.

He said something. He hoped it sounded as if he knew what he was doing. He hoped it might ease their fear. He knew it wouldn't. Who would trust a boot ensign in a storm like this? He fought his way into the pilothouse.

Lewandusky had the wheel. It was completely dark, except for the small glow from the binnacle where the compass spun madly. *What the hell good is a compass now?* he thought. He reached into his shirt pocket for his cigarettes. They were a soggy mess. It made him sore. He hadn't had a cigarette since before lunch. In fact, he hadn't even had

... ...

Small Favor

That she does me a favor to
straighten my desk
Is my wife's little happy
illusion,
Descending upon a
well-organized mess
And leaving well-ordered
confusion!

By Thomas Usk

... ...

BRANIFF INTERNATIONAL AIRWAYS WESTERN AIRLINES KLM ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

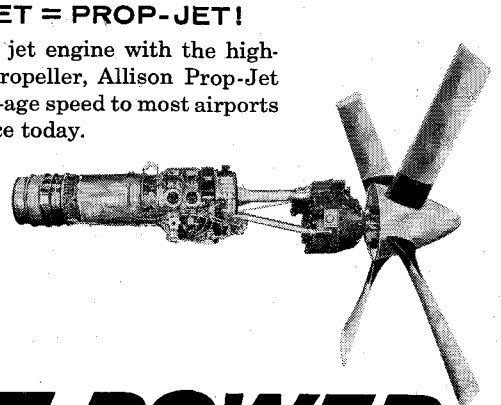
Choose Allison Prop-Jet Power

Weight saved in four engines equal to weight of 52 passengers and baggage! A 1750-lb. Allison Prop-Jet delivers 3750 h.p.! That's 2.3 h.p. per pound!

Like the chief executives, chief engineers and chief pilots of American, Eastern, National, Braniff, Western and KLM, you can look to Allison for the great new engines of the jet age!

PROP plus JET = PROP-JET!

By combining a jet engine with the high-efficiency of a propeller, Allison Prop-Jet power brings jet-age speed to most airports in regular service today.



ALLISON DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS—Indianapolis, Indiana

GM GENERAL MOTORS AIRCRAFT POWER

ALLISON PROP-JET POWER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now . . . end dandruff problems

this pleasant easy shampoo way!

Helene Curtis ENDEN*—the first proven medical treatment in shampoo form!

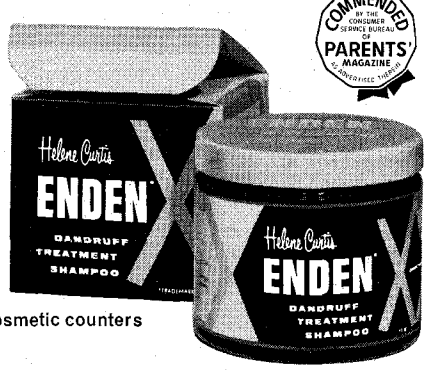
No prescription needed . . . 99% effective!

Quickly ends itching, flaking, excess oiliness—without messy salves, ointments or separate lotions—Here at last is an amazingly effective treatment and a rich-sudsing shampoo all in one. You have never used anything as simple, as pleasant and as easy. ENDEN gets results even after other methods have failed. While you shampoo, it penetrates to the trouble spots. Between shampoos, it actually inhibits bacteria growth. Use ENDEN regularly and your dandruff problems will be over.

Proved 99% effective in 2-year doctor-supervised clinical tests—Dermatologists and skin specialists have proved ENDEN's basic ingredients. Clinical tests showed 99% of patients enjoyed positive benefits. While ENDEN's medications have been medically approved for years, science was unable to combine them in a pleasant shampoo until now.

A wonderful shampoo for the whole family—ENDEN is especially good for teen-age dandruff. Even children can use ENDEN safely, for it is a superior shampoo as well as a treatment that prevents dandruff problems from starting. ENDEN helps make hair look "alive" and healthy—leaves it shining. And you'll discover ENDEN makes your scalp feel so fresh—far cleaner than with your favorite ordinary shampoo. To end dandruff problems and prevent their return, switch to ENDEN.

use ENDEN instead of your regular shampoo—
ends itching scalp
and dandruff problems
and prevents their return!



Guaranteed to end dandruff problems

Developed after years of laboratory tests by Helene Curtis, foremost authority on hair care.

big jar only $1.50 *no tax* at drug and cosmetic counters

*Trade mark

lunch—or dinner, for that matter. He tried to remember when he'd had his last cigarette, and couldn't. He asked Brennan for one.

He pulled that first drag deep into his lungs and felt dizzy. A sharp roll bounced him off Lewandusky. He grabbed a stanchion and held on long enough for another drag on the cigarette.

With his head spinning a little he said, "Where's Horgan?"

Brennan gestured toward the radar compartment. Burley opened the door and looked in. Horgan was crouched over the scope.

Burley asked, "Find anything?"

Horgan said, "Land. About three thousand yards away."

Burley forced his brain back to work again. Now that he thought of it, he was surprised they hadn't approached land. He knew they weren't making enough headway to take them out of the bay.

"What does it look like?" he asked.

"Can't tell for sure," Horgan answered. "Too much sea return on this thing. Looks like a snowstorm."

Burley wished subchasers had better radar. Then he tried to think again. Three thousand yards—that was a mile and a half, nautical. Land. Land enough to provide a comparatively quiet piece of water? Probably not. Land enough to crack up on? Probably. He could feel the tension creep back into his stomach.

He asked Lewandusky if he could make a 180-degree turn in a trough. Lewandusky said he could try. Burley got on the speaking tube and told Marlowe and the engine room what they were going to try.

They topped the crest of the next wave and pitched down into the trough. Burley yelled, "Astern full!" Lewandusky swung the wheel. Between engine and rudder they got halfway around before the next crest hit them. They heeled over. Way over. So far that the little wooden craft hung on her beam ends. They hung, praying, hanging for the longest moment of time that ever existed, before they slowly righted. They slid down into the next trough. Gradually they came around and the sea was on their stern, pushing them, throwing them forward at an ungodly rate for a subchaser.

This was smoother. The waves overtook them and slid under the stern, giving a reverse action to their pitching. Burley went back to the bridge.

He let Marlowe keep the conn while he watched. He still had the butt of the cigarette in his mouth, but it wouldn't draw. He threw it away and put his hands into his pockets. He felt the stop watch.

He watched the inclinometer until it passed zero, then snapped the watch. The subchaser heeled over. The pointer went past 50 degrees, past 60, up almost to 70. It hung there for hours, it seemed, then dropped back. Back down to 50, swiftly passed on to 30, past 0, and up to 25, to 40, past 60, past 70 and off the end of the scale at 72. She hung again for the time a breath is held, and then slowly dropped back. As it passed zero he clicked the watch. Twelve seconds.

Twelve seconds. That couldn't be right. He tried again. Past zero, past 60, past 70 and off the scale again. Back through the curve and off the scale on the other side. He remembered when he had commented on 30 degrees as "Wow, what a roll." The watch clicked again and it was twelve seconds again. Twelve seconds. One third longer than before. Knight's Seamanship said when the period lengthens and the ship seems to hang at the end of a roll, she's in danger. He shivered and stood wondering what to do next.

Horgan's voice sounded through the tube, "Land ahead. Fifteen hundred yards."

Burley pushed Marlowe away from the tube. "Prepare to come about."

Horgan's voice sounded again, "Engine room says heavy seas are causing exhaust to back up in the pipes."

Burley thought back to midshipman school. Basic engineering. A heavy pressure of the sea on a Diesel's exhaust can cause it to conk out. He didn't remember why. He just knew it happened.

He thought, *If we don't try it, we're on the rocks. If we do try it and the engine fails, we're on the rocks. If we try it and the engine doesn't fail, we're safe for a while yet.*

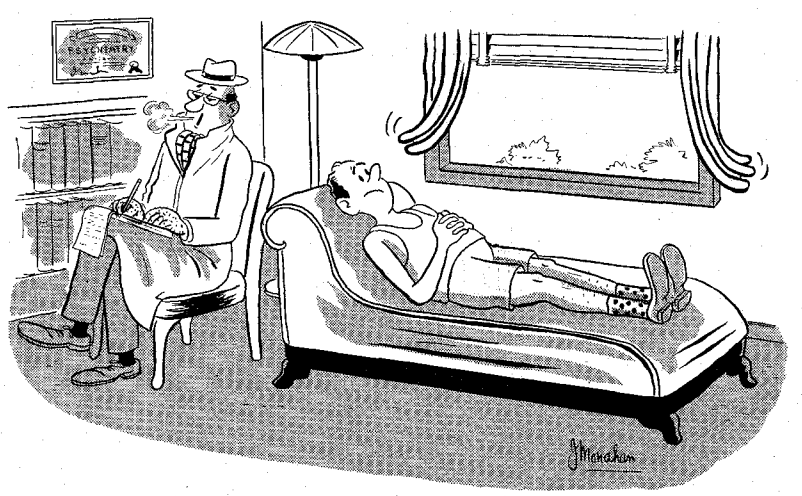
He spoke into the tube, "Prepare to come about."

Slowly, ever so slowly, she came around, fighting her way. Two more crests and they were facing the howling wind again, forcing their way into it, beating against it. And the engine never missed a beat.

For hours it went this way. Bow into the cutting wind. Stern into the wind. Slowly come around, hold your breath that the engine won't die, bow into the wind again. Burley gave orders until it felt as if that was all he had ever done all his life. The wind came savagely, inhumanly, taking the tops off waves, throwing them into his face, beating, pounding.

Somewhere in the midst of it all a wave crest hurtling down on the bridge wrenched the huge cork life raft from its fastenings on the side of the pilothouse. It floated away and was out of sight in an instant. A little later the port raft went the same way with a splintering crash.

Once, during a big roll, when he was standing with his arm hanging over the rail, he felt warm up to the elbow. He looked down and his arm was in the



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now, when were you first aware of this passion for fresh air?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

water. Right on the bridge, in water up to his elbow. Then she snapped back and he stood there shaking from the cold. And from fear.

He looked at his wrist watch and at the inclinometer. For a full five minutes the pointer never stopped on the scale. And that scale registered up to 72 degrees. He guessed they were rolling almost eighty degrees on every roll. Then he noticed that his watch showed three o'clock. It couldn't be. He left Marlowe on the bridge and climbed down to the pilothouse. Three o'clock was right. Three in the morning and they were still fighting it.

Burley felt a deep surge of exhilaration. A boot ensign beating the worst the Pacific had to offer for more than fifteen hours. Fifteen rugged, battering hours. *I've got you licked, you devil,* he thought, *even if you do wreck me. We're all coming out of this O.K. And I'll be back to fight you again. You can't lick me this time.*

Horgan popped out of the radar shack. "Land dead ahead, one thousand yards."

Back to the harness again. As he went out of the pilothouse he found most of the crew huddled at the mast. A sound reached him, torn by the wind. He strained his ears, looking at the round-eyed sailors. It penetrated slowly. They were singing—singing the Navy Hymn:

"*Eternal Father, strong to save,*
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave . . ."

He climbed to the bridge with the hymn in his ears. It seemed like a good idea. He began to sing under his breath:

"*Who bids the mighty ocean deep*
Its own appointed limits keep.
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea."

He felt good. God was in his heaven and all was right with the world. Only a few more hours and they'd be through this mess. With a feeling of familiarity he caught hold of the speaking tube and, timing the crest, shouted orders to helm and engine. The subchaser flipped over the crest and started to skid down the other side. The engine's whine fell off to silence.

Burley shouted down the tube. No answer. Needles of spray jabbed his face as he waited. Still no answer from the engine room. The subchaser yawed crazily. The helm didn't answer without the help of the engine. A voice came up the tube. The engine was dead.

Burley pounded his fists on the rail. "You devil! You dirty rotten devil! I'll beat you next time! You stinkin' storm!" The wind tore the words apart. He shouted. He swore. His first command was being blown apart by the wind. He cried.

The subchaser was pushed back. It wallowed in a trough, the inclinometer going almost vertical off the scale. She dived, she pitched, rolled, twisted. One wave, coming over the stern, smashed the small lifeboat to kindling. The helm answered a little until, with a sudden crack, the steering cables snapped like an overdrawn banjo string.

The whole top of a wave lifted and dropped on them. It was crushing. It pushed her down as if the weight of the world were upon her. Tons of water poured over the deck. A grating sound and a sudden shock shook the wooden hull. She bounced like a rubber ball and was beaten down again. The liveliness drained out of her. Like a log, she hit again and scraped across the reef. One more bounce and she settled down for good, rocking up and down slowly on a solid coral base.

Two hours later, when the typhoon was subsiding, a big, flat-bottomed LSM bounced onto the reef beside her. Slowly the storm died.

Burley squatted in the corner of the pilothouse. The deck canted about thirty degrees. But it was immovable. No more bounces, no more rolls, no twisting pitches. A strong wind, but not a typhoon wind, howled outside. Burley sent Horgan to count noses again. Everyone accounted for. Thank God.

At dawn the LSM sent over a line, a thin thread to safety. They waded over to her in water up to their shoulders. Burley was the last to leave.

He sat in the wardroom of the LSM. This was a wardroom. In spite of the typhoon, here was a white tablecloth and napkins, shiny silver, a gleaming coffee urn. He sipped slowly on a cup of coffee, feeling weariness eat into his bones. He wanted to close his eyes and sleep.

But Horgan was in the doorway, beckoning. Burley heaved himself up and went to him. Horgan led him aft to the crew's quarters. The whole crew of the SC109 was gathered there.

Horgan, serious-faced, said, "Mr. Burley, sir, we'd all like to thank you very much. We think you did a helluva good job. Thanks."

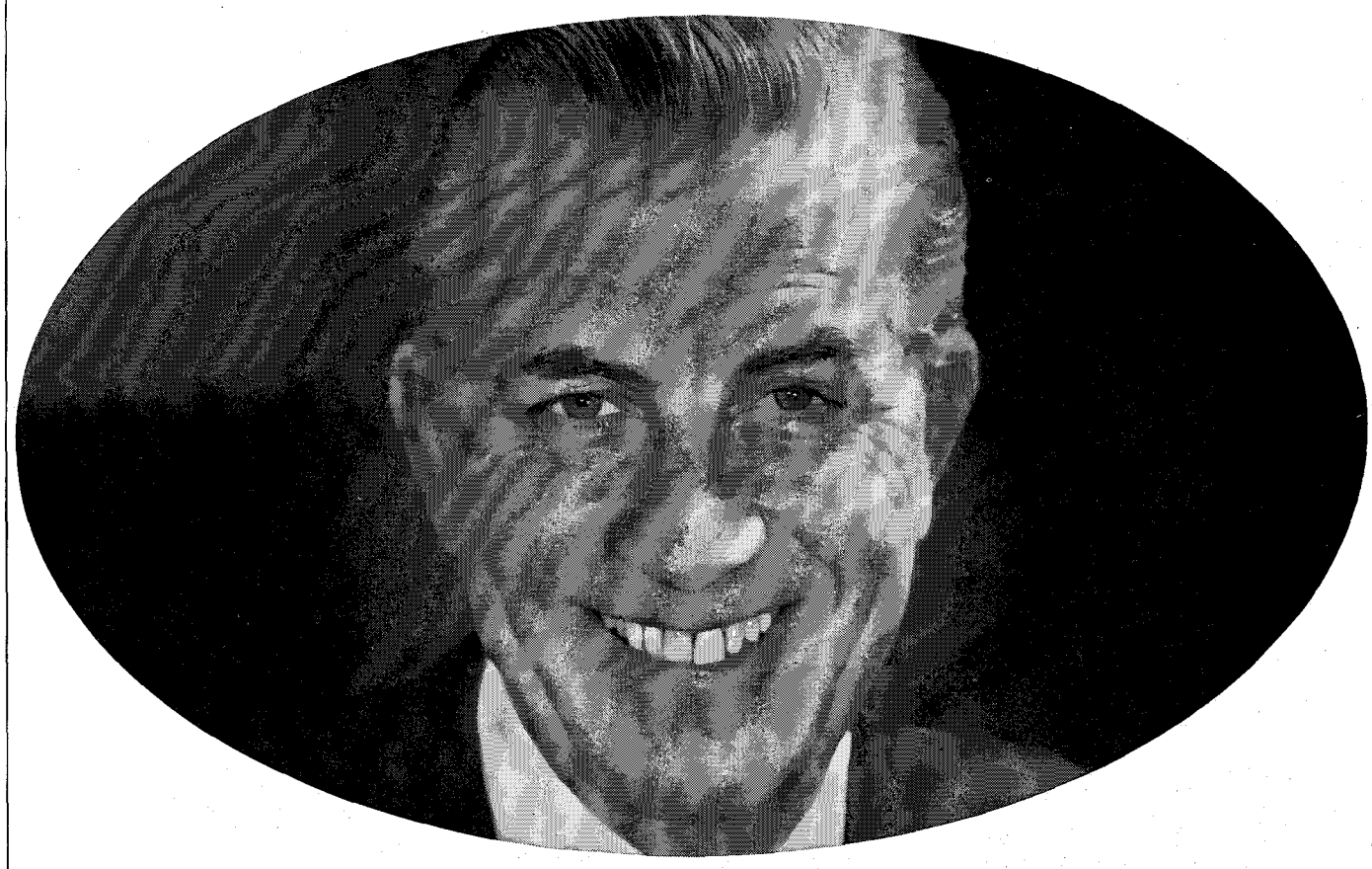
Burley blinked. Maybe a reaction from nerves was taking place, or maybe the lights were too bright. His eyes stung. He swallowed an awful big lump in his throat and said, "Gentlemen, I wish you'd all join me in singing."

With an effort to keep his voice steady, he started to sing,

"*Eternal Father, strong to save,*
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave."

THE END

YOU'RE JUDGED BY your smile



YOU'RE JUDGED BY your printing

A warm, friendly smile is one of the fastest ways to win a friend. You're judged by your smile, *remembered* by your smile. And just as your smile reflects your own personality, your printed literature reflects the character of your company.

If you want your customers and prospects to respect you, you must show respect for them. One way to do this is to send out distinctive printing on top quality paper.

Distinctive printing wins friends. And it stays on the job . . . passes from prospect to prospect . . . creates priceless word-of-mouth publicity. **Team up with a GOOD printer.** Booklets, brochures, broadsides, bulletins, folders, reports, manuals, catalogs — all these gain vastly in effectiveness when you plan them with the help of a good printer. Call him in at the start of the job. He will be likely to specify Warren's Standard Printing Papers. Why? Because he wants *your* printed pieces to be *superior* pieces — as the finest evidence of his craftsmanship. *S. D. Warren Company, 89 Broad Street, Boston 1, Massachusetts.*

Warren's HIGH STANDARD printing papers make a good impression

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I Shipped on a Supertanker (Continued from Page 41)

the whims of kings and sheiks and governments. Its transport routes are also subject to the turbulence of little countries writhing with new nationalisms. Thus Nasser alone can, at least temporarily, chill the London pub and stall the Paris taxi. Close Suez and instantly the available Middle East oil en route to Europe is cut in half because the route is nearly doubled in length.

But Nasser or no Nasser, the long-run prospect is that more and more floating oil cans will be seen on all the seas for years to come. Accordingly the trade served by that slightly peculiar sailor, the tankerman, will broaden, and as his slightly peculiar vessels multiply, the tankerman will become more numerous.

What sort of life is this and what sort of ships are these? On the Huntington, which carries a complement of forty-five men, there are forty-five opinions. Basically, of course, the tanker is a vessel of the sea and its crew and officers must be men of the sea. In distant silhouette the tanker is virtually indistinguishable from a general-cargo freighter. But on closer look it bears a hallmark, an elevated catwalk that traverses its decks lengthwise. The decks themselves are not quite decks. They are, rather, orderly mazes of large pipes, small pipes and valves, with the catwalk providing a narrow fore-to-aft boulevard above the clutter. The larger pipes direct cargo to tanks below, the smaller pipes are a built-in fire department of steam or chemicals or water.

We are a large ship, fast, clean, and with an extra dash of color on the decks where valves and lines are color-coded for quick recognition. If there were no other way of differentiating us from a cargo freighter, we would know it as we left the dock, for the tanker slips away in relative quiet. There is no roar and rumble of hatch covers sliding into place because there are no hatches, and there is no hammering of wedges to tighten covers against the seas to come. Our loading, too, was unseen and noiseless. There was no squeal and chatter of booms lifting, swinging and dropping slings of cargo into yawning holds. From somewhere back in the refinery our cargo was pumped through hoses on the dock connecting with the pipes on our deck. When we were fully loaded, the dock hoses, thick as a man's head, were speedily disconnected and hoisted out of the way.

Loading or discharging a tanker is quick work. In a dozen hours an amount equal to 3 per cent of the nation's daily production can be pumped aboard. Thus the old-timer comments, "You can always tell a tankerman ashore. He hurries. Always hurry, not enough time. He jogs to stores, to family or girl, to bars, and back to the ship."

He was exaggerating slightly, as was the crew member who said of the ship, "We roll more at sea. We got a fat bottom, not so sharp in the keel as a cargo ship, and so we get more roll." It may be true, but the loaded tanker also rides low in the water, submarinelike, and pitches less. It is customary for a fair sea to wash over her belly, and heavy seas will even overrun the elevated catwalk, isolating the midships structure and bridge from the messrooms and quarters in the after deckhouse.

Any ship fears fire, but the "no-smoking" signs on a tanker are the biggest printing aboard, blazing over the decks in letters larger than the ship's name. Obviously the ever-present normal hazards of the sea are increased when the cargo ranges from flammable to explosive. But caution and prevention measures also increase. Roughly, the risks are greater at docks and in confined waters of heavy traffic, but even at sea the no-smoking rule is enforced on the open deck. Out at sea, collision is the only likely risk, and it is an extreme rarity. But incredibly enough, a few years back two Esso ships in the Gulf of Mexico rammed together with resultant fire and tragedy.

At the loading or discharge dock the tanker becomes a mass of precautions. Deckhouse walls are made as impervious as possible. Doors are closed and most may not be opened, portholes are closed, and buckets of water for dousing cigarettes stand at every exit that might possibly be used. Even apertures for small ventilation fans are closed off—everyone remembers the porthole fan in the steward's cabin on one ship. It was neglected and it admitted fumes. When the steward struck a match, believing himself safe behind the steel deckhouse wall, a tier of cabins was instantly ripped from the structure and a tank was ignited. Such fires can be and are mastered, but it is hurry-up work. By tankerman yardstick, a burning tank needs just five minutes to heat and ignite its neighbor.

On the Huntington we have thirty tanks, or steel compartments, in the big steel bulb which is the ship itself. Of these thirty, a band of three tanks across our middle is empty because we are a little rubbery under the great weight of our cargo. We need the empty bubble in the middle for buoyancy to keep us from becoming more sway-back than the rules permit. Our cargo weighs about 60,000,000 pounds. The surface of this oily lake within our seagoing envelope must be kept approximately level; hence the Huntington's powerful pumps can pump it around from cubicle to cubicle, a movement that is sometimes necessary.

For example, our two high-pressure boilers burn enough oil from their bunkers in the stern to lift our tail two inches a day. Unless we are to dip our nose too deeply because of this lightening of the stern, cargo must be shifted aft to balance and level the internal lake.

The man who keeps the figures on this trim, or balance, is chief officer—a modern term for first mate—Rolf Clausen. Clausen, a Norwegian-born American, has a home and family in Florida, as do several other members of our complement of forty-five. Florida is not a particularly handy home site for tankermen in the Gulf-to-Atlantic service. But there is a resortlike attraction to the state that invites the tankermen on their solid month of time off with pay every ninety days. Families also find the balmy state agreeable, and it may be that in the back of every tankerman's mind is the additional fact that it is possible to retire from tanking pretty early in life.

The company makes available to the men thrift and pension plans. The thrift plan affords an opportunity to purchase stock of the parent company, Standard Oil of New Jersey, a so-called blue chip of the New York Stock Exchange. Accordingly there is an impressive affinity between the tankerman and the stock market. A crew member confides that, "So-and-So is only forty-one and he's already got nearly a thousand shares of Jersey in his sock. I bet he retires after a few more trips—and confidentially, I won't be far behind him."

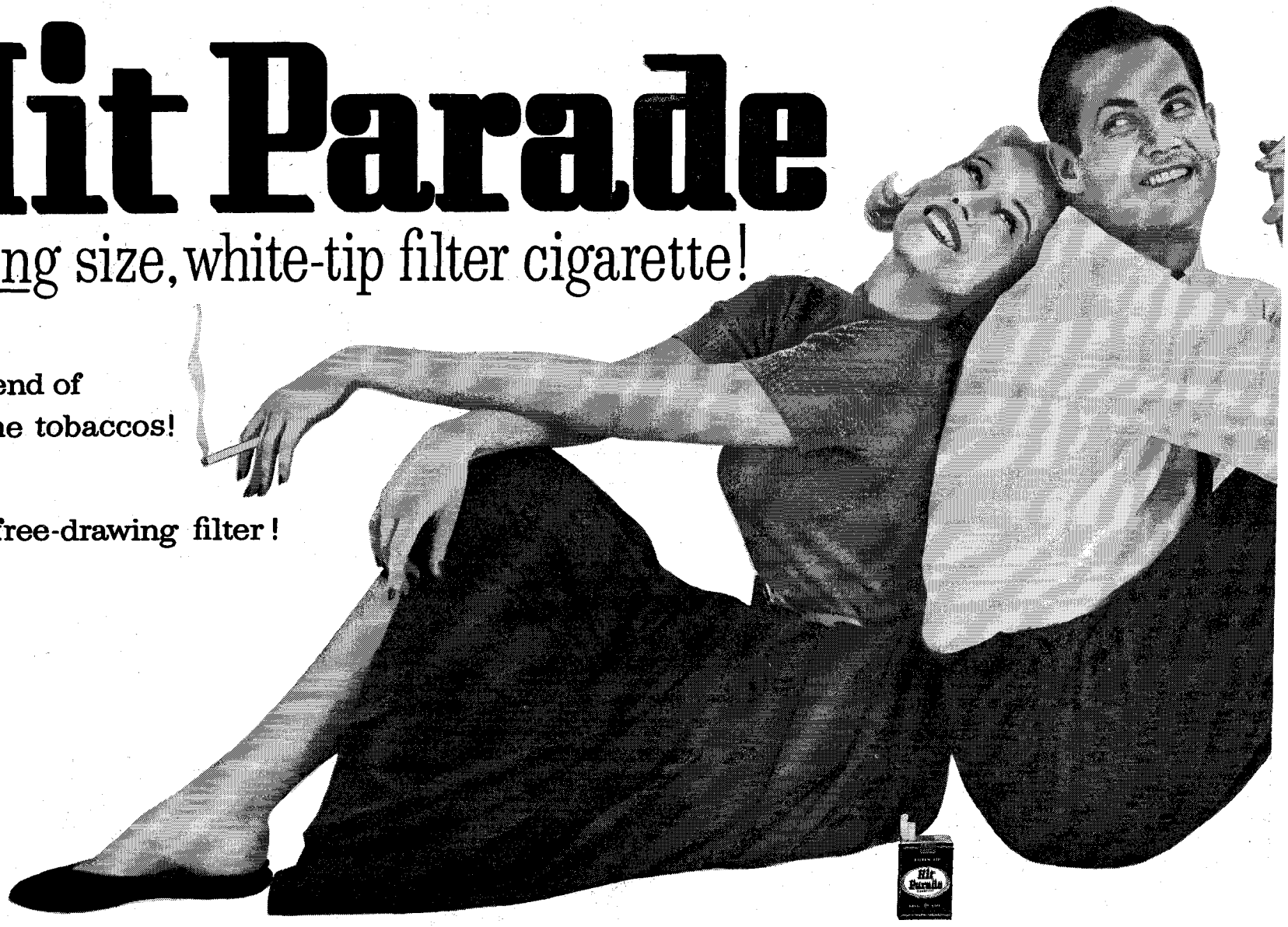
Our ship is American-manned, under the American flag and under the thumb of Coast Guard regulations. There are great divisions of opinion on whether this life, with the ship never more than a week

Hit Parade

Full king size, white-tip filter cigarette!

New blend of fine tobaccos!

New free-drawing filter!



©A. T Co.

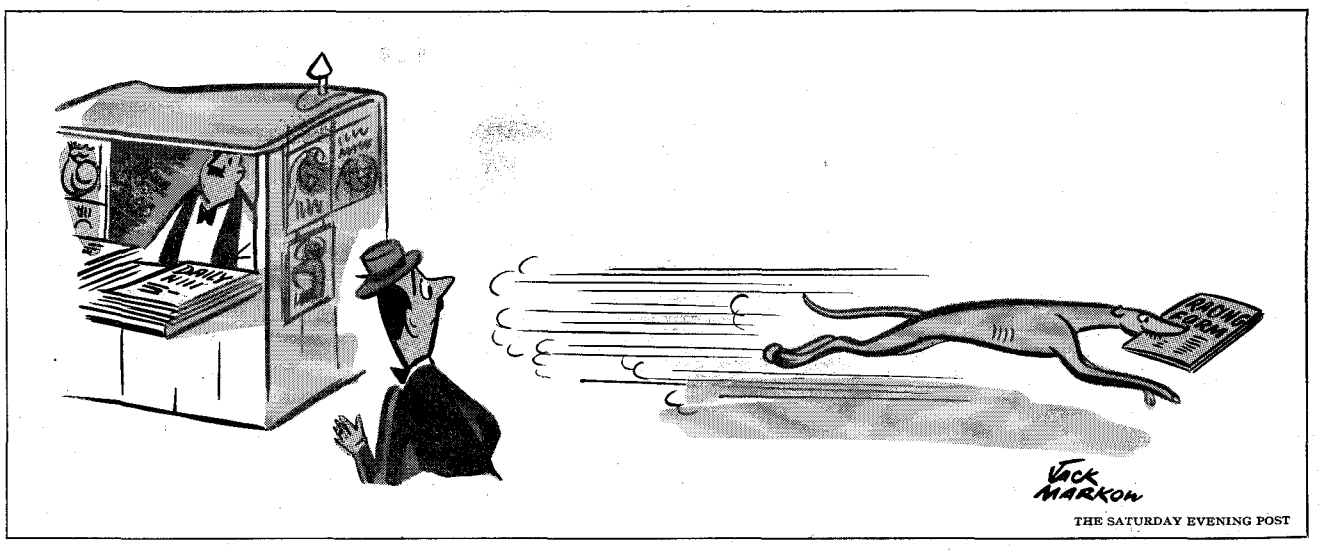
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from port, is better than the long voyages in foreign trade. "That third month on duty is like Siberia," one of the younger ones complains. And another frankly regrets the absence of exotic foreign scenes and foreign women in strictly American coastal travel.

But the family men, who outnumber the bachelors aboard, mostly lean the other way. Some of them have had their fill of distant service. Second assistant engineer Donald Johnson, for example, has seen enough of the Pacific. A down-Easter from Maine, 90 per cent of whose high-school class went to sea, Johnson has moved his New England family to Baytown, Texas, a loading port of frequent call. He is delighted with the time he now gets to spend at home. Chief engineer Walter Gillam, originally from Oregon, is one of several Staten Islanders aboard the Huntington. When the ship is docked at Bayway, New Jersey, Staten Island is a mere step away, and even in twelve hours he can spend a little time at home with his wife, grown daughter and a pampered old dog.

Somewhere in the middle is John Danko, first assistant engineer. He is a bachelor and wouldn't mind an occasional foreign tour, but, on the other hand, he has built up a lot of seniority and equity in the coastwise service and his shore arrangements please him. He went to sea because his brother had gone before him. Now the brother has retired in New Jersey and in his time off John helped build a two-car garage at the brother's home. Half of it is his to use for his own car, and there is also an extra room that he helped build.

Accordingly he has a short-stop headquarters or, on his month off, he can pick up his automobile and drive out to Western Pennsylvania for big family gatherings.



The carpentering ability of Danko and his brother is not at all unusual among tankermen. A tanker has little use for a carpenter and we carry none. There is no cargo to secure, shore up, chock or bulwark. A piece of timber is a rarity. But half the ship's men have do-it-yourself projects under way at home. The third assistant engineer, a former chief engineer who returned to the sea after a tough break in business ashore, keeps enlarging an already large house in Florida. The crew messman is finishing another Florida house, and so is able seaman Nowlan. Nowlan holds a second mate's papers, but because so many ships were transferred to foreign registry a few years ago, he hasn't been able to work at his qualified rating. He doesn't like it, but he wants to finish his house.

Danko is a popular man with his colleagues, but he has behind him one experience no one wants to share with him. We were reminded of it at the dock in Baton Rouge, where another tanker, the Esso Paterson, was berthed just behind us. Danko had once served aboard the Paterson. He was aboard it at a dock, talking to the chief engineer one day, when the deck behind the chief suddenly curled erect, a seventeen-ton piece of hull was blown out onto the shore and flames leaped 300 feet into the air. Some men jumped and some were hurt doing it. Some raced ashore. But Danko and the chief, with more faith in the ship's security measures, undertook to get the fire-smothering equipment to work. They did, working themselves to exhaustion in a matter of minutes, assisted by several crew members and dock workers, until the dangerous blaze was contained. The engine-room crew remained at their posts. When John Danko now says that the ship's defense system can control fires, he means it.

Once in open water, the tanker life becomes much more like that of any ship, except that smoking on deck is forbidden. There is deck maintenance to be done—chipping, scraping and painting. Captain Bligh would spin in his grave to know that we carry two deck hands who are day men, working the same sort of daylight hours that prevail in a suburban real-estate office or a department store. The costumes, however, are different. This is an informal ship and as we rip off eighteen and a half knots between Florida and Cuba, nosing for the Gulf Stream and an additional few knots, shirts disappear and shorts come into style. They are Bermuda-length shorts, but by accident rather than tailoring, for in almost every case the shorts are simply work pants which have worn out at the knees and been promptly guillotined at that point. Even the bos'n wears this truncated variety, and in addition sports a knee-length pair of golf socks. Laundry is an individual project. There are washing machines both in the midship house where

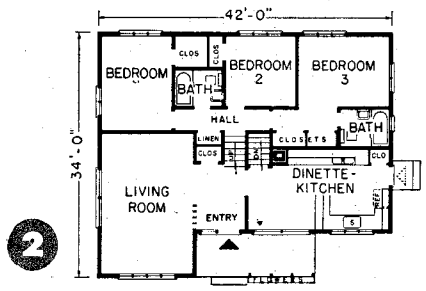
Tobacco so fine,
so rich, so rare—
Your taste can't tell
the filter's there!
What a wonderful difference! Here's one filter cigarette made of 100% Natural Tobacco—
for that natural tobacco taste.
Enjoy Hit Parade cigarettes today!
FILTER TIP
Hit Parade
CIGARETTES
KING SIZE
Hit Parade
"Tobacco is our middle name" The American Tobacco Company

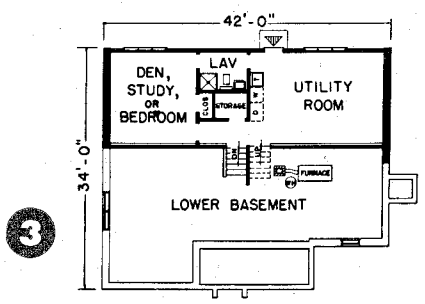
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

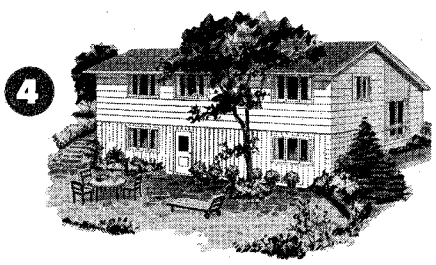
DESIGN NO. 6209

See how expert planning makes a *Home More Livable...*

1. Skillful designing gives this attractive 4-Square split-level home, the latest addition to the Weyerhaeuser Service, extra values.
2. Like all the homes in the Service, this design gives convenience, spaciousness, and true comfort—economically. The living room, dinette, and kitchen are at street level. Up a few steps are three large bedrooms and two baths.
3. The basement level, with multi-use room, bath, and utility room, has full windows and a door opening to the terrace.
4. As in all Weyerhaeuser 4-Square Home Building Service designs, this extra beauty and livability are yours without additional cost.



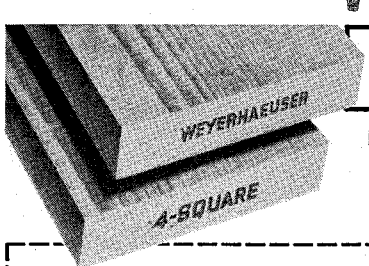




An example of extra values in Professionally Designed 4-Square Home Plans

Let your Weyerhaeuser 4-Square Lumber Dealer show you scores of other professionally planned homes in the complete 4-Square Home Building Service. Designs range from traditional to modern, in the popular sizes—all offering outstanding values in beauty and comfort as well as in structural soundness and durability.

Begin your home planning today by mailing the coupon below.



WEYERHAEUSER
4-SQUARE
LUMBER AND BUILDING SERVICES

OPERATION Better Your Living HOME IMPROVEMENT

WEYERHAEUSER SALES COMPANY
P. O. Box 5000, Dept. 337, St. Paul 4, Minnesota

Please send me the valuable home planning literature listed below. I enclose 25¢.

- Brochure describing home above and 5 other new designs
- Floor Plan and Furniture Placement Guide for Design No. 6209 above
- A money saving booklet: "Professional Pointers For Home Planners"
- A booklet illustrating and describing outstanding homes from the Weyerhaeuser 4-Square Building Service.

*Name*_____
(PLEASE PRINT)
*Address*_____
*City*_____ *Zone*____ *State*_____

most of the officers live and in the afterhouse.

The forty-five aboard make an easy-going family, and distinctions in rank can hardly be recognized by dress or behavior. Any crew member is welcome in the intermittent but eternal low-stakes poker game held in recreation or mess room of the crew quarters. Shirts and shoes are optional attire. Other entertainment is limited to radio, but television is soon to be installed. Letter writing, not so frequent as if the trips were longer, sometimes produces a batch worth special mailing. In that event a floating sack is prepared and as the Huntington passes through the Florida Straits it is tossed overboard. There is always a handy fisherman glad to pick up the package and take it to shore, collecting a modest tip included in the sack.

The gossip about sister ships and jobs and colleagues and home projects is interminable. Able seaman John Merck, of Arkansas, can spin an Arkansas yarn that entertains everyone but Roy Sedgebeer, his roommate. The two are cronies, but Sedgebeer, with a straight face, complains of Merck that "the blankety blank should clean up his language." It is reported that second mate Paddy Brown, of Massachusetts, a successful raiser of chinchillas, is planning to teach his animals to chirp in a good Irish brogue, which he favors himself, although his three brothers speak pure Jersey. At least two of the ship's complement are actively planning real-estate deals that amount to small subdivisions in widely separated Atlantic Coast states. But when it is time for home-office messages about who is to take off for a month at the end of the current trip, radio officer Pat Dougherty suddenly becomes the center of all ship conversation and attention.

We have aboard nearly 8,500,000 gallons of light crude oil, not a single can of lighter fluid, no alcohol (barred), but a quantity of coffee that seemingly rivals the cargo. There is a hot plate on the bridge that carries two coffeepots. The big urn in the pantry, aft, is always full and available. There are snacks and fresh fruit on tap in both deckhouses. There are also three regular meals a day in each of three messrooms—officers', petty officers' and crew's. All three messes are served the same food from the same galley and about the only difference is that the seats in the officers' mess are the least comfortable.

Meals aboard the Huntington are leisurely, the diners popping in when it suits them within the hour limit on each meal. The menu is abundant and varied, and if our chef has too light a hand with the salt and seasoning, that can be repaired at table. Steak appears once a week, there is a choice of two or three entrees at each meal, fresh vegetables and salads, and no restrictions on additional helpings.

The steward who manages this food service has two cooks in the electric galley, three messmen, and below decks a storeroom, a cool room and a freezer room. He is Nicolaas Vriesema, born in Holland and possessed of remarkable energy after forty-two years at sea. As he looks back he finds that more than food has changed at sea over the years. "When I was first a cabin boy out of Holland I wanted to get ahead, to be a cook. But the cook wouldn't show me anything. He wouldn't let me watch him. So I had to climb up and watch him through the skylight, making notes on his recipes. Now everybody is willing to teach the next fellow and help him. It is better this way."

Nicolaas is a big man and when he takes a helpful interest in anyone's problem, it is a little like being mothered by a full-grown buffalo. He has a home and family in Baltimore, a daughter's wedding coming up this summer, and he sometimes wears the only tankerman's jacket to be seen on this tanker.

If Vriesema's department is what the Huntington feeds on, the route and the over-all responsibility for the ship lie at the top of the midships house where Master Hubert Lovelace Hassel is in command. This is the bridge, known as Hassel's Castle while he is aboard, and it is the most delightful place on the ship for the simple reason that Captain Hassel and his dry, sly humor are present. The old man—and this is a respectful term for any ship's master—is well over six feet, quite handsome in an aquiline way and considering his close-to-retirement age, and is so well acquainted with the sea after more than four decades that he treats it as a mischievous child.

Captain Hassel was born on Saba Island, a remnant of a volcanic cone in the Dutch West Indies. Saba is one of the Leeward Islands, just southeast of our Virgin Islands, and not many people can boast of it as a natal place because few people have ever lived there or live there now. It is an unlikely bit of land, five square miles of it, and the only part that is not rock cliff is the floor of the old crater. This can be reached from the sea only by climbing 800 feet of steps cut out of the sides of the cone. "I started at the bottom," the captain explains, and a little later it turns out that the one and only community on Saba, occupying the crater floor, is called Bottom.

Saba, the old man says, has many great opportunities for young men, as long as they leave there. The captain left forty-four years ago—he has been a master since 1920—but he still returns and he is still fond of the home island. There are still relatives there, probably more than he knows, since the major early families on Saba were the Hassels, the Everys and the Simmonses. "When I go back and someone says to me, 'Your cousin was asking for you, captain,' I just say, 'Well, give him my regards,' and then I shake hands with the next man I meet. What has one Hassel got to say to another Hassel, anyway?"

The captain is the exact opposite of the roaring, blustering master of sea fiction. When he tours the ship daily, he nods and smiles gently on all the crew, and if there are signs of neglect anywhere, he waits and sadly notifies the proper officer in his quarters later. On the bridge, a gaunt, lanky figure, he lopes back and forth, with just the right timing to make his listener wonder whether or not he really means what he has just said. The constantly squawking ship-to-Coast-Guard radio, a pretty good form of entertainment in itself, picks up a drawling interchange on the lower Mississippi.

"Cap'n," it says, "do I understand you to mean you-all are stuck on the bank?"

"Oh, no. We're amovin'."

There is a burst of laughter on the bridge. The captain only smiles and wheels again. "I'm glad," he says. "It's bad form—you know, definitely not the best cricket—to get stuck on the bank."

Captain Hassel's cool-weather-and-fog costume consists of khaki pants, a chamois jacket resembling that of Nanook of the North, and a French Legionnaire cap. Since Baton Rouge is about 240 miles and three separate pilots from the mouth of the Mississippi and since fog dogs us all the way, the captain wears this costume the first night and day out of our loading port. A river pilot is aboard, but when the vital range lights on the banks begin to wink and become wispy, the cap-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tain lopes a little faster. It is a big river, but tankers are acutely sensitive to bumps and scrapes. The pilot is conning the ship. He is also an old friend of the old man's. Captain Hassel poses a purely idle question to the pilot. "Captain," he says, "do you think that all pilots are born optimists?"

Our pilot is not going to be baited by this irrelevant talk. He ignores it. But a little later we swing our bow upstream into the current, drop the anchor and wait a couple of hours for a break in the gray stuff.

The weather is better in the morning, and after picking up a few mosquitoes in the Southwest Pass, we are out in the Gulf. It is time for Captain Hassel to break out a new uniform. He appears in a dark blue beret, apparently ready to face the Australians and take the Davis Cup to France. "It is not so handsome as a hairpiece," the old man explains, "but it is easier to tip."

All the Huntington's men are to some degree aware of the new stature of tankers in the world of salt water. The Liberian flag and the Panamanian flag, favorites of the tanker trade, are more frequently seen in the Gulf loading ports. Foreign flags at Baytown, Texas, for example, are about fourteen times more frequent than they were a few months ago.

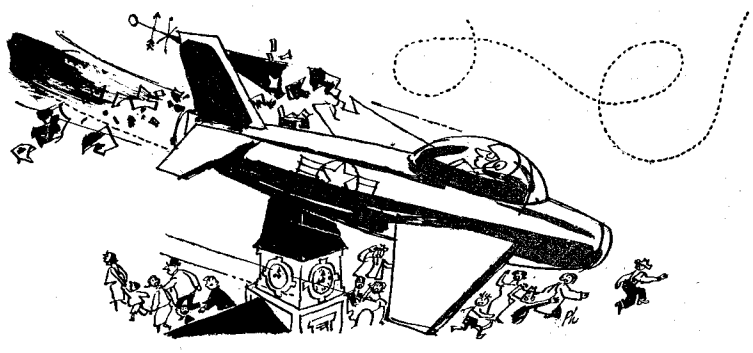
It is beginning to be clearly apparent that about one half of the world's tankers normally carry oil to Western Europe, now that they have turned to us for oil.

It is estimated that by 1965 the world's tonnage of tankers will double, and that by 1975 it will triple. By that time Captain Hassel's profession will have greatly expanded, but the old man will have retired to his Long Island home or to California, there to look back on the two times he was torpedoed, or the hurricanes that drove him off his course. And the Huntington, if it is still in service, will be one of the smaller ships in the tanker trade.

It still looks pretty big, though, as we pick our way with a tanker's caution up Chesapeake Bay in fog-blanketed predawn hours. The radio picks up conversations from a few miles ahead and then a few miles beyond that. The pilot takes heart from reports that up there the visibility is a couple of miles. The captain inquires whether or not the pilot will agree that all pilots are optimists. But we don't anchor this time. We plod along and eventually, inch by inch, tenderly nudge into a Baltimore berth. A boom from one of our king posts picks up the gangplank and swings it out to connect ship and dock. Now the big pumps aft will take over the discharge duty when the hose connections are made. We are no longer a ship, but a tank to be emptied, and the pumpmen rise to their major duties.

A visitor is aboard and the captain bids him good-by with a faint accent that might or might not go back to Saba Island. For the major part of more than four decades the captain has lived on the water. His parting words are "Happy motoring."

THE END



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Second Lieutenant Hurlbirdd, proud of becoming a fighter pilot, received orders to fly to another air base and return. As his home town was only 200 miles off the line of flight, he decided to thrill the home folks by zooming over them. Unfortunately, one wing hit a corner of a building and his plane crashed into a crowd. The injured persons sued the United States Government.

"Military personnel are Government employees, and the Government ordered Hurlbirdd to fly that plane as part of his training," they argued. "Therefore the Government is responsible for his injuring us."

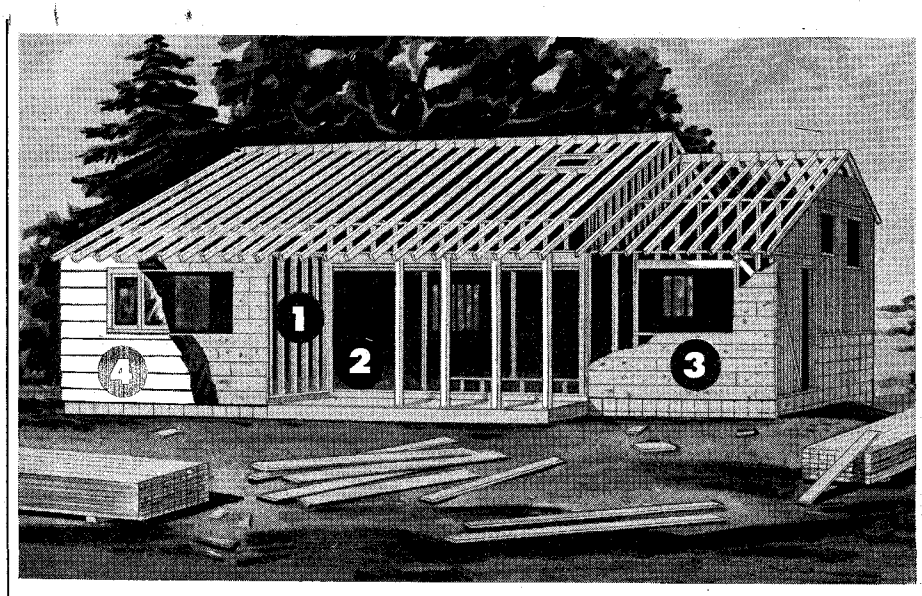
"If Hurlbirdd had caused your injuries while carrying out his orders, the Government would indeed be responsible, but that is not the case," the United States lawyers retorted. "He disobeyed his orders and your injuries resulted from that. So the Government should not have to pay."

If you were the judge, would you award damages to the plane victims?

• •

The plane victims lost. The court ruled that Hurlbirdd was not acting as a Government employee when he caused the injuries. "Prankish acts," it said, "rarely can be attributed to the employer as a means of carrying out the employment. The action of the pilot in hedgehopping or buzzing over his home town was obviously motivated personally, and not by the Air Force training program."

Based upon a 1956 Federal Court decision.



DESIGN NO. 6209

...and why the best builders use

Kiln-Dried Lumber

1. Builders of fine homes know the importance of using kiln-dried lumber for its increased strength properties and durability, and therefore specify 4-Square studding.

2. A more uniform degree of dimensional stability is obtained in 4-Square Kiln-Dried joists because they are scientifically seasoned before surfacing to size.

3. Structural soundness and durability are increased in kiln-dried sheathing which securely holds nails.

4. By kiln-drying, the cellular structure of wood siding takes on a more uniform compactness which improves workability and welcomes all types of finishes.

Your 4-Square Dealer can help you select reliable, economical building materials

One of the best ways to protect your home building investment is to rely on expert guidance when you select the materials. Your Weyerhaeuser 4-Square Lumber Dealer will be happy to show you how to choose materials to assure sound, durable construction at moderate cost.

For example, your dealer will explain that the features listed above are only a few of the reasons why quality builders prefer Weyerhaeuser 4-Square Kiln-Dried Lumber for framing. This lumber is light and strong, easy to work, durable, and capable of taking an excellent finish. It is precision manufactured, accurately graded, and is supplied ready to use, in standard sizes.

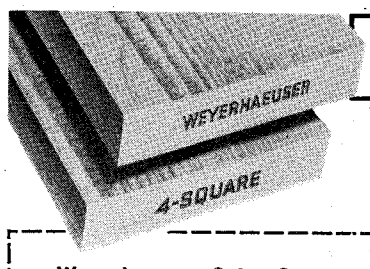
Exterior and interior finish for your home is extremely important, and here your Weyerhaeuser 4-Square Lumber Dealer can show you how to add unique beauty as well as economy and long life. Depending on your taste and the architecture of your new home, the exterior can be finished in one of many patterns of durable Western sidings, shingles, or shakes. Inside, paneling for the important rooms lends warmth and distinction . . . and cabinets and other built-ins of wood are ideal.

It will pay you well to rely on your Weyerhaeuser 4-Square Lumber Dealer for assistance in all phases of building . . . and for materials, beginning with Weyerhaeuser 4-Square Kiln-Dried Lumber.

WEYERHAEUSER

4-SQUARE

LUMBER AND BUILDING SERVICES



OPERATION Better Your Living HOME IMPROVEMENT

Weyerhaeuser Sales Company
P. O. Box 5000, Dept. 337-P, St. Paul 4, Minnesota

Please send me home improvement planning literature listed below. I enclose 25¢.

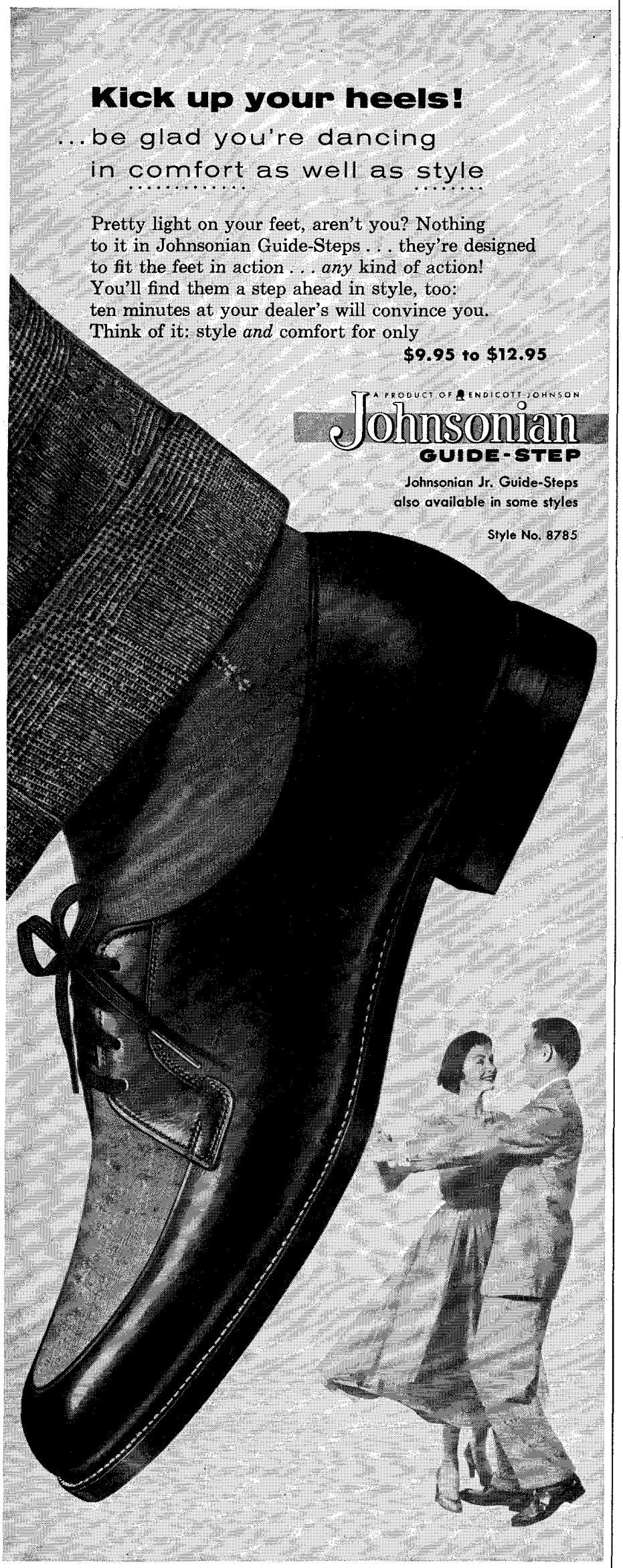
- Folder describing "Why it pays to build with . . . Kiln-Dried Lumber"
- Colorfully illustrated booklet: "Ideas For Decorating With Wood Paneling"
- Brochure showing "Sidings For Ideal Homes of Wood"

*Name*_____
(PLEASE PRINT)

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *Zone*____ *State*_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Kick up your heels!
...be glad you're dancing
in comfort as well as style
Pretty light on your feet, aren't you? Nothing
to it in Johnsonian Guide-Steps . . . they're designed
to fit the feet in action . . . any kind of action!
You'll find them a step ahead in style, too:
ten minutes at your dealer's will convince you.
Think of it: style and comfort for only
$9.95 to $12.95
A PRODUCT OF ENDICOTT JOHNSON
Johnsonian
GUIDE-STEP
Johnsonian Jr. Guide-Steps
also available in some styles
Style No. 8785
For free booklet on the Guide-Step principle and your dealer's name write:
Endicott Johnson Corporation, Endicott 1, N. Y., St. Louis 2, Mo. or New York 13, N. Y.

They Patrol the North Front

(Continued from Page 45)

Laplanders and their roving reindeer herds. Colonel Lund looks first for reindeer, then for the wolf pack that is almost certain to be shadowing them. When he spots wolves, he lets down and gives chase. The plane is slow enough so he can cruise low. He strafes the wolves out of the cockpit window with a submachine gun.

So far as Colonel Lund is concerned, they are Communist wolves. He asserts as a dogmatic fact that most of them come out of Russia. Ever since the Finnish Winter War, Norway has had a common boundary with Russia. That frontier, behind which the Soviets are known to be suspiciously active, is 120 miles long and only some 250 miles as the plane flies from Bardufoss.

Communist or not, these savage wolf packs prey upon the reindeer herds, the sole property and main livelihood of many Lapps. The Lapps appealed to the Norwegian Air Force, as it extended its operations into the far north, for assistance against the wolves. That is why Colonel Lund goes hunting. He relishes the sport at the same time he is doing a favor for his friends, the Laplanders. "After all, these Lapps pay taxes to Norway the same as anybody else," the big man explains. "Living a nomad existence in tents, they get very little in return. The least the government can do for them is kill wolves."

The Lapps show their gratitude in another way than taxes. They make good plane spotters in a remote, almost uninhabited region which, without them, would be a blank space. They are being recruited into the ground-observer corps of the air force. They are enthusiastic over the work, treating it as a game. Moreover, they have exceptionally keen eyesight.

This utilization of the services of a migratory population is one example of the way in which the defense-conscious Norwegians are transforming what, at first glance, might be considered hopeless disadvantages into positive assets. Norway's mountains extend almost without interruption the 1100-mile length of this narrow strip of a country, making travel and communication difficult, and leaving few places flat enough to develop major air fields.

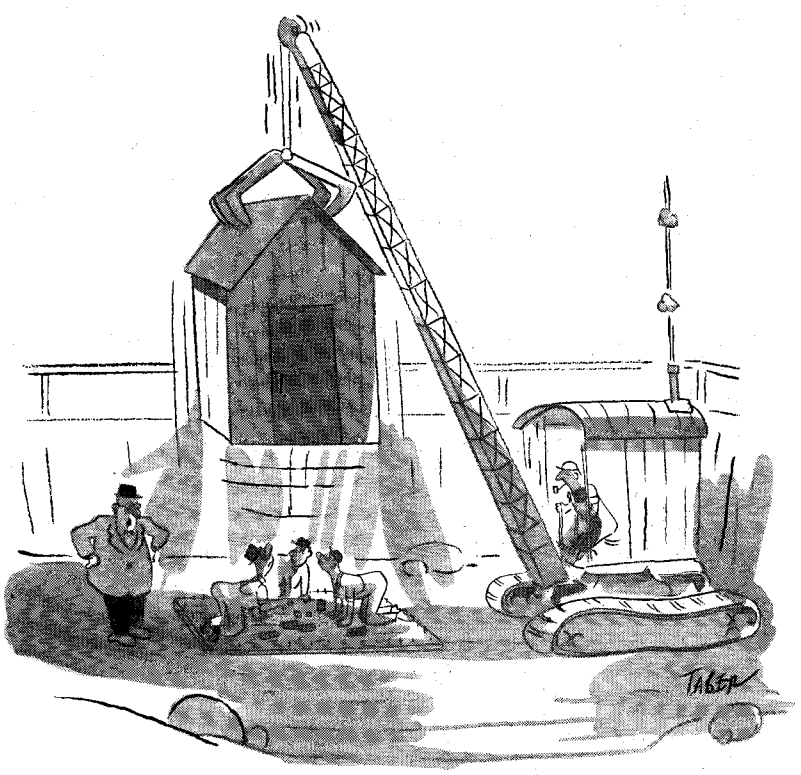
So what are the Norwegians doing? They are converting the very mountain ranges into a kind of fortification confronting the Iron Curtain—across neutral Sweden and Finland. They are blasting tunnels and caverns into their flanks for fabulous underground military installations calculated to defy the atom bomb. On the craggy mountaintops they are planting a long chain of radomes in a nearly completed Aircraft Control and Warning System—comparable to America's DEW line. The control centers are safely subterranean.

This underground network is mainly the work of the air force. Fully aware that one of the first enemy aims in event of war would be to knock it out, the RNAF is hastening to make its facilities as bombproof as possible—particularly its jet-fuel storage and its radar warning stations. Underground hangars for jet fighters are in the making.

Until the appearance of this article, Norway has kept its underground operations as secret as security could make them. Jim Burns, my camera companion, and I were the first foreign correspondents ever permitted to inspect and photograph the subterranean defenses, as well as radar stations in the A. C. and W. System.

The truth is that the man-made caves are no secret to the Russians anyway. Months ago a Moscow broadcast reported that a big cave was being excavated into a mountainside at Bodö, and that "slave labor" was being used, with harsh cruelty, for the work. Norwegians are vastly amused at such clumsy propaganda efforts.

The Royal Norwegian Air Force is the outstanding military fact about Norway today. The descendants of vikings and a thousand years of seafaring ancestors have taken to the air with a spirit and aptitude that amazed their instructors. The development of this modern jet striking force has taken place only within the past three years, yet today it rates as the No. 3 air arm of NATO in Europe. It patrols one third of the entire NATO defense perimeter, an area of special stra-



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"HAH!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Glad you could make it!"

tegic significance as the northern flank of that front.

Last summer this upstart viking air force put into the northern skies its first squadron of F-86-K's—the last word in all-weather jet interceptors—under the tutelage of our Air Force. The RNAF is, in effect, a smaller copy of the USAF. It is almost wholly American-equipped and American-trained. "You could take a sergeant out of the United States Air Force, drop him in here, and set him immediately to work," remarked one American officer stationed in Oslo with our MAAG—Military Assistance Advisory Group.

This new air force has come into being mainly at United States expense under the Mutual Defense Assistance Program. Norway has no aircraft or even automobile industry of her own. With a population of only 3,300,000, mainly concerned with shipping, fishing, and agriculture, she cannot afford to purchase fighting planes for an air fleet in the jet and atom age. So Norway supplies the manpower, the bases—and the courageous spirit.

In terms of our own forward defenses alone, this is quite probably the best investment we have made anywhere in foreign aid. We have placed weapons in the hands of a reliable people, fiercely dedicated to the same ideals of freedom we uphold. They operate in a vitally important one third of the NATO front which guards the arctic air routes by which enemy bombers might speed toward the United States, and the sea routes by which enemy submarines might break out into the North Atlantic.

It has cost the United States $250,000,000 thus far to help Norway build its air force, according to MAAG officials in Oslo. "That is cheap," they observe, "compared to what it would have cost us to put our own Air Force and bases in here."

The possibility of United States bases in Norway is a subject best avoided while you are in the country. When Norway plumped for NATO in 1949, in the face of Soviet threats and Sweden's attempts to organize a Scandinavian neutral bloc instead, her parliament, the Storting, promptly turned thumbs-down on permitting foreign military bases of any kind. The United States had wished to establish an air base in the south of Norway for defense of the Skagerrak. Norway determined to run her own bases and military establishments, however much aid she might accept from abroad. The notion doesn't seem half bad when you look around at these imposing air bases and note that they are capable of receiving the biggest bombers and the fastest jets in great numbers. Nobody doubts that they would become instantly available to American and other allied aircraft in the event of war.

Thorolv Kandahl, editor of the Drammens Tidende and a member of the parliament that voted the taboo on foreign bases, renewed an old wartime acquaintance with me at the Oslo Press Club. He told me that there is no possibility of a reversal of that vote in the foreseeable future, the political climate of Norway being what it is. "Norwegians have a rugged spirit of independence," he said, "and a strong distaste for uniforms. People who were under Nazi occupation for five years cannot be blamed if they are antagonistic to having foreign troops stationed on their soil—even friendly ones."

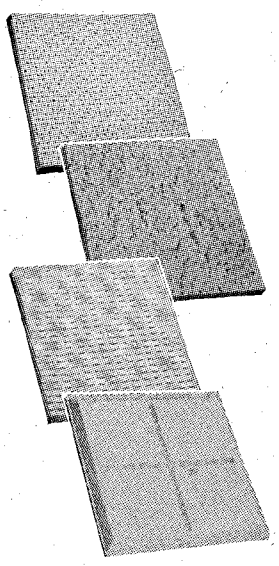
In deference to this understandable reaction, our Army, Air Force and Navy people of the MAAG in Oslo go about their ordinary duties in civilian clothes and wear their uniforms only for formal functions. Their relations with the Norwegians are cordial in the extreme. The MAAG offices are in downtown Oslo, not far from the parliament building and the red-brick headquarters of the Norwegian Air Force, formerly the royal cavalry stables. In command of this MAAG group is an affable sea dog, Rear Adm. John H. Carson. Because of the importance the RNAF has assumed in the Norwegian defense picture, the most intensive activity goes on in the air section of MAAG. The present commander of the MAAG air section is Col. William M. Banks, a jet pilot himself with a background of Pacific fighting. Banks is a sociable extrovert with a way of getting things done, and is immensely popular with the Norwegian staff men.

The top Norwegian with whom he does business is a man of quiet demeanor, fifty-eight-year-old Lt. Gen. B. F. Motzfeldt, commander in chief of the RNAF and "Freddie" to close friends. General Motzfeldt has been flying since 1923 and got his advanced training with the United States Air Corps at Kelly Field, Texas, back in the '20's. He also learned about the mechanics of airplanes by working for Douglas Aircraft in California. General Motzfeldt conveys a positive pro-American sentiment in his conversation, a keynote that runs through the command of the RNAF.

Receiving me cordially in his office, General Motzfeldt set the tenor of the interview at (*Continued on Page 110*)

Knock Out Noise...Raise Efficiency!

as Acousti-Celotex Sound Conditioning *brings you All 3*



The modern, the successful business of today realizes the importance of sound conditioning to check noise, improve efficiency and morale. Most vital are the 3 points to look for when *you* decide on sound control. You *pay* for all 3. Be sure you *get* all 3 . . . the 3 outstanding factors that mean complete satisfaction, which only Acousti-Celotex Sound Conditioning can offer:

1. **Experience Leadership.** Through 32 years of service, Acousti-Celotex Sound Conditioning Distributors—experts all—have made more installations than any other organization!
2. **Product Leadership.** Acousti-Celotex acoustical products are the world's most widely-preferred. They include the largest variety of beautiful and modern materials on the market, to meet every job requirement, every building code!
3. **Achievement Leadership.** There is no major sound conditioning problem that Acousti-Celotex experts have not tackled and solved . . . in offices, hospitals, schools, churches, restaurants, stores, banks, hotels!

You can see how these factors will assure the safety of your investment . . . when you depend on Acousti-Celotex leadership in the field of sound conditioning, and on the world's most widely-used and best-known acoustical products. Write Dept. SP-37 today for a Sound Conditioning Survey Chart that will bring you a *free* analysis of your own particular noise problem.

Quickly installed, easily maintained, permanently effective

ACOUSTI-CELOTEX
REGISTERED U. S. PAT. OFF.
Sound Conditioning
TRADE MARK

THE WORLD'S MOST WIDELY-USED SOUND CONDITIONING MATERIALS

THE CELOTEX CORPORATION, 120 S. LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO 3, ILL.
In Canada: Dominion-Sound Equipments, Ltd., Montreal, Quebec

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here, off highway 100 near Milwaukee, as at truck stops everywhere, you'll see more INTERNATIONALS—first in heavy-duty truck sales for 25 straight years!

Over the years

International Trucks cost leas

What over-the-road fleet drivers know first hand—what their bosses have proved through years of figuring—pays off when you buy *any* INTERNATIONAL. Their cost records prove to them that INTERNATIONAL Trucks cost *least* to own!*

What's more, whether you operate a farm pickup, a stop-and-go city delivery truck, a cement-mixer unit, INTERNATIONAL gives you the added economy of owning a truck that fits your job *exactly*.

INTERNATIONAL Trucks are built with one basic thought in mind: to do a truck job, and do it better, longer and at lower cost than anyone else's truck.

Yet you'll find them safe, agile and comfortable, fast on the move, with the solid feel of excellent roadability—all with a whale of a payload on their backs.

Remember this when you're ready to buy. And see your INTERNATIONAL Dealer.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY • CHICAGO

**Signed statements in our files, from fleet operators throughout the U.S., back up this statement.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heir bosses can prove it...

own!

ake your choice
om the world's
ost complete
uck line!

First in door-to-door economy, too. Because they cost *least* to own, INTERNATIONAL Trucks lead all other makes in multi-stop sales—have for 19 straight years! Make *your* next multi-stop truck an INTERNATIONAL, with Metro,® Metro-ette, Metro-Lite, Metro Van or panel body.

Motor Trucks • Crawler Tractors • Construction Equipment
McCormick® Farm Equipment and Farmall® Tractors

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

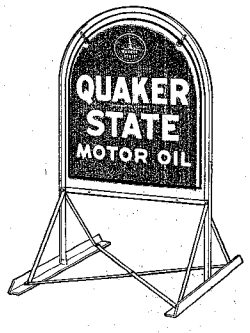
Car owners who understand motors get years-ahead Quaker State for protection, performance, oil mileage!

These three most important driving benefits are yours when you drive with Quaker State.

First, you get maximum protection against harmful deposits that cut down on engine life. Second, you get all the performance your car was designed to give. Third, you get mile after mile of trouble-free driving between oil changes.

Rich, tough Quaker State assures you of these three most important benefits. Get the performance your car was designed to deliver with that famous Pennsylvania motor oil, Quaker State.

In every state it's Quaker State for quality! Always ask for it by name.



QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.
Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

(*Continued from Page 107*) once by referring to his pleasant memories of three years spent in America. "Needless to say," he went on, "the Royal Norwegian Air Force will always be grateful to the United States. Today most of our equipment is American-made. Without American assistance it would be practically impossible to keep our armed forces at their present level. The American type of equipment and the common policy in training and procedure have established happy relations between the USAF and our air force. I know this relationship will continue."

Outlining Norway's aerial-defense picture, General Motzfeldt said, "The RNAF is initially responsible for the thousand miles of air frontier from the North Cape to The Naze. We cover the northern and left flank of the NATO system in Europe, and will to the best of our ability secure this air space so it cannot be trespassed. I have no doubt that the force, if called upon, will give a good account of itself. We have still a long way to go, but the force has both teeth and punch."

The basic motivation behind this viking adventure in the skies was more plainly expressed by Sverre Thoresen, public-information officer of the RNAF, when he talked with me one evening. "Listen," he said, leaning earnestly forward in his chair. "We were occupied. We were occupied for five cruel years. We propose never to be occupied again. That is the key to everything."

Because of the unwieldy length of Norway, the country is divided in the middle for purposes of air-force administration. Maj. Gen. Odd Bull is Air Commander Norway, which means of Southern Norway, with headquarters at Voksenlia, near Oslo. Maj. Gen. Einar Tufte Johnsen is Air Commander North Norway, with headquarters at Bodö—pronounced like Buddha—a harbor town that was nearly blitzed out of existence by the Germans in 1940 and has been completely rebuilt.

General Bull, blond and blue-eyed, was one of the founders of Little Norway, the Canadian training camp where the modern RNAF had its beginning during World War II. He told me the firsthand story of it while I sat with him during a flight from Oslo down into Germany—the Germany from which he once watched *Luftwaffe* planes swarm to the attack over a helpless capital that had little in the way of wings to hurl back.

In early May, 1940, a small fishing boat put out cautiously from the coast of Norway, near Alesund. For two and a half days, crossing the perilous North Sea, the craft might have been sunk at any time by Nazi patrols—many such escape boats were, as bodies washed up on shore testified. A special providence must have watched over these brave airmen, for they reached the Shetland Islands safely.

That little boat carried the nucleus of today's Norwegian Air Force—a dozen pilots who had put up a brief, futile resistance over Oslo, then escaped into the mountains. Among them was a young captain named Odd Bull, now Air Commander Norway.

"When it was decided that Norway would continue to fight, with a government-in-exile," General Bull told me, "we soon found out there were no airdromes to spare for our use in England. Then Canada came up with an offer of a small field near Toronto. Captain Bakke Stene and I landed in New York in July of 1940, went straight to Toronto, picked a site for Little Norway, and got the barracks constructed. We started a flying school that summer. I returned to England in 1941 to organize the first two Norwegian fighter squadrons. By the end of the war, we had five fighter squadrons. They returned to Norway after the liberation."

After the war the British left some Spitfires and Vampires behind in Norway, and these were utilized for training purposes by the fledgling air force. After Norway joined NATO in 1949, American planes began to flow here.

The rapid build-up of the RNAF, in the words of one MAAG official, was "the real beginning of our influence in Europe." The original commitment of MAAG's air section, to build up six fighter-bomber squadrons as the main tactical force in Norway, has now been realized. "These people have built themselves an air force," the same American officer asserted. "They have an impressive record of flying time and an extremely low wash-out rate in their training."

The need for a radar warning network was urgent on that unprotected northern front when our MAAG team moved in. The system is now an accomplished fact. The yellow radomes, picturesque against the sky and often battered by high winds on their mountaintop perches, are spaced so as to leave no appreciable gaps between the Skagerrak and the Arctic Ocean. Some stations are so inaccessible they can be serviced only by helicopter.

One of the unique problems the RNAF has to face is that of land shortage. Perpendicular geography allows little land that is level enough for a mighty air base. Only some 3 per cent of Norwegian soil is arable. Thus the construction of these super-bases has caused some friction between the air force and Norway's proud small farmers. They resent seeing land taken out of cultivation for military purposes. The air force has an answer to their complaint: The air bases are making more land, instead of less, available for cultivation. At the newest base, Rygge, whereas only 120 acres of the confiscated land was under cultivation before, construction of the base has made 250 acres available now through the leveling of adjacent woodlands. The air force has made concessions. Farmers till the soil right up to the runways and even in the strips between them. It is no uncommon sight at a Norwegian airfield to see a farm tractor plodding between the long concrete runways while a formation of jet fighters is screaming into take-off.

Ironically, the hated German oppressors helped the Norwegians build several of their air bases with which they hope to circumvent future occupation. At Bardufoss, for instance, all the buildings now in use except one small hangar were erected by the Germans, who somehow neglected to destroy them in the scorched-earth policy they applied so ruthlessly in North Norway during their 1944 withdrawal before the Russians. Gardermoen, a southern field not far from Oslo, was the *Luftwaffe's* main base in Norway, and has been enlarged into one of the RNAF's key bases. Its long wooden barracks may not be modern, but the Norwegians are content. The Nazis paid for them.

From Oslo we were flown 1000 miles north over some of the most sensational scenery in the world—pine forests, lakes, fiords, and mountains, mountains, mountains. We crossed a shoulder of the famous Jotunheimen range which boasts the highest peak north of the Alps. The airplane was to all appearances an American "gooneybird" (C-47), except that the letters on its fuselage said DET KONGELIGE NORSKE FLYVAPEN—the Royal Norwegian Air Force—and its crew were Norwegian, though they chatted with us in perfect English.

The "gooneybirds" operate a daily shuttle to the northern bases which is so routine that the crews refer to it as the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"*Melke Rute*"—milk route. The *Melke Rute* crosses the Arctic Circle without batting an eyelash. While its main object is to transport military supplies and personnel, it also carries, on a space-available basis, women and children—the families of servicemen going to visit or join them. The plane taking us to Bodö and Bardufoss even picked up a baby carriage, complete with infant. The pram was methodically strapped to the floor and off we went. This informal civilian-passenger service, with children running up and down the aisle and smearing the windows with sticky hands, suggests that the RNAF believes in keeping close to the people.

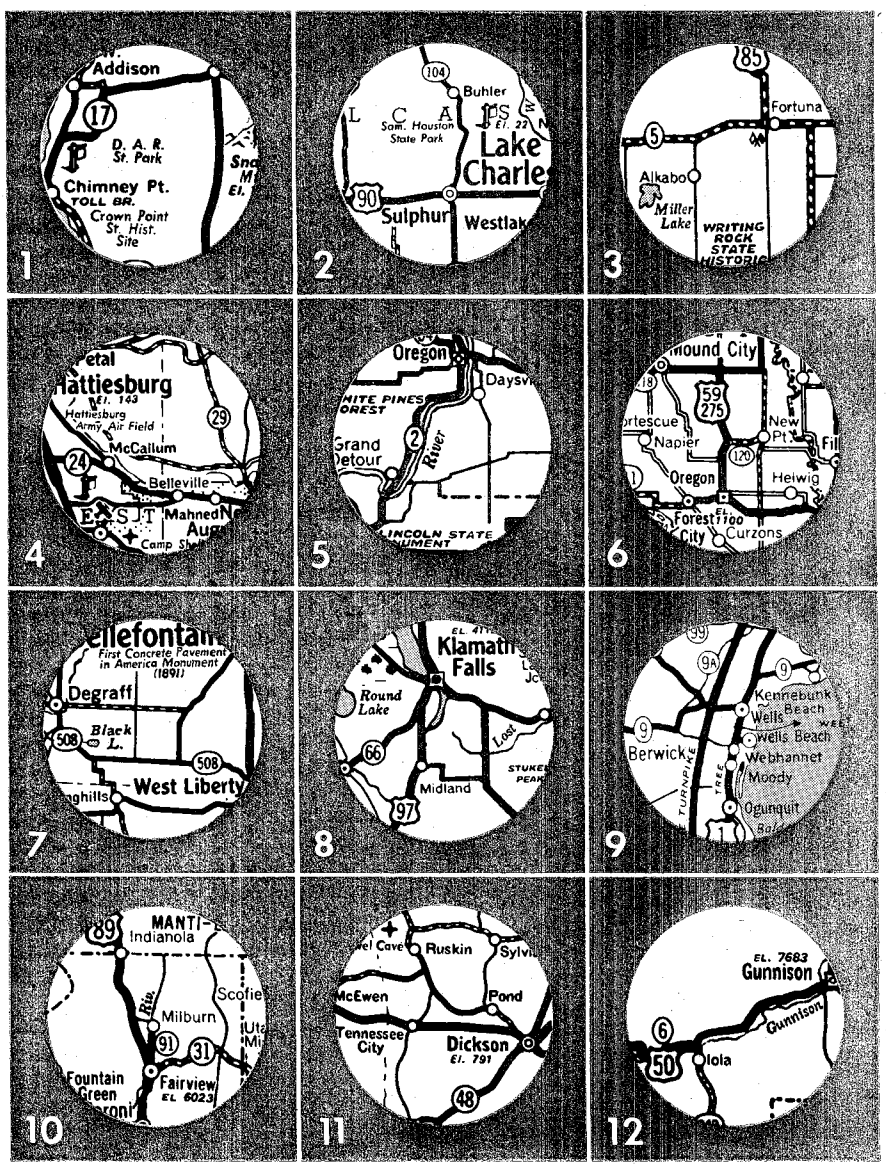
Bodö is the place to which the Scandinavian Airlines System (SAS) takes passengers on overnight flights from Oslo just to see the midnight sun. The air base there is the West European counterpart of America's great arctic base at Thule, Greenland. Bardufoss is a subsidiary field almost two hours farther north. A trifle nearer than Bardufoss to the North Pole, though off the mainland, is the base of Andoya, on one of the northern islands.

These arctic bases are not nearly so harsh and disagreeable as their American equivalents in Northern Canada and Greenland. Thanks to the Gulf Stream, all the harbors of North Norway are ice-free the year round. But that is precisely what made them so attractive to the Germans, and presumably would recommend them to a new enemy with an enormous fleet of submarines. Standing before a great wall map in his headquarters office at Bodö, Gen. Tufte Johnsen, Air Commander North Norway, gave me a crisp run down on the strategic significance of that command.

"Our nearness to the arctic air routes across which bombing attacks might be mounted against the United States is obvious," General Johnsen said, with his finger on the map. "But what about that fleet of four hundred submarines the Russians are presumed to have? More than two thirds of Russia's naval strength is concentrated in the Baltic Sea and the Arctic Ocean. It is difficult for it to get out through the Denmark straits. Around the North Cape is far simpler. Once the subs get out, they must also get back to home port. Russia's bases in the arctic are few and easily located for bombing. These things are what make the north of Norway so important to defend."

Yet, up until two or three years ago, North Norway had been virtually written off as indefensible. The wind has shifted in an incredibly short time. Why? The air force up here is the answer.

In looking around at what it is doing, we encountered again the almost legendary name of Bernt Balchen. Though long an American citizen, Col. Bernt Balchen is Norwegian-born and a national hero to Norway. In the last war he flew to the



RAND MCNALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Dorothy Joyce

(*Answers on Page 112*)

STRINGS... REEDS... FLUTE TONES! Your LOWREY faithfully reproduces all of them... offers a rich variety of organ diapason voices... boasts an amazing versatility that will delight the most accomplished organist. Yet the LOWREY is so easy to play... even for those who cannot read a note of music... that the novice finds *immediate* enjoyment in beginning its mastery.

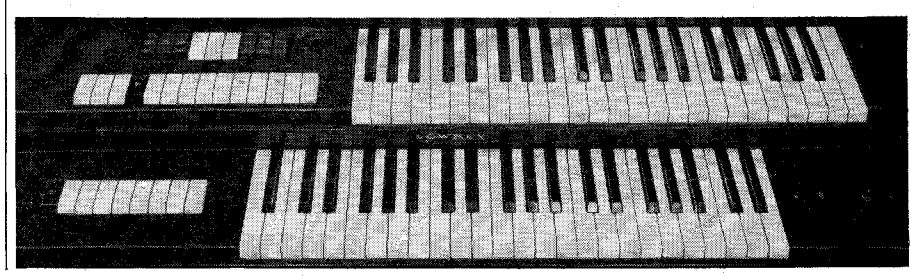
Here are some of the many wonderful features that make the LOWREY so appealing to the beginner, so satisfying to the virtuoso: Solo tabs control volume individually for each keyboard. Balanced twin speakers for hi-fi tone. "Minit-Music" starts *anyone* playing immediately • Distinctively styled in a wide choice of cabinets and finishes (there's one to suit *your* taste) • And the exclusive Lowrey "Glide" provides thrilling effects such as real slide trombone and many others!

See your LOWREY dealer... or write us directly... for complete information about the *incomparable* LOWREY Organ... and budget terms... TODAY!

The Lowrey Organ Company, Dept. 137
7373 N. Cicero Ave., Chicago 30, Illinois

LOWREY ORGANS

...YOUR KEYS TO THE WORLD OF MUSIC



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aid of the resistance and was commanding officer against Nazi forces in North Norway. His influence is still there as an arctic adviser to the RNAF, as he is to the USAF.

"Somewhere in Norway" we inspected an underground hangar after an exciting flight over up-ended terrain that looked like the Tetons of Wyoming. Experimentally constructed, largely because the stone was needed for runways, it has worked well enough to be imitated and improved upon at other mountain-girt bases. This hangar is in the form of a tunnel, just wide enough to take the wing tips of an F-86-K, curving crescentwise into and out of a rocky ridge bordering an air base. Jet fighter-interceptors can be stacked in it, nose to tail, ready to take off rapidly by simply moving ahead in line to the exit.

Without fuel, jets would remain on the ground. The RNAF is giving earnest attention to its fuel-storage caverns. You follow a devious tunnel deep into a hill. At its end you find two or three cylindrical metal tanks, of huge but undisclosed capacity, each protected in its individual high-vaulted cell in the rock with enough ceiling overhead to defy the most monstrous of H-bombs. Besides a concrete blast wall at the entrance, the tunnel has a dead-end trap a short distance inside to break the shock wave if ever a bomb made a lucky hit in front.

Double pipelines snake through the tunnels—one for fuel to be forced in from a distant pumping station, the other for it to be drawn down by gravity to the neighboring air base. No telltale movements around the site will betray its location.

Wherever a radome uprears on a rocky pinnacle in Norway, you may depend upon it that the granite basement is honeycombed. In going through, by special dispensation of the Norwegian Defense Ministry, the SOC—Sector Operations Center—for one warning system, we walked straight into a hillside; then were admitted by an armed guard through a massive iron gate into a long, right-angled tunnel. My skin crawled with the feeling of hidden machine-gun muzzles covering every inch of these passageways. Presently bare rock walls gave way to interior decorating, and the crew rooms were as dry and pleasant as any surface quarters. The operations room itself was beautifully wood-paneled—with what else but Norway pine? A very steep stairway slanted darkly up an inclined tunnel to the hilltop. And the great bubble of the radome, inside which the antenna constantly swept the sky, embroidered the scope far below with the crenelated peaks of mountains.

The air force is by no means alone in diving underground. The Royal Norwegian Navy is planning to dynamite shelters for warcraft into the sheer walls of the fiords. Industries, such as the numerous hydroelectric plants, are boring into the depths of their already half-hidden mountain chasms.

The great Raufoss ammunition factory has been snugly beneath the surface, with 180 feet of rock for a ceiling, since 1954. This is the largest underground industry in the world—unless a bigger one lurks behind the Iron Curtain. I spent several hours in the Raufoss works, and had to keep reminding myself that I was under the ground, so cleverly has this fact been disguised for the comfort of the 2000 people who work there. Rock walls and roofs are entirely sealed over. You enter by way of a slick modern office building aboveground and descend an ordinary stairway. Then you take a quarter-mile stroll into the nether regions along what resembles a Manhattan subway tube, with track below and a shelving platform along one side. An electric train services the plant through this tunnel. Hydroelectricity being Norway's cheapest commodity, the factory is powered completely with electricity, even to the furnaces that melt the metal. All fumes are forced immediately to the surface. The ventilating system gives the plant a complete change of air ten times every hour. The air is so good that flowers bloom healthily in the canteens.

It is a costly and laborious job to blast these holes under the mountains. But the sturdy Norwegians, who long ago learned not only how to live with a rough environment but to bend it to their uses, have a philosophy about this that makes economic sense. Readily admitting that the initial bill comes high, they insist that their grottoes of defense, once completed, will last till the trump of doom—with practically no cost for upkeep.

THE END

which of these two trademarks would YOU pick for a big corporation ?

1. Thompson Products

this? ↑ or this? ↓

2. Thompson Products

STYLES CHANGE... that's for sure! In clothing . . . in cars . . . in industry . . . *even in trademarks* which are intended to reflect the products and the personalities of the companies they represent. The Thompson Products trademark is a case in point.

Thompson has grown tremendously in the past 20 years... has multiplied its sales from three million dollars to more than three hundred million a year! And Thompson research, development, production methods, products and markets have grown at the same pace.

Now it's time for the Thompson trademark to change and reflect the modern trend of the company's many operations.

If you picked *No. 2* of the above two trademarks, you've agreed with the design experts who chose it from more than 100 trademarks submitted. This is the new Thompson Products trademark that you'll be seeing from now on. No. 1, incidentally, is the old trademark which No. 2 replaces, after thirty years.

You can expect still greater improvements in Thompson engineering, products and parts as new challenges come up through the years. 20 years from now... maybe sooner... you might be looking at a still newer Thompson trademark! Thompson Products, Inc., General Offices, Cleveland 17, Ohio.

ATTENTION, ENGINEERS! Contact us about joining our company, which has contributed importantly to the development of the airplane as well as the automobile, since their early days. We are now also expanding in the fields of electronics, hydraulics, pneumatics, nuclear energy and general industry. Write Ray Stanish, Manager, Central Staff Placement, Thompson Products, Inc., Cleveland 17, Ohio. Phone: IVanhoe 1-7500.

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 111

1. Vt.	2. La.	3. N.D.
4. Miss.	5. Ill.	6. Mo.
7. Ohio	8. Ore.	9. Me.
10. Utah	11. Tenn.	12. Colo.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Boston Gets a Winner (Continued from Page 36)

Russell, and you've got a real ball club in Boston. Then take Gola away from last year's best team, and there's got to be a change in the balance of power in the league."

The change was so spectacular that by January some people in the NBA were calling the Celtics the greatest basketball squad ever assembled—greater even than the 1949–54 Minneapolis Lakers with George Mikan. Coach Arnold (Red) Auerbach—a central figure in the periodic internal blowups which have spiced the recent history of the Celtics—wasn't going out on any limb like that. However, he conceded that Boston's long years of basketball frustration might at last be over.

"This club at full strength is the answer to a coach's dream," he said recently. "We've got that same great backcourt strength we've always had with Cousy and Sharman, we're stronger than we've ever been up front, and we've got good depth everywhere. Heinsohn and Loscutoff are powerfully built boys who can get rebounds, and Russell is going to be the best center in the business, if he isn't already. I've never seen anyone do what he did—come in at midseason with no experience, no training and no knowledge of the league, and take right over. Naturally, I'm keeping my fingers crossed, but, barring injuries, the Celtics might go all the way."

With more blind faith than common sense, Celtic fans in increasing numbers have been saying the same thing since Auerbach, Cousy and Macauley all arrived together on the Boston scene seven years ago. Sharman got there one year later. Anyway, the Celtics in 1950 had finished last in their division. In 1951 they shot up to second. And that, by and large, is what they were thereafter—second in 1952, third in 1953, second in 1954, third two years ago and second last year. They did no better in the playoffs. Year after year, they were knocked out early.

Despite their repeated failures, they were always the most exciting pro team to watch. Cousy, a master ball-handler and playmaker, was the league's showiest performer, and Macauley one of its leading scorers. Sharman was one of the best set shots, and the most successful foul shooter of modern times. The trouble was, not one of them was a strong defensive player. Cousy and Sharman were too short, and the skinny six-foot, eight-inch Macauley was too frail for the rugged job of grabbing rebounds off the backboards.

The result was an unprecedented number of high-point defeats. The Celtics have scored 100 points in a losing cause more often than any other team in the NBA. Last season they dropped eighteen of these scoring carnivals, seven to Philadelphia alone. Of the twelve games they played against the Warriors, ten ended with both clubs scoring more than 100 points. In the last game of the season between the two teams, Philadelphia won by the staggering score of 142 to 120, an all-time record for both a winning and a losing team. The Celtics averaged a record 106 points per game for the year, but they also gave away a record 105.3.

No one in the Celtics' organization was more aware of their defensive weaknesses than Auerbach. For years he has been crying for a good rebound man. When the current season began, Heinsohn and Loscutoff did much to fill the need. By ordinary standards, both men are huge. Loscutoff is six feet, five inches tall, and Heinsohn is six-seven. But neither is big enough to suit Auerbach completely. Not until six-foot-ten Bill Russell joined the team was he satisfied.

The Celtics had always needed a tall man who could cope with great stars like Neil Johnston, of Philadelphia; Bob Pettit, of St. Louis; Maurice Stokes, of Rochester; Clyde Lovellette, of Minneapolis; and Dolph Schayes, of Syracuse—all of whom are outstanding not only as scorers but also at getting the ball off the boards. Jack Nichols, a Tufts University dental student, led the Celtics in rebounds last year, even though he was just a part-time player. But his 625 rebounds left him only twelfth in the league. All the other teams had at least one man with more.

Russell now promises to change all that. He has been averaging about twenty rebounds per game. In his fourth NBA appearance, Russell broke the Boston Garden rebound record with thirty-four in just twenty-six minutes of playing time. He is the first potentially great defensive player the Celtics have ever had.

On offense, he has been contributing a respectable thirteen or more points a game. His one glaring weakness has been on foul shots—by late February he had netted less than half of his attempts. However, because of Russell's defensive and rebounding skills, the Celtics' whole fast-breaking offense can roll with more freedom. Cousy and Sharman, the best backcourt pair in the game, can take chances they didn't dare take before.

As a result, for most of this season the Celtics have been scoring as well as ever and defending much better. Their letdowns invariably could be attributed to a combination of extra-heavy travel and injuries to key reserves.

Their scoring has been better distributed. Last season Sharman, Cousy and Macauley accounted for considerably more than half the Celtics' points, and only one other man averaged more than eight points per game—Jack Nichols, with a 14.3 mark. This year there are eight players who have been above the eight-point level—six of them in double figures. Bill Sharman broke his own record for consecutive foul shots when he caged fifty-five in a row during an early-season streak.

If the Celtics take it all this year, it will be hard for anybody to begrudge them their success. Maurice Podoloff, president of the NBA, summed up not long ago, "A Celtics title after all these years wouldn't make anybody mad. Boston, which started from scratch, is now a basketball hotbed. And Walter Brown has spent amounts far beyond what should reasonably be expected of anyone in building up the sport and the team. He deserves a break, and now it looks as if he's finally going to get one."

Brown and Louis Pieri, a prosperous Rhode Islander who owns the Providence Auditorium, are co-owners of the Celtics. Brown is also, among other things, managing director of the Boston Garden, where the Celtics play their home games; president of the Boston Bruins ice hockey team, and a founder and director of the national ice extravaganza, the Ice Capades. He staked everything he owned, including his reputation as a promoter, on the Celtics. In the face of contrary advice from friends and business associates, who wanted him to drop basketball before it dropped him, he poured money into the club and borrowed more to keep it going.

Originally the team was owned by the Boston Garden-Arena Corporation. After four money-losing years, the corporation refused to back the Celtics any further. Brown and Pieri then took them over. In subsequent years, Brown's wife and friends pleaded with him to quit, and his partner offered to let him keep whatever he could raise by selling the franchise, but Brown wouldn't give up.

He had lost more than a quarter of a million dollars and was up to his ears in hock before his gamble began to pay off two seasons ago. The Celtics have been in the black since. Brown figures it will take him about two years to settle his personal obligations, and two or three more to straighten out the Celtics' debts to the Garden-Arena Corporation.

Brown's partner, Louis Pieri, had dropped a couple of hundred thousand dollars on his own hapless pro-basketball team, the Providence Steamrollers, which he folded in 1949. However, he still had the basketball bug when Brown went to him in the summer of 1950 and asked, "Where can I find someone to put fifty thousand dollars into the Celtics?"

"Maybe right here," Pieri said. After discussing the Boston situation with Brown, he finally declared, "Get Red Auerbach to coach the Celtics and I'll go in with you."

That was the beginning of a relationship which at times has brought the Celtics more attention off the court than on it. Auerbach is a redheaded bundle of nerves who says what he thinks and has a classic contempt for diplomacy in any form, while Brown, for all his long-range patience, has an extremely low boiling point. The two together were sure to generate sparks, and into the middle of this potential powder keg stepped Bob Cousy, then a trigger-tempered, high-strung young star fresh out of Holy Cross College, in nearby Worcester, Massachusetts.

Cousy was the cause of the first of a series of public hassles even before he joined the Celtics. He was a sacred cow in Boston, where Holy Cross played many of its "home" games, and a prime favorite among the local sports writers. They took it for granted that the Celtics would pre-empt him as a territorial draft choice. But when someone asked Auerbach at his first press conference if Cousy was his No. 1 draft objective, the new coach shook his head.

"He's pretty small," Red commented.

"And he's pretty good," a writer retorted.

"I don't doubt that," said Auerbach, "but this is the pro league. We need big men."

When another journalistic observer insisted that the Celtics would be crazy if they didn't draft Cousy, Auerbach turned to owner Brown and demanded, "Am I hired to win or to worry about the local yokels?"

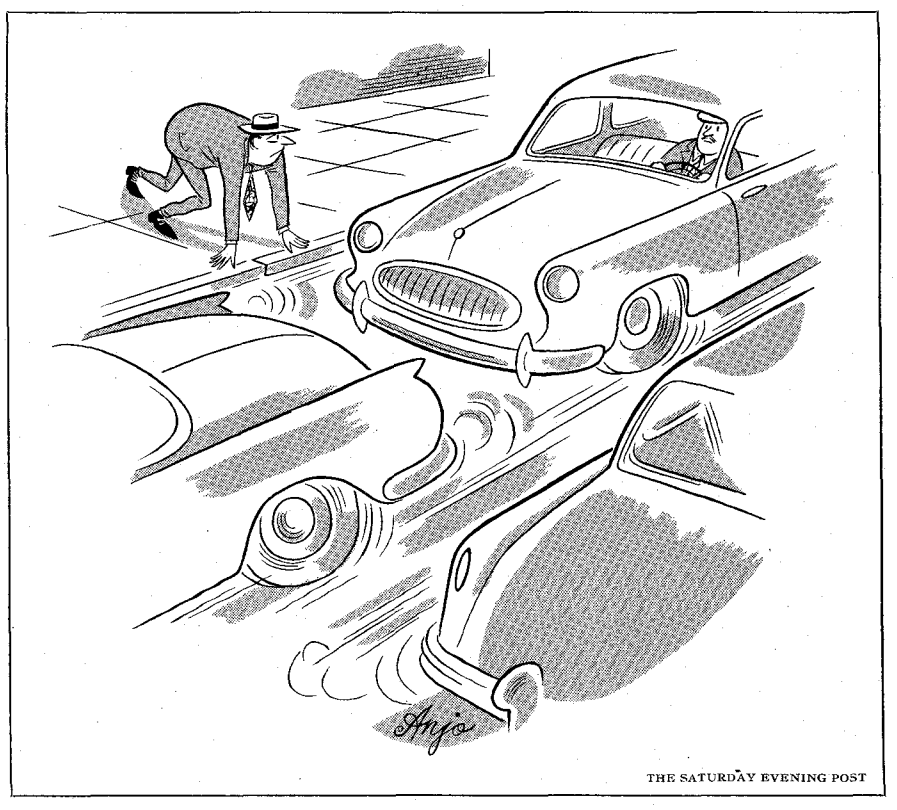
The Celtics didn't draft Cousy, who ultimately became the property of the Chicago Stags. The Stags folded before the start of the season, however, and their players were put up for resale to the other clubs. The three highest-priced ones were Max Zaslofsky, Andy Phillip and Cousy, in that order. The Celtics, the New York Knickerbockers and the Philadelphia Warriors all wanted Zaslofsky, with Phillip their second choice. They finally resolved the deadlock by literally drawing slips of paper out of a hat.

The Celtics "lost" and wound up with Cousy. To this day, needling Boston basketball writers, some of whom are still unmerciful in their treatment of Red Auerbach, delight in reminding their readers that the Celtics never would have got Cousy if Auerbach had had his way.

Auerbach aggravated the situation further by his early handling of Cousy. Although the two are close friends today, there was a strong undercurrent of friction between them when Cousy was a rookie. While the rest of the town's basketball followers marveled from the beginning at Cousy's legerdemain with the ball, Auerbach refused for a long time to admit that Cousy was an outstanding player. Instead, he damned the youngster with faint praise, until he had virtually goaded Cousy to greatness. Auerbach lost friends in the process, and left himself vulnerable to criticism whenever things went wrong.

The criticism sometimes came straight from Walter Brown, who used to blow off steam by directing invective at Auerbach, and later at Cousy as well. Brown's outbursts invariably were followed by abject public apologies. All this was faithfully recorded in the daily press, to the entertainment of the Boston sports public, which often found these goings-on more diverting than the basketball team.

Once, after a 1953 game with the Warriors in Boston that resulted in a free-for-all fight and an eventual Celtics defeat, Brown took a typical verbal swing at his key men. "I can lose games with a cheap club just as easy as with this high-priced outfit!" he thundered, in a talk during a basketball luncheon. "I'm not paying Cousy a lot of money to get only four baskets in a game. And that Auerbach! He demanded I get players, and after I



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

got them, he didn't use them. No wonder he's losing!"

Both Cousy and Auerbach reacted with quick outbursts of their own. Twenty-four hours later, Brown apologized, and all was serene again on the Celtics front. Auerbach laughed it off, and Cousy said, "Oh, well, Walter's dropped a bundle on this club. I suppose he's entitled to a beef once in a while."

When the Celtics were knocked out of the championship play-offs for the fourth straight year the following season, Brown blew his stack in characteristic fashion. "They quit!" he roared. "The whole unprintable bunch of them! It's the first time I've ever been ashamed of my ball club. There'll be changes this time—plenty of changes."

While Auerbach's enemies gleefully predicted the end of his regime, Brown had a good night's sleep. The next day he made a sweeping retraction, announced that Auerbach would return to coach the club the following season and singled out Cousy as the greatest bargain in basketball.

"I don't know why I say these nasty things," he moaned. "I lose my head and the words come tumbling out of my mouth. Why can't I keep it shut?"

Last month Brown popped off with a statement to the effect that the league should ban the fabulous Wilt the Stilt Chamberlain, of the University of Kansas, who is already ticketed for the Philadelphia Warriors after his class graduates in 1959. However, for most of this season Brown has been sitting in thankful silence in his Boston Garden office and solemnly shaking hands with himself, for he came uncomfortably close to financial disaster before his faith in pro basketball finally was vindicated.

"But it wasn't a blind faith," he says. "I knew Boston fans would back a winner. If they hadn't shown signs of interest in the club after we got Cousy and became contenders, I would have thrown in the towel long ago. But our attendance increased steadily in the past six years. Back in 1946, when we started, we had to sell the game of basketball itself, let alone the Celtics. This was always a hockey town. But I knew that if hockey, a Canadian game, could be put over in Boston, a completely American game like basketball could be put over too."

Brown feels that the college-basketball "fix" scandals slowed up full public acceptance of the Celtics by as much as three years, thus adding about $150,000 to his basketball losses. The average home attendance during the 1950–51 season, the year the scandals broke, was 5216 per game. A year later it was 5517. It has increased slowly but steadily since.

With his unusually high outlay for playing talent, Brown always has figured that he needed a 7500 attendance average to break even. This year, with several near sellouts in the Boston Garden, which holds 13,909 people, the average net paid will top 10,000.

Not only in Boston but in practically every other city, people have turned out in large numbers to see the Celtics this year. The Celtics' winning record augmented the natural gate appeal of their colorful performers. When Bill Russell joined the cast, attendance records began to be broken.

Russell made his debut before 11,052 fans in Boston on December twenty-second. The next night, Russell and the Celtics played before a Fort Wayne season's record crowd of 8195. On Christmas night another season's record was set when the Celtics helped draw more than 18,000 to a doubleheader in New York's Madison Square Garden. On January fourth, the all-time Philadelphia mark for regular-season games was broken as the Celtics met Syracuse in part of a doubleheader which attracted 11,192. And eight days later, some 14,158 fans, the largest crowd ever to watch a pro basketball game in St. Louis, filled Kiel Auditorium for a doubleheader featuring the Celtics vs. the Hawks.

The Celtics' success both at the gate and on the court temporarily stilled the flow of abuse which used to be poured on Red Auerbach when the club wasn't winning. Two years ago, after the Celtics failed to get through the playoffs, a writer approached Walter Brown with the comment, "You'll never get anywhere with Auerbach coaching. Why don't you get rid of him? Nobody likes the guy."

"I've got news for you," Brown said. "Sometimes I don't like him either. But show me where I can get a better coach."

For all their occasional publicly aired differences, the normal relationship between Brown and Auerbach is one of mutual admiration and loyalty. Except in his brief flare-ups of anger, Brown has steadfastly refused to consider replacing Auerbach, despite pressure from newspapermen and many of the fans. Auerbach, for his part, has turned down several chances to move, including at least one attractive offer from a college in the South.

"We came so close to winning these last few years," he said recently, "and Walter was so sure we'd crash through sooner or later, that I couldn't walk out on him. Besides, I was being knocked pretty good, and I didn't want anyone to get the idea he could drive me out of town."

Auerbach and Brown have never had a contract. At the end of a season Red walks in on his boss and says, "What's the situation for next year?"

"Are you satisfied? Want more dough?" Brown asks.

If Auerbach thinks he should have more money, he says so. Otherwise he tells Brown he has no complaints. The conversation always ends on the same note. "You're coming back, aren't you?" Brown asks.

"Sure," Auerbach replies.

"O.K.," Brown says. "Then don't bother me any more."

Although only thirty-nine, Auerbach is the oldest coach in point of service in the NBA—the only one who has been coaching in the league throughout the eleven years of its existence. In common with his peers, Auerbach has always been a master at tearing his hair, rolling his eyes, stamping his feet, throwing his weight around and screaming in anguish when decisions go against his team. He also has a few gimmicks of his own, such as flicking cigar ashes toward the officials or yelling so piercingly in the direction of the nearest mike that he drowns out the announcer. He once was fined $100 for screaming that he had been robbed by the referee so loudly that it was heard over the air.

Until this season, Auerbach, who collects a salary of $15,000 a year, was far and away the most-fined coach in the league. He and Maurice Podoloff, the roly-poly NBA president, carried on a running war for years. They have since made up. Red has not reformed completely, but his bill for fines this season has been no higher than that of other league coaches. "I guess I've mellowed," he says. "Eleven years in this business would mellow a wildcat."

A graduate of George Washington University, where he was just an average college basketball player, Auerbach did his first coaching at Washington prep schools. Then he entered the Navy, and went from there right into the Basketball Association of America, as the NBA was known when it was formed in 1946. He coached the Washington Capitols, winning two division titles in three years with them. After spending the next season with the Tri-Cities Blackhawks, he moved to Boston.

Aside from the fact that Auerbach, author of a widely read book on technical basketball, is a student of the game and a hard-working coach, his biggest asset to the Celtics is his ability to maneuver for players around the conference table. Except for what could have been a colossal boner in Cousy's case, Auerbach has done very well in this department. He grabbed Macauley as Boston's first choice in a separate draft he instigated when the old St. Louis Bombers folded in 1950, and he hornswoggled Fort Wayne out of Sharman and two other players the next year by giving up the Celtics' rights to draft Charlie Share. The Sharman deal involved a gamble, since Bill at the time was thinking about passing up pro basketball to concentrate upon a baseball career.

Auerbach tricked everyone in the league out of Frank Ramsey, Cliff Hagan and Lou Tsioropoulos, the backbone of Kentucky's great team of three years ago. No one else touched them because of a misunderstanding of the league's college draft rules. Because of Auerbach, the rules were clarified on the spot, but he kept his men. Ramsey came out of the Army this year in time to help the Celtics during the last half of the season, and Tsioropoulos has been part of their bench strength. Hagan was used with Macauley in the deal with St. Louis last spring through which the Celtics obtained the right to dicker with Russell.

The breakup of the Cousy-Sharman-Macauley combination was inevitable, since Macauley, who lives in St. Louis, would have retired if he had not been traded to his hometown Hawks. However, the Celtics risked letting him go for nothing, since there was no indication at the time the deal was made as to which way Russell would jump. He couldn't talk business with anyone until the Olympics were over, and the Celtics knew that, at best, he wouldn't be available for the first third of the season. Meanwhile the Harlem Globetrotters offered him $32,000—a figure far beyond anything the Celtics were prepared to pay.

Immediately after he returned from Australia, however, Russell made it plain that he wasn't interested in the Globetrotters, with their clowning approach to the game and their constant traveling—more rigorous even than the frequent overnight hops in the NBA. Instead, he pointedly invited Walter Brown to his wedding in San Francisco, then flew to Boston for his honeymoon.

The city was in the throes of its iciest weather in years. "Exotic, tropical Boston!" an observer remarked. "What a spot for a December honeymoon!"

But Boston suited Russell. The day he arrived he signed a three-year pact with the Celtics at about $17,000 a year, plus a bonus—the most lucrative contract ever given an NBA rookie. Brown refused to offer Russell more than he was paying Cousy, who gets around $20,000.

Russell was content. "Mr. Brown gave me a fair shake," he said later. "That's all anybody can ask for."

The switch of Macauley's salary for Russell's made little difference in the Celtics payroll, the only one in the league that exceeds $100,000. Sharman's salary is about $14,000, and the veteran Arnie Risen, obtained last season from Rochester, collects $10,000. An injury has kept Risen out of many games this year. The other members of the squad average about $8000 apiece.

It all added up to big money when the Celtics rated just as perennial bridesmaids, but Walter Brown considers it cheap for prospective champions. "I suppose that payroll will go up before it goes down," he wryly remarked a while ago. "All those guys are getting better."

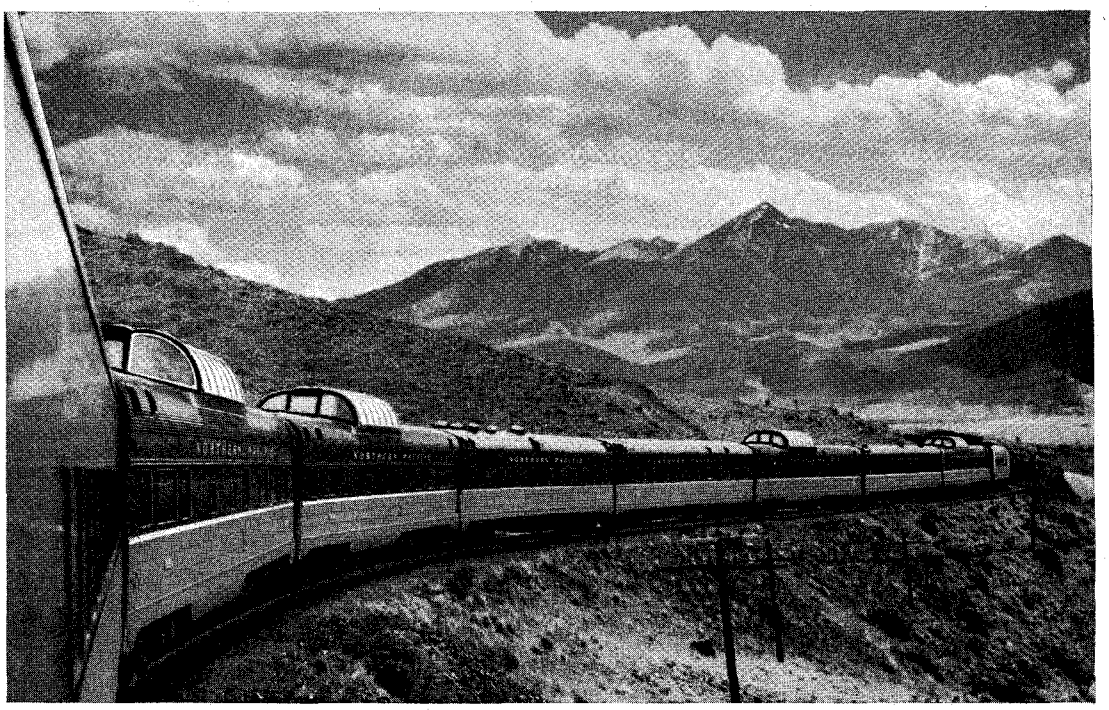
Then, pointing out his window to a shiny new $7000 car parked in the alley, he said, "See that? It's Russell's. He bought that with the dough we're paying him. And if he helps us win a few championships for a change, I hope he'll be able to buy a dozen more like it before he's through." THE END

"How are you at the little menial tasks everybody abhors?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

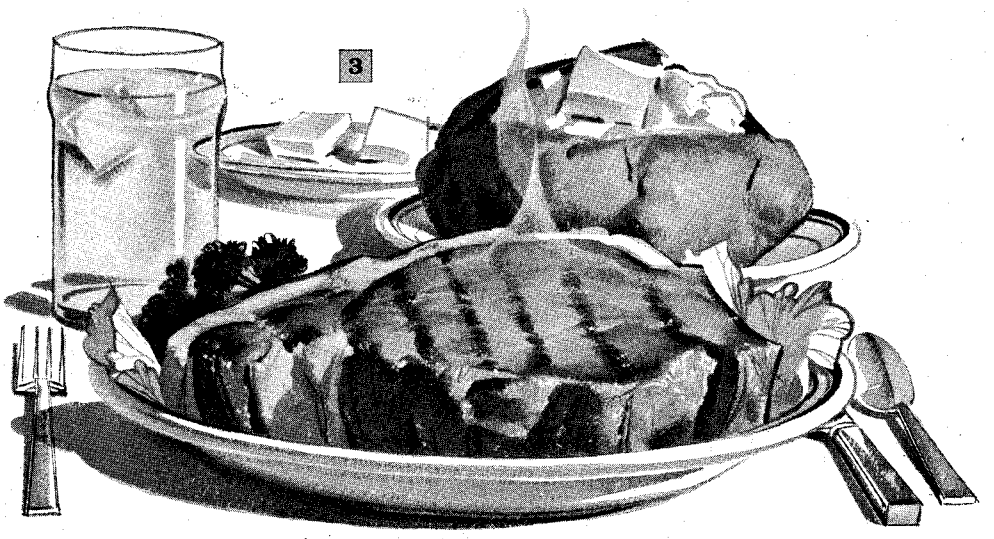
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1



2

3



4

5

Have more FUN on your western trip!

Fun starts the moment you step aboard the Vista-Dome North Coast Limited. On this handsome Northern Pacific train you enjoy every traveling pleasure you could ask for – and more!

1 A cheerful Stewardess-Nurse makes you welcome. Her special duty is to look after your comfort, to make your trip truly pleasant.

2 Four Vista-Domes give you a high, wide and wonderful view of magnificent western scenery.

3 Tempting meals, with favorites like NP's "Great Big Baked Potato" – sure to win your praises!

4 Traveller's Rest, fascinating buffet-lounge, offers you warmhearted western hospitality and budget meals in a colorful setting.

5 Scenic route through the Pacific Northwest (with good California connections). Inexpensive, too, with low family fares.

For free, illustrated booklet, "Northwest Adventure", write G. W. Rodine, 302 Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul 1, Minn. Discover why travelers say, *Northern Pacific – really terrific!*

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY

CHICAGO • TWIN CITIES
SPOKANE • TACOMA
PORTLAND • SEATTLE

VISTA-DOME

NORTH COAST LIMITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our Propaganda Warriors (Continued from Page 31)

staff of the revolt, he stated, sat in the headquarters of Radio Free Europe in Munich, Germany. He said that this network was "on the air continuously (for weeks) giving instructions and orders" to Hungarian rebels, and its staff of 1200 persons "directed the counterrevolutionary activities." This swollen staff, declared the Russian spokesman, had been selected for its ability to organize military units as well as a radio network. He added that RFE co-operated closely during this critical period with the official Voice of America.

Radio Free Europe, as is well known to millions of Americans who have contributed to its support during the past seven years, is a section of the Crusade for Freedom, an organization supported by Gen. Lucius Clay soon after he came home from directing the Berlin airlift in 1948–49. The airlift revealed to General Clay how anxious the Russians are to seal off from all contacts with the Western world that portion of Europe dominated by the Red Army. So the Crusade for Freedom, including RFE, was set up to "keep the lines of communication open" with Eastern Europeans. Since 1950, Radio Free Europe has put twenty-nine transmitters on the air, broadcasting in Eastern European languages.

But, according to Mr. Kuznetsov, the Crusade for Freedom was a sinister conspiracy to "overthrow free nations." He told the U.N. delegates that RFE was mainly responsible for the "tragic developments in Hungary," adding that many Americans now admit this. He then quoted the New York World-Telegram and Sun of November twentieth as follows: "There is going to be a congressional investigation of the part which Radio Free Europe and the Voice (of America) played in leading the Hungarian rebels to believe that America would support their revolt with armed assistance."

The Russian quoted this aggressively anti-Communist New York newspaper instead of the Daily Worker, organ of the American Communist Party, which was simultaneously attacking our propaganda networks. Mr. Kuznetsov shrewdly omitted from his U.N. speeches the Daily Worker's wild charge that American "[illegible] oil" launched the Hungarian revolution. The American Communist newspaper made much of the fact that the board chairman of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, Eugene Holman, also has served since 1955 as board chairman of the Crusade for Freedom. Mr. Holman is the Crusade's third chairman, his predecessors having been General Clay and Henry Ford II. Mr. Holman told me that he has taken a personal interest in Eastern Europe since he made numerous friends there decades ago, while working in Rumanian oilfields.

By quoting anti-Communist Americans, the Russian ambassador to the U.N. tried to convey the impression that our propaganda networks not only incited the Hungarian uprising but then made such a mess of it that Americans themselves were demanding an investigation. Apparently, however, Mr. Kuznetsov did not know that one of the chief functions of the Voice of America and RFE is to record foreign broadcasts during critical periods in Europe, including those of the Soviet bloc.

So our networks made a documented record of what actually happened on the European air waves during the Hungarian revolution. This record, to which I have been given complete access, shows that Soviet psychological warriors revived a familiar wartime trick. Soviet transmitters announced themselves as RFE and other trusted Western stations. Behind this mask, they encouraged Hungarian recklessness by faking assurances of outside armed assistance. By so doing, Kremlin operators sought simultaneously to justify harsh measures in Hungary and to smear American propaganda networks.

The Soviet fakers' transmitters began to operate during those critical October days when the Hungarians had reason to hope that they had induced the Red Army's withdrawal. Only Moscow, at that moment, knew additional Russian divisions already were mobilizing to crush the revolution. Then our monitors picked up transmitters using stolen signals of American and British broadcasting networks. Some of those transmitters were traced to Russian-controlled East Germany, while others apparently were operated inside Hungary, either by Russians or by Hungarians still stooging for the Kremlin. These Judas mouthpieces assured the embattled Hungarians that they might soon expect military reinforcements from the West.

This kind of monkey business began during World War II, when all the warring nations, including the United States, used radio stations with false fronts. Our own wartime Office of Strategic Services (OSS) was proud of its nickname, "The Department of Dirty Tricks," and after the war admitted that the operation of false-front radio stations was one of its tricks. Last summer, when I was traveling in the Middle East, local residents there joked about the English, French and Russian accents of unidentified Arabic-speaking radio stations. Some British and French reporters solemnly quoted broadcasts from these not-so-mysterious stations as evidence of Egyptian opposition to the Nasser regime.

In Hungary the very fact that the revolution was so spontaneous and unplanned made the faked Soviet broadcasts doubly effective. And the Russian propagandists got unexpected and valuable help when a few irresponsible exile groups projected themselves into the battle of the air waves. During the first two weeks of the Hungarian revolution, American monitors picked up broadcasts from Spain and West Germany which were particularly harmful. Several broadcasts in the Hungarian language from Radio Madrid intimated that the West would send armed assistance to Hungary. Those deceptive statements were traced to a group of Hungarian refugees living in Spain. The Spanish director of Radio Madrid later admitted that he did not know what the Hungarians were broadcasting, because they did not submit translations to him.

Perhaps the most irresponsible of such broadcasts was made by a Russian refugee group known as NTS (Russian Solidarists), which has operated a mobile transmitter in West Germany for several years, but only in the Russian and German languages until last October. On the night of October thirtieth this NTS transmitter made a broadcast in the Hungarian language. That was one of the most critical days in Budapest because the Russians then appeared to be pulling out their tanks. The Russian exiles chose that crucial moment to broadcast a message purporting to come from an "extraordinary council" of the "Association of Hungarian ex-Servicemen" living abroad. The message asked the "insurgent command" to send a liaison staff to the "western frontier" to make contact with armed exiles. It promised that "every member of the association will gladly sacrifice his life and blood for the sacred cause of the nation's liberty." This deceptive broadcast seemed to confirm Moscow's own fabricated "proof" of plans for armed intervention from the West.

The combination of Soviet trickery and irresponsible refugees was particularly distressing to directors of American propaganda networks. For years they had foreseen the dangers of unduly encouraging peoples of the restless satellites to go too far. During the weeks preceding the Hungarian uprising, both the Voice and RFE had repeatedly pointed out how the Polish example showed that other Eastern European countries might gradually regain their freedom *without violence*. American stations repeated day in and day out President Eisenhower's assurance that the United States was not seeking military allies in Eastern Europe, and did not wish to create violent disturbances or set up governments so openly hostile to Russia that they would invite suppression by the Red Army.

On October twenty-third, the day riots flamed in Budapest, Radio Free Europe issued this policy directive: "The developing Hungarian situation seems to be offering continuing opportunities to draw parallels with Poland, implying a potential for similar developments throughout the orbit." RFE's Hungarian broadcasts are written and spoken by Hungarians who have been trained for six years not to misrepresent American policy. At the time of the revolution almost all Hungarian staff members had close relatives in Hungary. They were therefore more personally concerned than any Americans not to incite those dear to them to invite bloody Russian reprisals.

I have examined the voluminous files of American broadcasts to Hungary and have found only two RFE broadcasts which might be considered questionable. On November fourth of last year, RFE quoted the Washington correspondent of the London Observer as saying that if the

NEXT WEEK
Confessions of an Ambulance Chaser
He Cashes In on Other People's Accidents
If a President Collapses
Who Can Act for a Disabled Chief Executive?
A Special Report by the Post's Washington Editor
IN COLOR:
THE GOLDEN TRIANGLE
Pittsburgh
★
Florida's Remarkable Boatyard
For Fishermen Only
We Flew Operation Sharkbait
A Jet Pilot's Experiences on a Hush-Hush Test Flight
Premature Births Can be Prevented
A New Drug That Delays and Eases Labor
My War With the Army
How a Timid GI Bucked the Brass—Successfully

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hungarians could hold out until the following Wednesday the American Government might be obliged to review its policy. That broadcast violated a specific directive. Again, after Russian tanks were shooting down Hungarians indiscriminately, RFE broadcast quotations from a military textbook describing guerrilla tactics against tanks. That was and is an admitted mistake. It gave the Russians their only basis for saying that RFE issued "military directions and orders" to Hungarians.

While I was looking through RFE's comprehensive records in New York, a correspondent for the Christian Science Monitor, Ernest Pisko, was making a similar examination at RFE European headquarters in Munich. He pointed out that the Russians are not the only ones who have made continuous attacks on RFE ever since it started. Anti-Communist refugees, who aspire to drag the United States into all-out war with Russia, have complained from the beginning that Radio Free Europe discouraged satellite uprisings.

Mr. Pisko wrote: "I have not found a shred of evidence that RFE has either encouraged the Hungarians to rise or, after they had risen, has promised or even hinted at the coming of outside help. On the contrary, I saw how scrupulously news broadcasts were handled to prevent misconceptions. . . . The organization can be given a clean bill of health."

I found that Voice of America broadcasts were even more careful than RFE not to indulge in agitation to violence. Our propaganda networks were caught in a crossfire between Soviet psychological warriors and frustrated anti-Communist refugees in the United States and Europe. Naturally it infuriated frustrated Americans to watch pictures of Russian tanks mowing down poorly armed Hungarians, while they realized that direct American intervention would precipitate World War III. So some Americans argued that we should never have beamed broadcasts into Hungary unless we were prepared to fight alongside Hungarians. That is precisely what Soviet propagandists are still trying to make Americans think about all the work of our propaganda warriors in Eastern Europe.

It happened that a new propaganda chief was taking over in Washington just as another world crisis was demonstrating how important Moscow considered American propaganda agencies as well as her own. Immediately after the 1956 elections President Eisenhower appointed Dr. Arthur Larson, then Under Secretary of Labor, to serve as director of the United States Information Agency (USIA), which includes the Voice of America. Doctor Larson, formerly a Rhodes scholar and dean of the University of Pittsburgh's Law School, has been credited with—or accused of—being the outstanding Republican "egghead." It has never become clear to me just what an egghead is, so I can't say whether or not Doctor Larson is one. He is an affable forty-six-year-old South Dakotan possessing a fun-loving family. The Four Larsons—husband, wife and teen-age son and daughter—are celebrated among their friends as entertainers of almost professional quality. Doctor Larson composes and sings lively songs, accompanying himself on the guitar. All members of the family play musical instruments. Mrs. Larson is a former teacher of dramatics and sixteen-year-old Anna Barbara is a budding ballerina.

If being able to write clearly and think hard on rather complicated subjects makes a person an egghead, then I think that Doctor Larson is one; maybe a double-yolk one. One subject he has thought a great deal about is the proper function of propaganda in the American system of government. Recently I spent a Sunday afternoon at his home in Washington, discussing this question. I had already learned that Doctor Larson's rapid rise in government was largely due to his writing talents. Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell told me that in 1954 he was so much impressed by the law dean's books and articles on labor legislation that he arranged to meet him, and after their first talk he invited Doctor Larson to become his chief deputy. Two years later Doctor Larson wrote a more popular book entitled A Republican Looks at His Party, which President Eisenhower read during his second hospital siege last summer. The President liked that book so much that he asked its author to help write his 1956 campaign speeches. The President and his new speech writer discovered that they agreed upon what uses the American Government should make of propaganda.

American propagandists must not only consider how to meet hostile counter-propaganda, they also are obliged to deal with the suspicions of their fellow countrymen. That word "propaganda" has an honorable origin. It first came into prominence in 1623 when a Roman Catholic training school for missionary priests was named the College of Propaganda. Soon the word was borrowed to describe any institution or scheme for propagating a doctrine or system. However, ever since World War I, some American historians and politicians have argued that misleading propaganda was chiefly responsible for getting us into wars and other foreign complications. The British novelist H. G. Wells, among others, admitted after World War I that he had helped fabricate untrue stories of German atrocities. So propaganda got a smelly reputation among Americans which it never has lost. Even today the United States Information Agency might find it more difficult to get congressional appropriations if it were called the United States Propaganda Agency, although that is precisely what it is. In both world wars Americans have given a variety of cover-up titles to our propaganda organizations.

Before Doctor Larson took over the USIA it had become, by a lengthy process of trial and error, probably the most technically effective propaganda machine the American Government ever has possessed. In earlier postwar years the agency handling propaganda was a favorite target for congressional sharpshooters, and was neglected by the State Department, to which it had been mistakenly attached. As European governments learned long ago, propaganda is not a proper Foreign Office function. But finally, after a succession of directors, the USIA was detached from the State Department and made almost completely independent of other Government departments. For the first time the USIA could offer a permanent career rather than stopgap employment.

Over the years, the organization had gradually spread out into every country with which the United States maintains diplomatic relations. Today, our propaganda warriors use forty-three languages and many different means of communications.

Obviously, Doctor Larson has inherited what can fairly be described as the first permanent propaganda agency in American history. The American people—against their inherent instincts—seem to be in the propaganda business for good. Moreover, the new USIA director took over just as the United States was acquiring an appealing "propaganda line" among peoples previously suspicious of American motives. During those weeks when Poland and Hungary were exposing the inmates of the Kremlin for what they are, the Egyptian crisis forced the American Government to make one of its most difficult decisions. In the climactic closing days of the 1956 presidential-election campaign, the administration had to choose between unconditional support of its chief European allies, "right or wrong," and opposition to a preventive war. So when President Eisenhower promptly and vigorously denounced the British-French-Israeli attack on Egypt, he provided formidable propaganda ammunition for all countries except those involved in the attack on Egypt. No contrast could have been sharper than that between Washington's opposition to the attack on Egypt and Moscow's brutal suppression of Hungary's youthful and idealistic Communists.

As has been shown, Russia's experienced psychological warriors immediately realized that their fat was in the fire—that their critical setback called for an all-out attack on all fronts. They employed the Kremlin's entire bag of tricks in an effort to deceive people all over the world. This Soviet propaganda attack was in full swing when Doctor Larson assumed command of the USIA. The week his appointment was announced, the new propaganda chief lost his voice because of influenza, enabling Washington wits to make jokes about "the voiceless director of the Voice of America." But Doctor Larson welcomed the opportunity his illness gave him to size up his new job in seclusion for a few days.

Doctor Larson made clear, in his talk with me, that he shares the traditional American feeling about the need for extreme caution in developing propaganda as a permanent governmental function. However, he is convinced that this is a field in which Americans hold a decided advantage over any totalitarian system, an advantage which many Americans have failed to appreciate. He thinks that Americans cannot, and emphatically should not, try to compete with Soviet propaganda on Soviet terms. The Soviet state, the most highly centralized form of government in existence, controls all means of communication, and uses them all simultaneously to exploit any idea—true or false—which the rulers in the Kremlin want to put across. These rulers, with unrestrained powers can spread any kind of misrepresentation or outright lie without fear of public contradiction from any people they control.

Clearly, American propaganda organizations could not use Soviet methods even if they wanted to. Americans are free to challenge their own Government's statements—thousands do so every day. Moreover, even official Washington seldom, if ever, speaks with one united voice, as totalitarian governments usually seem to do. The true Voice of America always must be a chorus of numerous voices, frequently jarred by discords. Any propaganda organization which ignored the normal disagreements among Americans would be presenting a false front.

Doctor Larson is convinced that, far from being a weakness, this may be the greatest advantage which Americans hold over Soviet Russians in the propaganda field. He believes that the USIA should advertise the variety of American viewpoints, freely and vigorously expressed, as the chief difference between the American way of life and any totalitarian community. As Doctor Larson puts it, American society is "pluralistic"—meaning that every local community in the United States has a multiplicity of organized activities which are completely independent of all forms of government. These numerous nongovernmental activities are carried on through churches, clubs, societies and

No Other Leading Toothpaste

CLEANS
CLEANS
CLEANS
YOUR BREATH while it
GUARDS
GUARDS
GUARDS
YOUR TEETH

Like Colgate Dental Cream!

Because No Other Leading Toothpaste Contains GARDOL TO GIVE YOU LONG-LASTING PROTECTION AGAINST BOTH BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY ...With Just One Brushing!

Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day . . . with just one brushing! Gives you a cleaner, fresher breath all day, too! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! No other leading toothpaste* cleans your breath while it guards your teeth like Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol!

SAFE for Children of All Ages! to Use in All Water Areas! Makes teeth whiter— cannot stain or discolor!

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM with GARDOL

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

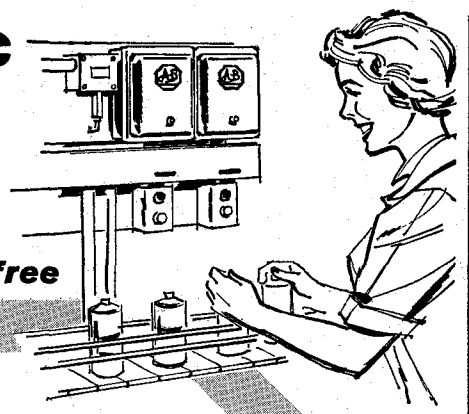
GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.

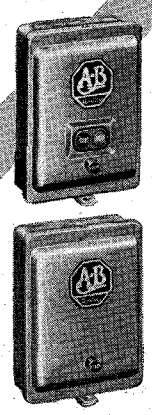
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AUTOMATIC MOTOR STARTERS

... trouble free

... maintenance free





When you install Allen-Bradley starters, you say "good-bye" to starter troubles. Having only *one* moving part, there is practically nothing to go wrong. This explains why Allen-Bradley control is good for *millions* of trouble free operations. Also, the double break, silver alloy contacts never need service attention. They are always in perfect operating condition. Overload relays provide reliable motor protection.

Insist on Allen-Bradley controls—their trouble free service saves you money!

Bulletin 709 Form 2 solenoid motor starter. Form 1, at top, has "Start-Stop" push buttons in the cover.

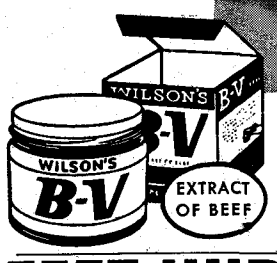
Allen-Bradley Co.
138 W. Greenfield Ave., Milwaukee 4, Wis.

In Canada—
Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ont.

ALLEN-BRADLEY
QUALITY
MOTOR CONTROL

A-B Quality

WILSON'S
B-V
Gives Meat Loaf the T-Bone Touch



A clever hostess serves individual meat loaves made the B-V way. Real gourmet flavor. Just blend in 1 tsp. B-V dissolved in 3 tsp. boiling water for every pound of meat in your favorite recipe. Then shape and bake. Expect high praise!

Leading chefs add B-V to HAMBURGERS, STEWS AND SOUPS, ALSO.

FEET HURT?

Tired, Aching Feet, Weak, Fallen Arch Easily Relieved!

Like so many others, you, too, will marvel how Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer and exercise make short work of the pain of Weak or Fallen Arches. Thin, light, flexible. Fit in any shoe like an insole. Expertly fitted at Shoe, Department Stores and at Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops in principal cities. $7.50 pair.

Dr Scholl's FOOT-EAZERS

the finest **FLOOR POLISHERS** *are* **Red Devil Tools.**

STICK WITH LE PAGE'S ·GLUE·

Rex Wheat Germ Oil-24yrs.
DOGS — CATS — BIRDS
STOP Misery! Itch, Eczema, Dry coat due to lack SKIN VITAMIN—Linoleic oil (50% in Rex). Add to food. Give Beauty, Brilliant Sheen to Coat or Feathers.
FREE LITERATURE, REX, MONTICELLO, ILL.

organizations of every other kind. By its very nature, the Soviet system cannot tolerate anything resembling this unlimited range of voluntary human activities.

So possibly the most important of all the USIA's functions, its new director believes, is to help bring the richly varied private and personal interests of Americans into touch with the private and personal interests of other people everywhere. When millions of individual Americans, either singly or through organizations established without governmental initiative, have made personal contacts with millions in as many other countries as possible, then that is the most characteristic and effective American propaganda.

An example is the so-called people-to-people movement. Last September, President Eisenhower invited fifty representative Americans to the White House to help him launch this movement. Some political critics described the invitation as a mere campaign maneuver, but the President was very much in earnest about it. The idea had been proposed to him early in 1956, and he had accepted it then with enthusiasm. Its launching was delayed several months by Mr. Eisenhower's ileitis operation.

When the people-to-people movement finally got under way, the USIA's Office of Private Co-operation was entrusted with steering it. This comparatively small section of USIA was set up in 1948 by John Begg, with the modest purpose of encouraging all kinds of nongovernmental groups to support USIA projects. About a year ago this section was taken over by Conger Reynolds, who founded the University of Iowa's School of Journalism long ago, and later served for many years as the Standard Oil Company of Indiana's public-relations director. During recent weeks, with Doctor Larson's enthusiastic support, the people-to-people movement has gained remarkable impetus. Thousands of organizations, representing millions of individual Americans, have enrolled in it. The range of their interests is as wide as American life. Their purpose is to cultivate a permanent American habit of making friends among foreigners everywhere, so that we can show ourselves as we really are and not as hostile propagandists try to make us seem to be.

The USIA serves only as a clearing-house in the people-to-people movement. It makes available the facilities of its world-wide communications network to help individuals and private organizations get in touch with people of other countries. For example, if the Lions Club, of Wichita, Kansas, say, wishes to correspond and exchange ideas with some similar businessmen's club in Milan, Italy, the USIA will help to make the contacts necessary. Or, if an individual farmer in Iowa would like to communicate with a farmer in Western Germany, the USIA will arrange for communications. Of course this is not basically an original idea. For many generations, Americans have cultivated foreign friends through such organizations as Rotary International, the Y.M.C.A., and other goodwill groups of many kinds. But it is hoped that the people-to-people movement will develop permanent world-wide outlets for the friendliness which is natural to Americans—a friendliness which should be the most effective answer to the Kremlin's hate-America propaganda.

This conception of propaganda by "private enterprise" rather than by state control was certainly given a big boost by the Hungarian revolution. The Hungarians dramatically demonstrated that totalitarian propaganda was not working nearly so well as many Americans feared. For almost a decade Russia controlled all internal means of communication in Hungary—television, radio, newspapers, magazines, books, schools—all means of expression and indoctrination. From childhood, the Hungarians who are now teen-agers have heard only what Moscow wanted them to hear, except when they risked listening to foreign broadcasts or got hold of forbidden reading matter. The majority of those teen-agers joined Communist youth organizations. And yet, when the showdown came, many of them fought more fiercely than their elders against Russian tanks.

That is the one fact above all others which the Kremlin's psychological warriors have been trying to cover up in recent months. That is the fact which has finally demolished the Russian-created myth that foreign Communists everywhere can be counted upon blindly to follow Moscow's lead. In the past, many Americans have been disposed to swallow this myth—a myth made in Russia. A few years ago one of the most influential policy makers in the State Department said to me, "We assume that all Communists everywhere are the same breed, and will always close ranks against non-Communists." The Hungarian revolution disproved that theory. It confirmed the beliefs of those American historians and journalists who have insisted that the thoughts and behavior of most people are influenced much more by their national and racial traditions than by any ideology. I believe that 1957 and the years ahead will, with increasing emphasis, demonstrate this. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Basil wants to be a fireman when he grows up."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kiowa Moon (Continued from Page 25)

up. "Ghost? In all this wind? He'd blow away."

"What about that skeleton in Spanish armor down on Devil's River? He don't blow away."

Cassius pretended uncertainty. "Well, no; but —— You take all that ironware he's got up in ——"

"How about that whole platoon of spooks at Phantom Hill? Seen time and again, drilling in line!"

"I know, but is it a good straight line? Weather regardless?"

"It's perfect," said Andy stoutly.

Most of the feel of danger had left, since the men came in. But they had spoiled her story, and Rachel was hurt. She drew into herself, and shut up. Next evening, as twilight closed off another dark, windy day, she felt haunted for a while, and stole glances at the north ridge, to see if the sinister figure would reappear. Nothing happened, though, for two days more.

Then at the end of the third day, the stranger came again.

Mathilda saw him first. Rachel was in the root cellar—a sort of pit they had dug as an afterthought into the hill behind. It went down four feet below the level of the floor, and could be got into through a hole at the base of the wall, behind a wooden slide. Fumbling down there in the dark, Rachel had filled her apron with potatoes, when she heard her mother gasp. Immediately a chair clattered over, and Rachel bumped her head as she came scrambling out. Mathilda had been sitting with her sewing basket, but now she stood staring out the window, so motionless she looked rigid.

Rachel cried out, "Mamma!" and the potatoes bumped across the floor.

Just outside sat the strange-looking rider Rachel had seen on the ridge. The startling thing was how close he was, leaning low from his saddle to peer in. She saw a straggle of beard, some stringy long hair flying loose from under a pulpy wool hat, and an Indian-trade kind of rifle too long for a saddle boot. And the horse—how could so old a horse be living, let alone worked? Not a muscle stirred in horse or man, yet the wind made a flicker of movement all over them—a small flying of lank hair and wispy mane, a shimmer of tatters.

What little light the sky had left was behind the horseman, so that he sat in a darkness of his own—a man without a face. And yet, even in that first moment of shock, was there something familiar about him? This frightened instant had a feeling of being relived.

"Pull back," Rachel whispered. "Mamma, come away."

She drew her mother out of line, then whisked to the door, and the Sharp & Hankins came off its tree nails into her hands. She jumped the heavy bar from its slot, and the door creaked wide.

"Rachel! Don't go out there!"

But Rachel was only standing on the stoop, looking stupid as she stared upcreek and down. No one was in sight.

"He—he's around the corner of the house," Mathilda whispered. "You come in here. Rachel, please."

That breathy, frightened note had not come into her mother's voice since Rachel could remember. Suddenly she wanted to be inside, behind the heavy door, within the thick walls. She was looking meek as she obeyed.

Rachel said, "We know that man from someplace. I've seen him before, a long while back."

Mathilda had crossed to warm her hands at the fire, and made no answer. This was not like her. The stranger hadn't actually done anything. Maybe he had only been trying to see if anybody was home, never dreaming that women lived here. At first glimpse of them he had fled like a scalded cat. Yet Mathilda, always first to make allowances, had no word of reassurance.

Rachel was beginning to remember, not the man, but a happening that was the same. Long ago—six or seven years?—when they lived on the San Saba. . . . She began setting the table in a shaky silence.

This time the boys came soon. Rachel saw Andy first, jogging homeward around the upper bend of the Dancing Bird; and in a few moments more Cassius appeared, looking so sure of himself, so easy in the saddle, that Rachel was comforted, in the uncertainty of this dusk. Still, neither one of them, nor the two together, could quite take the place of Ben, who could make everything seem all right, just by coming into sight.

She held her tongue when they came in, waiting to see what her mother would tell them.

The first thing about a woman shopper to become exhausted is her money.

CY N. PEACE

Men on the go...go for Jockey® T-shirt

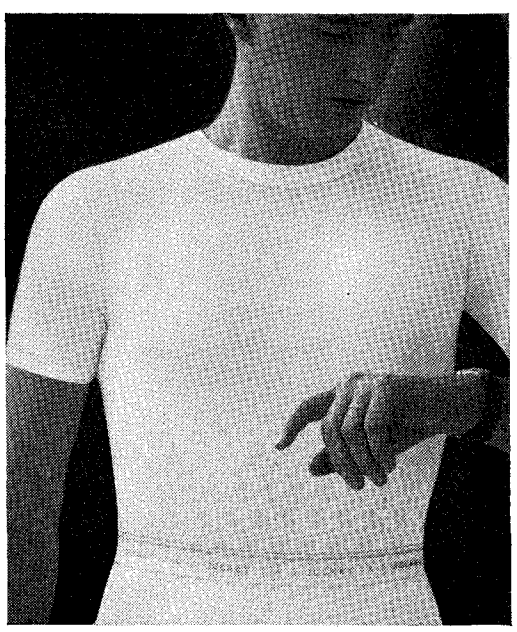
BRAND

made only by Cooper's®

Jockey T-shirt has a special shape set nylon content collar. Keeps its shape wash after wash. Body made of long staple combed cotton or luxury Mercelin® (Egyptian cotton and linen).

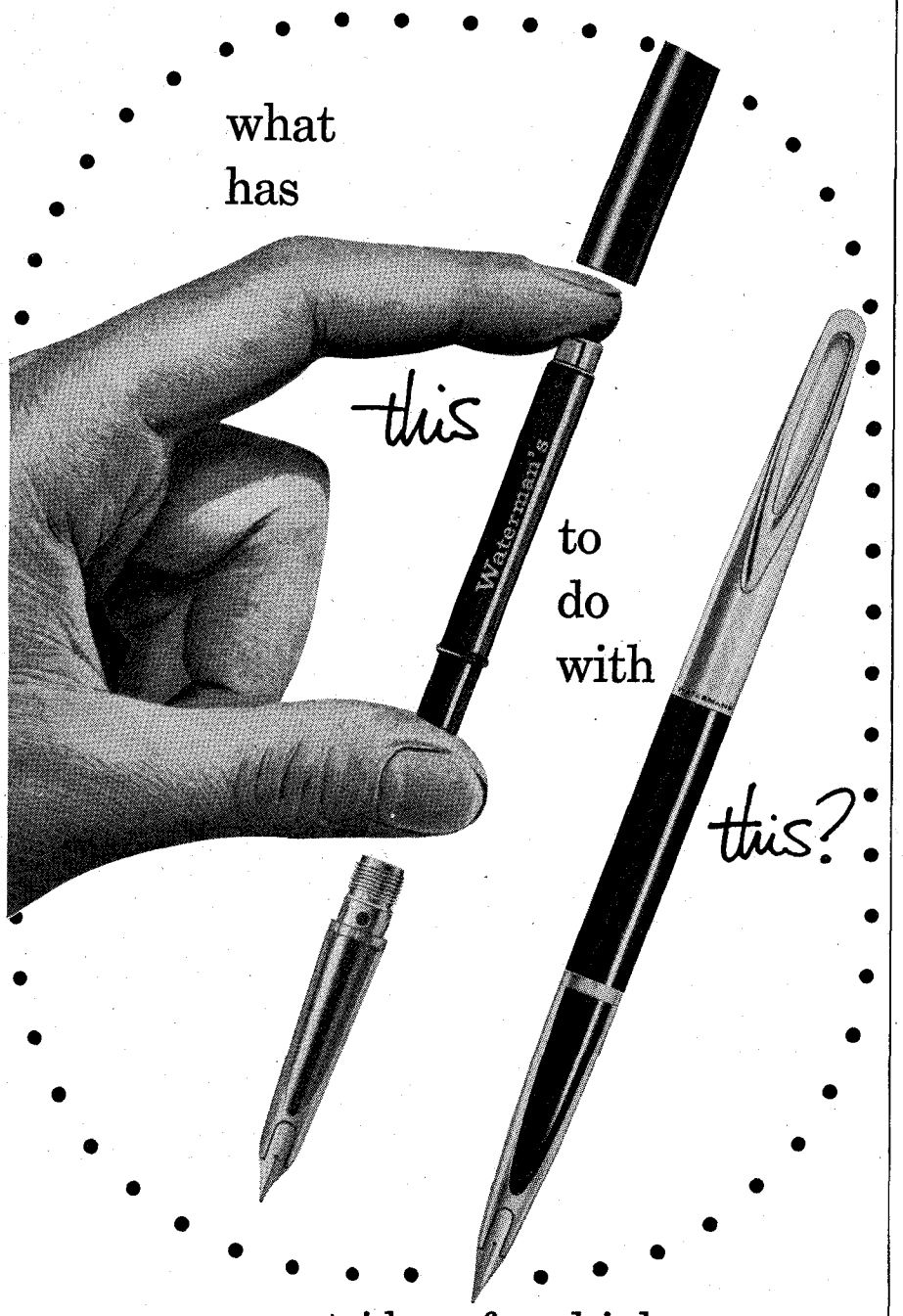
Jockey T-shirt is quality tailored—extra long to stay tucked in. Trim smooth comfort all day. Wear it under a shirt, or without a shirt.

Jockey T-shirt is available in a choice of styles. Buy it at your favorite store in crew neck, V-neck, or sleeveless T-shirt models.



known the world over by this symbol ® Cooper's, Incorporated—Kenosha, Wis. Licensees and registered users: **Canada:** J. R. Moodie Company, Limited; **Australia:** Speedo Knitting Mills; **British Isles:** Lyle & Scott; **New Zealand:** Lane, Walker, Rudkin; **Switzerland:** Vollmoeller; **France:** Verdier; **Colombia:** Textiles, Ego; **Italy:** Sacit; **Denmark:** Taco; **South Africa:** Ninian & Lester; **Germany:** Volma; **Austria:** Josef Huber's Erben; **Ireland:** Dublin Shirt & Collar Company; **Mexico:** Rinbros, S.A.; **Venezuela:** HRH.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



a cartridge of real ink
revolutionizes fountain-pen filling!

Waterman's C/F
the cartridge-filled fountain pen

Tremendous ink capacity. Cartridges are unbreakable and transparent. The C/F® never needs servicing for there are no inner parts to break or wear out. In wide choice of color combinations and points, from $2.95 to $15.00 (plus tax).

and now the perfect ball pen...

WATERMAN'S *Sapphire* CONVERTIBLE

The only ball pen that writes with a jewel point instead of a steel ball. Has remarkable affinity to ink for the smoothest ball-point writing ever. Converts instantly to a fluid-lead pencil. In colors to match the C/F. Sapphire Convertibles are *perfect writing companions to C/F Fountain Pens. Sapphires start at $1.95.*

Waterman's ... the newest word in writing

WATERMAN PEN COMPANY, INC., Seymour, Conn. • New York • Montreal • London • Paris

Cassius scooped up a handful of soft soap. "You all have a good day around here?"

"Well ——" Mathilda wavered, and would not meet Rachel's eyes. "Just a middling day, I reckon."

Quiet again, under the sound of wind, while Cassius bent low to drench his face and hair. A name that had been playing tag with her, teasing her by dancing just out of her reach, had now come clear into Rachel's mind. She judged it would serve to get Cash's attention this time. Certainly there had been enough fuss and to-do—yes, and mystery made of it, too—that time on the San Saba, long ago.

Rachel waited a moment more, watching her mother. "Abe Kelsey was here," she said.

The effect was explosive. Cassius' eyes went to his mother, not to Rachel, and held with a hard questioning. Rachel was dumfounded. *Good Lord, I've pulled a trigger. What trigger?* She had no real memory of what anybody named Kelsey had looked like, way back yonder. Confession was on the tip of her tongue. Then suddenly it was too late for that.

"I was going to tell you," Mathilda said to Cassius, and her voice was coaxing him not to be mad.

Rachel's heart contracted. Her mother had recognized the stranger and had not let on. When you live so close to people and they hold things back from you, it makes half-seen things stir in shadows that come all around you.

Cash still stood there, water from his face running down his limp old buckskin shirt and puddling on the floor from his dropped hands.

"She doesn't mean he came in," Mathilda said. She was faltering now, and near to tears. "He—just sat out there and—looked ——"

"Sat how far out?"

"About seven feet," Rachel said.

He stared at her a moment, and his next question crackled. "How come she knew him?" he demanded of his mother. "Did you tell her?"

Mathilda shook her head. "Why, the child can't have seen Abe since—why, she can't have been more than ten years old. And not even then, unless —— Anyway, he's so changed, Cash, just dreadfully. It's uncanny she remembers him now."

More uncanny than you think. This man was faceless, for all I saw. Aloud she said, "A man of that name had an ambuscade with papa, back in the earlies."

"Papa had falling-outs with a lot of people." Cash reached for a towel, wishing he were shed of the whole thing.

"But Kelsey kept nosing around," Rachel said.

"The child's right, Cassius," Mathilda murmured.

"There was something more to it," Rachel said. "Something queer, that I was never let to know."

"All you need to know is I don't want him around! Let him smell gunpowder —— You all hear me?"

It was as if Ben himself had come into the room. No, more as if papa had come into the room; Ben was quieter. Andy was sitting there gaping, with no more idea of what was happening than Rachel had. Mamma went to the table, so that she was behind Andy and Rachel as she put a finger to her lips.

Rachel knew at once what mamma had done. "Don't talk so much in front of the children," Rachel put it into words for them.

"Bring your carbine," Cassius told his brother. "We'll put the gate poles up."

As they let themselves out, the wind whisked into the house, setting the pans to swinging, but perhaps it was less violent than before.

"He's going back where he came from now," Mathilda said, and Rachel knew she meant Abe Kelsey. "Hear how the wind's going down? More and more, as he gets farther and farther away."

It was the kind of sign an Indian might believe. Out here you could sometimes get mixed up, and confuse the things you really believed with things that just sort of came with the country. But it was true that the wind was abating.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I don't feel too selfish—George had all the fun of giving it to me."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Perhaps it was the very quiet that woke Rachel in the hours after midnight. Once she was full awake, she heard her mother crying, two yards away, in the other bed. Mathilda wept so softly, her face pressed so hard into her pillow, Rachel never would have heard her at all if the wind had held.

Cassius and Andy had to wait for daylight to pick up Abe Kelsey's trail. They followed it easily enough, until they had gone about four miles. Then it disappeared. They cast some long circles and found it again around noon. This time the trail led off in a new and unlikely direction; it took them nearer the house than they had been all morning, before they lost it completely. Cassius blew up and sat cussing so long he turned red in the face.

The trouble with Cash was that he knew exactly whom he was after, and why. He thought of Abe Kelsey as a varmint that had to be killed before a worse thing happened, and he was in a sweat to get it over with. But he didn't know how much Andy knew. Nothing, he hoped.

Actually, Abe Kelsey was a most unfortunate man. He was even famous for it in the prairie settlements, for his story had a riddle in it that kept it alive. Andy and Rachel may have been the only natives over ten years old who did not know who he was. Kelsey had once had a wife and a young son at Burnt Tree, a tiny settlement west of Round Rock, which the Kiowas destroyed in 1863. He must have married late, for he was middle-aged even then, yet his boy was only seven when Abe lost both wife and child in the Burnt Tree Massacre.

Supposedly. Two years later a rumor said Abe's son was alive, held captive by a Kiowa named Pacing Wolf. Abe went up there, and swore forever that he found his son. The boy had even answered to his name. And now a queerness came up. Nobody was surprised that the Kiowas claimed the boy to be a quarter-breed of their own. But reliable men who had known the Kelsey boy declared they had seen him dead and had helped to bury him.

"Nothing to worry about, Huntley. They're fish eaters."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Couriers raced in five directions with Abe's appeal, and dozens of riders piled into the saddle. William Zachary—papa, to the family, but Old Zack everywhere else—had ridden with Abe in Indian-chasing posses; he knew Abe as only a so-so prairie man, yet he believed him because he wanted to believe. Zack rode on ahead with Abe to scout Pacing Wolf's village. The posse was to follow and meet them at a rendezvous Zack named, beyond the Red on Cache Creek.

Abe and Old Zack rode openly into Pacing Wolf's camp. And the instant Zack laid eyes on the boy, he knew he had trapped himself into the false position of his life.

The Pacing Wolf boy was white, or nearly so. But young Kelsey would have been only nine, in 1865, and what Abe had hold of was a great lout at least thirteen years old. He had even been on the war trail, and had the scalp of a little Negro child to prove it. He was fluent in Kiowa, and knew a little Spanish, but the only English word Zack could trap him into recognizing was "squaw."

He offered Zack a Mexican *peso* to shoot Kelsey, who was a nuisance to him, and got him laughed at. Couldn't do it himself, for a Kiowa's own medicine would turn on him if he killed a crazy person. As for his name—the boy answered to Set, for Set-Tayhanna-tay, which means Texan Bear. And Kelsey's boy had happened to be named Seth.

Yet, against all this common sense stood the father's total conviction, which bore weight with many, and a door of doubt was left standing open forever. Not in Zack's mind. He was convinced Abe was absolutely wrong, and told him so. Abe never forgave him.

And now Zack did one unlucky thing more. Instead of turning back to Texas, he rode to Fort Cobb, an outpost then garrisoned by Federals up in Indian Territory. He walked in on the astonished commandant with a long list of brands, and a demand that agency Kiowas be pried loose from seven hundred stolen horses. Got nothing, of course. His case had logic, as litigations later proved. But

For your own safety...get this

"SPRING TONIC"

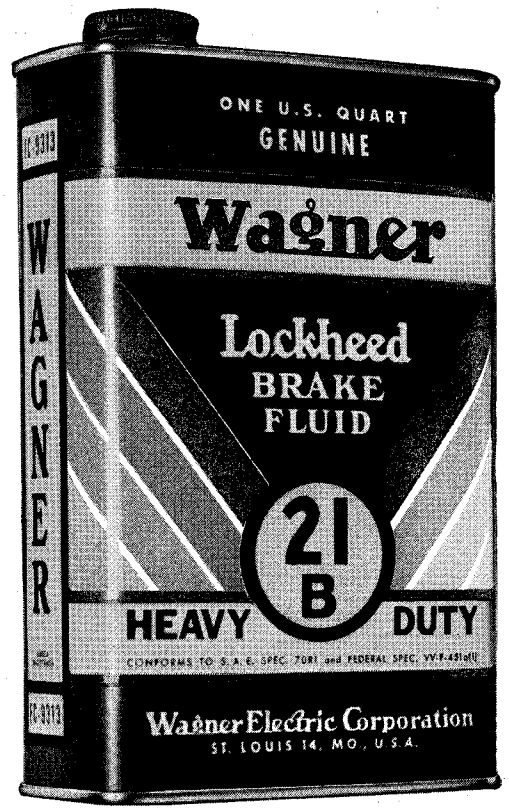
treatment for your automobile

Your car brakes need a "Spring Tonic" if they have gone all winter without being checked. The Wagner Lockheed "Spring Tonic" treatment starts with a check of your brake fluid. Your repair man will either add fluid or if advisable, drain, flush and refill your brake system with Wagner Lockheed Brake Fluid—*the* top quality fluid that is chemically balanced to function efficiently under all operating conditions . . . it surpasses the specifications of the Society of Automotive Engineers.

Your service man will examine your brake lining and other parts of your brake system and if necessary for your safety, will recommend replacement of badly worn, dangerous parts or lining.

Get your Wagner Lockheed "Spring Tonic" treatment now. Be sure to specify Wagner Lockheed Brake Parts, Fluid and Lining. You can't make a better investment to save your life!

Wagner Electric Corporation
6400 PLYMOUTH AVENUE, ST. LOUIS 14, MO., U. S. A.
(Branches in principal cities in U.S. and in Canada)



Be sure your service man uses
Wagner Lockheed Brake Products

C57-1

LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC BRAKE PARTS and FLUID • CoMaX BRAKE LINING • NoRol • AIR HORNS • AIR BRAKES • TACHOGRAPHS • ELECTRIC MOTORS • TRANSFORMERS • INDUSTRIAL CRANE BRIDGE BRAKES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he was not surprised when his story left Texans dissatisfied.

What he had not known was that the Fort Cobb cavalry was out. Abe's belated posse, reaching the rendezvous on Cache Creek, ran smack into a squadron of yellow legs. The Texans were chased back where they came from, and all hope of rescue died right there. Abe Kelsey forever believed, and spread the word, that Old Zack had betrayed the rescue party, buying immunity to Kiowa raids at the price of Seth's permanent enslavement.

Seemingly Abe Kelsey's mind came unhinged, after that. He turned fanatic, willing to become an Indian himself, if that would win the confidence of this boy he believed to be his son. He tagged the Kiowas around, living on what scraps they threw him. He ran whisky to them when he could get whisky, guns when he could get guns. He even scouted out easy kills for them among his own people, which would have made him deadly dangerous if the Indians had trusted a word he said.

And still the Kiowas would have none of him. Fearing to kill or maim a crazy man, they tried to drive him off by abusing him in every other way they could think of. They robbed him of everything he got hold of, they dumped him in rivers, they played games in which they threw him from one to another. And the Pacing Wolf boy would do nothing but spit on him. For all this, Abe blamed William Zachary.

After Kelsey became a squaw man, the Zacharys were able to face down his libel, to some extent. They must have faced it down or they wouldn't be here. For there was no such thing as a lone cattleman, and never could be, on open range. No practical fence was known. All winter the Zacharys rode themselves saddle blind, trying to hold their cattle. Yet every spring found half of their cows long gone and their range cluttered with pilgrims, sometimes of three hundred brands. They had to calf-brand for them all, drive the beef with their own, and get the market money back to the owners; meanwhile depending on others to work their own far-strayed cows.

Even in this hateful state of interdependence, Kelsey had been unable to stop them. But presently Abe found another weapon to use against the Zacharys. It was a weapon for which they knew no defense; yet it could punish and drive them. Even if they killed him, it might someday smoke the Zacharys out of Texas.

So now Cassius was furious, baffled, and talking to himself. "Close by, someplace. Less'n six miles from the house, by damn. Must be watching us now."

"How's that?"

"Shut up until you're spoken to!" Cash yelled at Andy.

But now Ben got back. Secretly, Cassius had never been more relieved in his life.

They read Ben's signal smoke by the first light of morning. Cassius rode a long way to meet him, and the brothers exchanged a brief, hard handshake. Ben was big, shock-headed. He had fetched home thirty riders and a cook—about the most successful hiring of hands they had managed yet. And he had about fifty head of loose saddle stock, for their range lacked horses so badly all year round that they had to find replacements all the time.

The newly hired trail hands didn't look like much. Most of them were youngsters; born misfits, largely, hangdog and unsure of themselves, yet mean-eyed, as if they hoped they were dangerous. Some, and perhaps most, were probably wanted men, or thought they were. The Dancing Bird was too far from town and too close to Kiowas to be easy to hire for.

Cash looked them over with a show of indifference. He had bossed a trail herd when he was nineteen, and believed he had proved himself a cowman. But Zeb Rawlins, with whom they pooled their drives, had been disappointed in the returns, and had never O.K.'d Cash to drive again. They would lose Cassius pretty soon.

"Looks like you did all right," he finally brought himself to say.

He waited until they had drifted off on the flank, where they could talk alone, before he fired his cannon. "Abe Kelsey was here."

Ben's startled glance acknowledged that he had heard, but he didn't say anything right away. "Close to the house?" he asked at last.

"Rode up to a window. Leaned down to look in."

Another pause; then two questions more. "What kind of a horse was he on?"

"A mighty sorry horse, by all accounts." This was favorable, for it meant the Kiowas still took away what horses Kelsey could steal. He had gained no influence with them.

Ben's last question: "Does Rachel——"

"She hasn't found out anything. Only—this floored me, Ben—she did call off his name. Whether mamma let something slip or she guessed it from —— Well, that doesn't signify."

"No, that doesn't signify."

"I'm thinking of the Rawlinses," Cash said. "No scale-horn on earth ever come stubborner than old Zeb, or harder to turn. And nobody hates Indians worse. If Kelsey ever stirs him up we'll have a finish fight on our hands. Else he'll gore us off the range."

"Damn the range," Ben said.

"What?"

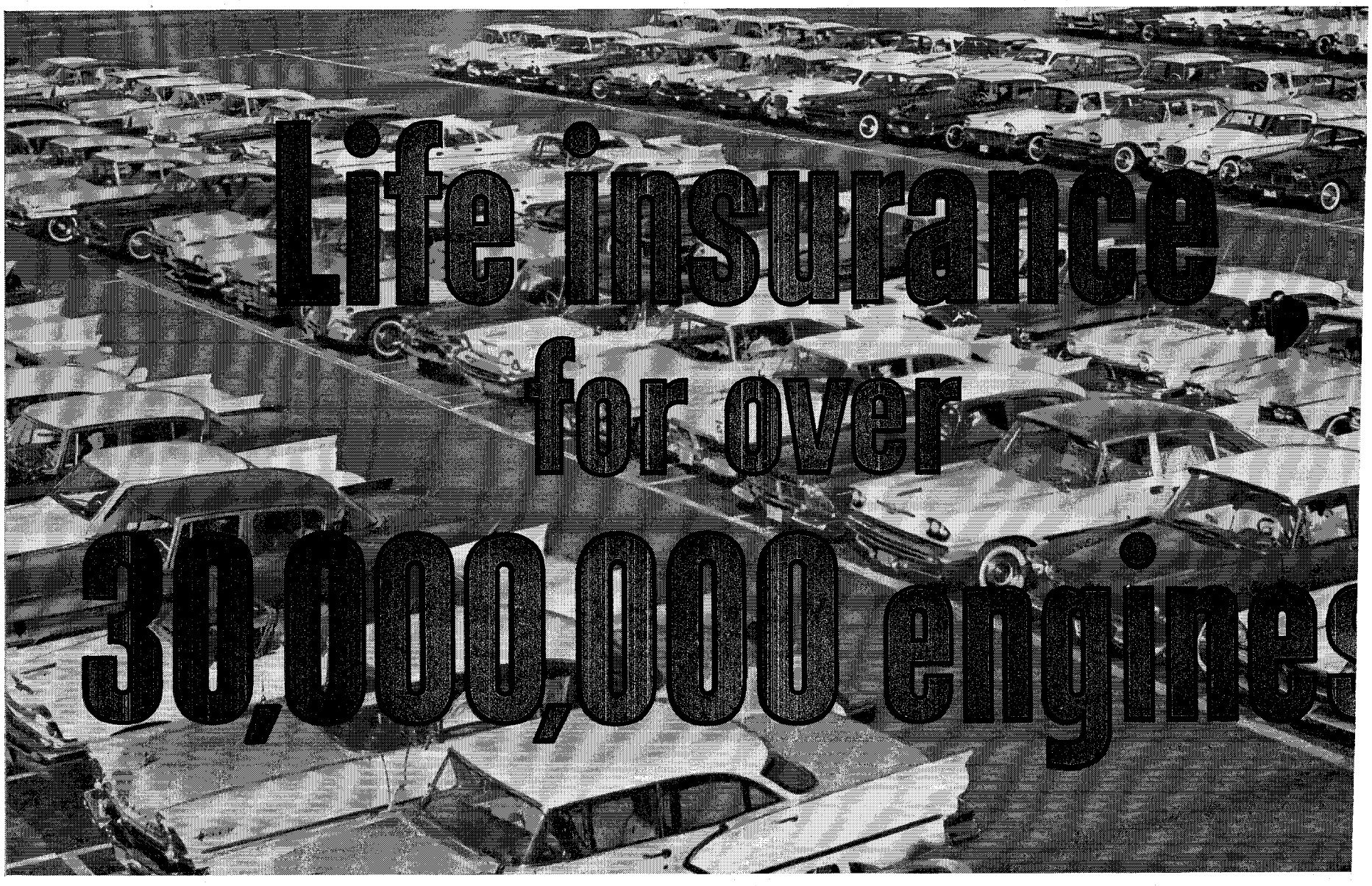
Ben held his voice low, but a shake came into it, beyond his control. "Cash, I know—I know in my heart, I'll go after them, and I'll kill them, every man, the day they turn on her."

A shade of emphasis fell on that last word, "her," and that was where it belonged. It was Rachel whom Kelsey had been able to turn into a hostage. In a dozen pioneer crises, the Zacharys had been held defenseless by the special vulnerability of this girl. And the great fear that kept them forever on guard was that she herself would find it out. Their perpetual vigilance in itself had made her far more precious to them than another child could ever have been.

Rachel had been raised in the belief that she was their own. But she was not a Zachary, nor of any kin. Nobody knew who she was, or even of what blood. Abe Kelsey claimed he knew. He had been along when Zack found a naked baby on the prairie seventeen years ago. This gave him enough color of authority so that some listened when Abe pointed to what he claimed was the Zacharys' strange immunity to raids.

"Kiowas won't touch 'em. Never have, and never will! Bought themselves scotfree when they sold out my boy. Even took in a Kiowa whelp on swap, to bind the deal. Go see for yourself! A squaw young'n as ever was—growing up in the Zachary name!"

No worse nonsense was possible. If the Kiowas had believed for a moment that the Zacharys were holding a Kiowa child, however fractional of blood, they would have attacked without let-up. Yet it was the kind of theory that easily took root in this blood-soaked ground. In the past



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

twenty years Kiowa and Comanche raiding parties had killed more than eight hundred Texas settlers. Among them had been a great number of women killed by incessant cruelties, and a lot of stolen children who died most pitifully in captivity. The victims were not only scalped, but often gruesomely dismembered.

Ben thought that Texans should at least have learned by this time that the Horse Indians used fast travel as a weapon and great space as a shield. Old Zack himself had helped teach the Kiowas that a blood-angry posse might soon be charging in among their own lodges if they left too short a trail. Kiowas raided from the top of Kansas to Santa Fe; they could cross Texas at eighty miles a night to raid deep in Mexico, and be back above the Red while the same moon held. Not how far away, but how watchful, was the measure of safety on this frontier.

Yet people in the worst-hurt counties still built houses with bullet-leaky walls and tinder roofs. They couldn't learn and wouldn't be told, and no amount of bloody murder ever changed that.

Perhaps a man whose family had been chopped up could not be expected to blame his own negligence. Easier on his peace of mind if he assumed he had done the best possible job, and found other explanations for the better results of others. There were people who asked too recklessly and too often why war parties always passed up the Zacharys, exposed in handy reach, to jump families two hundred miles beyond.

Ben himself never feared the Kiowas much. What he feared was a moment of carelessness, at the wrong place or the wrong time, by one of his own people.

They watched the moon. Kiowas on raid might attack by night or by day, but traveled only by moonlight. When the moon was full, you could figure war parties were sifting all over Texas, unseen; while in the dark of the moon you wouldn't cut fresh sign of a single band.

What's Going On Here?

A famous American officer with a fine combat record orders members of his command to perform an act which will weaken a vital defense point and give the enemy access to a great state. His orders are carried out. But an event a few days later prevents the enemy from taking advantage of his move. What officer, and what did he have done?

By Frank Kilker

(*Answer on Page 124*)

The Zacharys allowed twelve days a month for the full moon, and lived differently then. They watched the grass. Kiowas wouldn't try a long foray, or any at all, until their war ponies were in shape. So the grass could tell you when the danger time had come.

Most important thing to know of all was that Horse Indians never fought well against walls. They raided for loot, which meant horses, and glory, which meant scalps, and they liked to get them cheap. If your house was proof against bullets and fire, its doors and shutters few and heavy, the Kiowas were unlikely to come against you at all. Only ——

Ben now saw something ahead that might change the whole quality of danger on the Dancing Bird past hope of survival. Suddenly he felt sick in the pit of his stomach and sick in his heart. A decision he had put off for a long time, and that his father had put off before him, would have to be stood up to now.

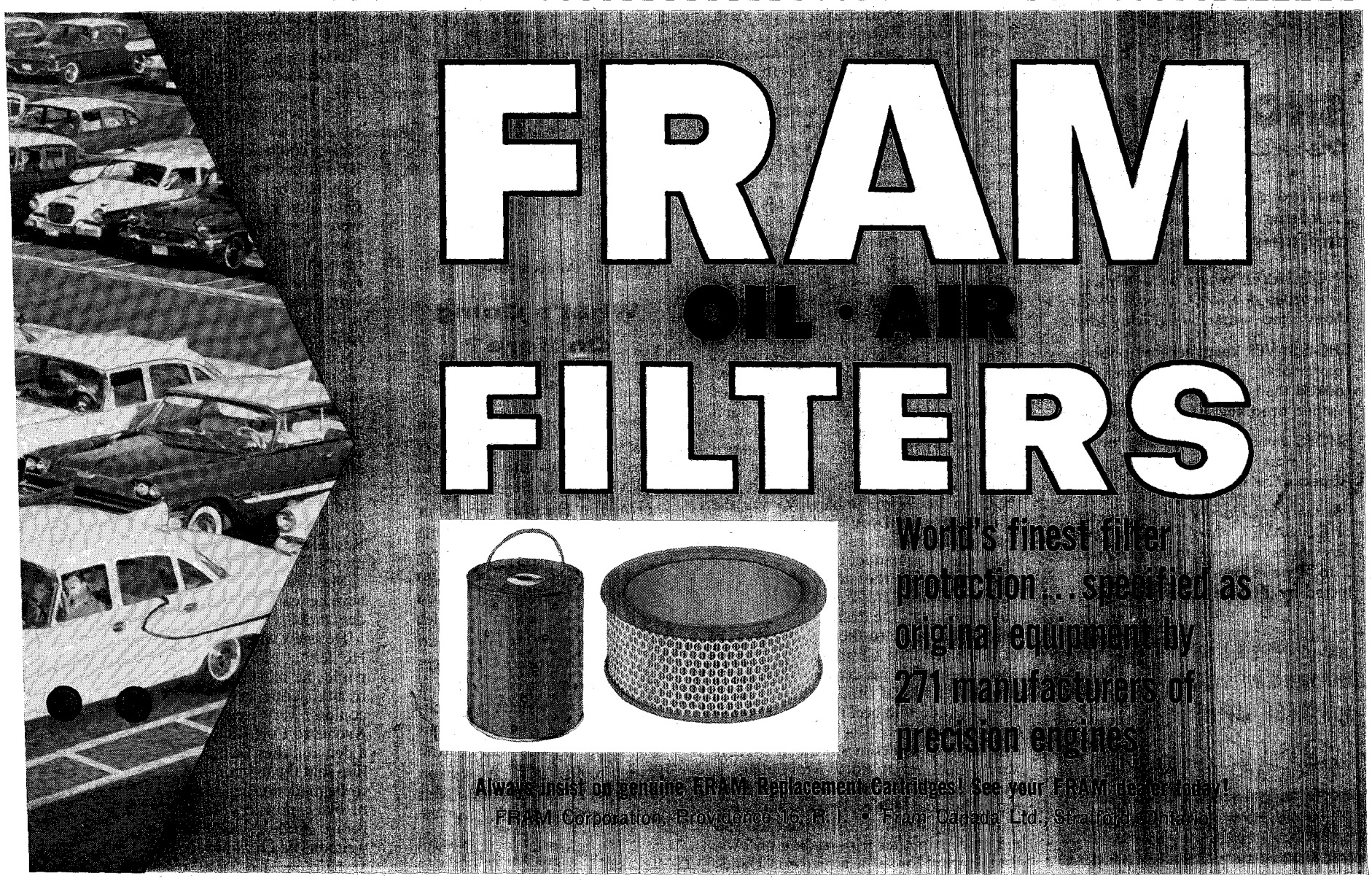
"Bring 'em on," he ordered Cassius, and he rode ahead.

Clear of the crew, Ben jogged slowly, his eyes habitually sweeping and quartering. With the Rawlinses, the Zacharys claimed by right of use a strip some twenty miles wide by thirty or forty long, coming to six or seven hundred sections. The sum total accomplishment of Old Zack's life lay in their precarious hold upon this land. And Ben was wondering, now, if he could bring himself to give it up.

The Dancing Bird range was carrying upwards of twelve thousand head, about half of which the two families hoped were their own; not counting as many again that carried their brands, but were scattered over half of Texas. They had cows, all right. Everybody had cows, and virtually nothing else. A handful of strays had escaped the early Spaniards three centuries ago, and these had multiplied into the countless wild cattle that had tantalized and frustrated Texans since before the Alamo. Hundreds of thousands had been killed for their hides, without making a dent. Yet Texas beef remained valueless, until after the war, for want of a market or any way to reach one.

Then, as the war ended, Texans became aware that a railroad had poked into Missouri as far as Sedalia. Ben remembered the excitement that swept Texas. Below the Nueces, where wild cattle ran thickest, a cow might be worth two or three dollars, but you couldn't get it, because nobody had it. The same cow should be worth ten times that, and in cash, at the end of track. Hundreds of cow-hunting outfits swarmed into the deep brush.

From the Nueces to Sedalia was a drive of more than twelve hundred miles, but William Zachary was only one of many who thought it could be made. With scarcely a dollar, and no place to borrow any, he scoured the brush country, contracting cattle from cow hunters on credit, on shares or any way he could. He


FRAM
OIL · AIR
FILTERS
World's finest filter protection . . . specified as original equipment by 271 manufacturers of precision engines
Always insist on genuine FRAM Replacement Cartridges! See your FRAM dealer today!
FRAM Corporation, Providence 16, R. I. • Fram Canada Ltd., Stratford, Ontario

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHOE SAVER
the silicone treatment

makes shoes shed water ...keeps them comfortable and new-looking!

SHOE SAVER swabs on easily . . . penetrates deeply . . . makes your shoes shed water. Feet stay dry.

SHOE SAVER keeps leather pliable, comfortable . . . shoes can't get soaked then dry out "boardy". Lets leather breathe. Feet stay happy.

SHOES remain new-looking longer . . . most stains wipe right off. Appearance stays snappy.

For the whole family's shoes . . . get SHOE SAVER now, wherever you buy shoes or have them repaired. 2 to 4 pairs protected by 1 bottle $1.00

DOW CORNING CORPORATION • MIDLAND, MICH.
first in Silicones
DOW CORNING SILICONES LTD., TORONTO, CAN.

drove north three thousand head, with nine tough brush riders who brought their own grub, plus Ben, then sixteen. Ahead of them and behind them a hundred herds strung out for five hundred miles. Ben remembered his own boyish exultation, greater than he would ever feel again, as two hundred and sixty thousand head of cattle were thrown into the great march.

And he remembered the stunning, crushing disappointment of that year. The Texans drove a thousand miles, to be stopped two hundred short of their goal. Longhorns carried the deadly tick-transmitted Texas fever. Kansas farmers, fearing epidemic among their own livestock, threw up a quarantine barrier, stubbornly manned. The great herds were lost and so were some of the drovers, who tried to fight their way through, and forever stayed in Kansas.

That was the first year. There had been seven since. The way north became the Chisholm Trail, as the rails pushed westward across Kansas to Abilene, then to Ellsworth, to Newton, and now to Wichita. Two and a half million cattle had made the long march to the railheads, and still they came on. Still the hearts of men and horses broke upon that cruel trail; and still the promise of fortune shone at its end, fabulous as the gold beyond the rainbow—and just as elusive to most.

Of the seven years since Sedalia, three had been chancy, spotty years, in which they paid off debts in money, to borrow again in cows. Three years had been so bad that they had turned their weary herds and driven them back to Texas—which was how the Dancing Bird got stocked. Of normal years, in which successful drives had found good markets, they had seen exactly one. Their spring drive in 1870 had paid off every cent they owed. But it was also the last drive of Zack's life, for that was the year he died under his drowning cattle, in the flash-flooded Witch River crossing.

They hadn't made a nickel since. One reason was the treachery of the trail. Stampede, balk, scatter and give-out must be dealt with all the time. Thirst and starvation spelled off high water and bogged prairies; they had wars between rivals, banditry, stock diseases, failures of men and breakdowns of horses. There were freak disasters, as in '69, when grasshoppers stripped half the prairie. The trail boss was a trouble-shooter, at all times so beset that the Indian danger, ever-present and often deadly, was almost the least of his troubles.

But the market itself was more shifty than the trail. The arrival of too many herds too close together, or a shortage of cars, or a wobbly day on the stock exchange—anything—could leave tens of thousands of head standing unsold. For a good market, you first needed a country-wide corn surplus, for an unfed longhorn was worse eating than a wolf. And next you needed a shortage of farm cattle, for the huge longhorn, unhappily, was the worst beef animal you could buy. Those vast bawling, earth-rumbling herds set fire to the imagination, until you thought you were seeing the advance of empire over the prairie grass. But the desolate truth was that the trail cattle were of small importance to the meat supply; in its best years, the Chisholm Trail delivered less than ten per cent of the national kill. Only a special situation could make the low-grade wild beef marketable at all. And yet ——

Trail herds sometimes brought twenty, twenty-eight, even thirty-two dollars a head. A single great lucky drive could put you in the clear forever. Ben was sure a big market was just ahead. All winter long he had made trip after trip, trading his own distant strays for cattle already on Dancing Bird grass. What he couldn't trade for he bought outright—on credit, of course—until they owned a thousand and a half more head of cattle than they could have claimed in the fall. Their debts were sky high again, but this year Ben might prove that his father had indeed left them the means to fortune—perhaps great, unimaginable fortune.

I can't run, Ben thought. *Not now. Not yet. We've got to stand, no matter what comes. No matter what.*

Tears were running down Mathilda's cheeks, and Rachel's eyes had a wet shine, as Ben stepped from the saddle to the stoop. They hung around his neck, asking stupid questions and making all the fuss they knew how. "Did you bring ——" Rachel started to ask, then dropped it. He had never yet failed to do the best he could, and now that he was here, it didn't even matter.

Ben never realized how much he missed the people he left behind until he saw them again. Tonight they were together, all that was left of them, safe and snug and fed. And what Ben noticed most was how happy Rachel looked, so trusting and truly thankful. He felt a hard twinge of pity, of anger, seeing her so innocently unaware of the hostility hanging over her, ugly enough to smash the lives of them all.

But if any except Ben had a worry, it didn't show. Ben's return with the herders ended the long tyranny of winter for everybody. He brought the spring and the rebirth of their world. Rachel and Mathilda had seen no women except each other for many long months on end. Now they would see the Rawlinses, at least, practically all the time, for the two families must work together closely from here on. Or so they thought then, because it had always been that way before.

The sense of well-being lasted until after dark; then Mathilda sent Rachel to bed, and Andy was soon asleep. After that, as the owls began to fly, Mathilda seemed older, and Ben let himself go tired. Only Cassius was still crisp, as the three of them took a look at the trouble they shared.

"Cash and I talked to the hands," Ben told their mother. "Didn't use Kelsey's name, of course. Just said a horse thief. Told 'em how he looks. And we put up a hundred dollars."

"But even if they catch him, how can you hold him? Or keep him from ——"

Ben and Cash exchanged a glance, and Ben said, "Mamma, we never told them to catch him."

"What?"

"The hundred," Cassius said plainly, "is for his scalp."

The tears that came so easily nowadays sprang to Mathilda's eyes. She said, "Poor old man."

"I'll pass the word," Ben told her gravely, "that he's a squaw man and a thief. But this lonely country breeds gun feuds mighty easy. If ever Kelsey gets to Zeb Rawlins, we can have one of our own—right quick and right here."

"I know," Mathilda said, scotching his argument.

And now they were interrupted. Rachel had appeared in the bedroom doorway, barefooted and in her muslin nightie, her hair in long braids. She asked in a plaintive, little-girl fashion if she couldn't come out and sit up with the rest of them for a little while. She kept hearing their voices without being able to make out the words. This was a teasing thing, and kept her from getting to sleep.

Mathilda coaxed her to keep trying. "The Rawlinses will be over tomorrow, like as not. We don't want to look just awful." Rachel's eyes went to Ben with a quick appeal, but he did not intercede. The door closed softly behind her.

But while she had stood there Ben had seen more clearly than ever before how pretty she had become, still wide-eyed and childlike, yet so plainly a woman. How often would unseen eyes be watching her this year? The Kiowas scouted the Dancing Bird all the time, for it lay on their way to farther, easier kills.

Dangerous enough to have Kiowas looking her over while they believed her a white woman, to be used with casual violence and thrown away. But surely old Kelsey was now babbling to the Kiowas his old story of Rachel's rescue—or capture, as he called it. Strangely, for so cruel a people, the Kiowas set great store by their own children, their own kin; Kelsey could expect acceptance and honor if he turned up a long-captive Kiowa girl. Not that they would believe the old loony. Only, if he kept dinging on the idea, some were sure to see its advantages, pretty soon. When a Kiowa wanted to believe something, he found ways to believe it. He might get a warlock to consult an owl; with gifts at stake, the average owl came up with a favorable answer about nine times in ten. If a single young war leader concluded that his people had a claim on the girl, he could very easily find great lashings of fight-loving young bucks eager to take him at his word and follow him all out in a holy crusade. Then you'd see Kiowas come against walls, and with all they had.

"I have to ask something of you," Ben said to his mother, coming straight at the point, head on. "I want you to take Rachel somewhere. Some safe place. Like maybe Fort Worth."

Mathilda stared as if she couldn't believe her ears. "Have you gone mad?" she demanded.

He knew what he was up against, then. He felt a moment of chill, almost of panic; he had been hog-tied before now by that gentle, lovingly inflexible will. He couldn't very well take his mother and Rachel to Fort Richardson in irons, with a demand they be held secure. It came to him that the fight of his life was not going to be made in the saddle or in the smoke of black powder, but here, now, in this room. And it must be made with no weapons he knew how to use.

TO BE CONTINUED

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 123)

Benedict Arnold, in plotting to surrender the fortress of West Point to the British in 1780, weakened the great chain across the Hudson there. For two years, the 1700-foot-long chain, weighing 180 tons, prevented British warships from sailing up the river with troops for the rest of the war. Arnold, commanding West Point, had one of the mammoth links removed under pretext that it needed to be sent to a blacksmith for repair. But his treason was exposed before the British could act. A section of the great chain is displayed today at West Point.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He Runs a White-Collar Union

(Continued from Page 49)

supermarkets, whose size makes them more susceptible to organization. They have contracts with well over 90 per cent of the stores in every major food chain, and, in fact, approximately half their total membership is in grocery stores.

In Los Angeles, Joseph Da Silva, the aggressive boss of Local 770, has signed up every local food store, by-passing only the "Mamma and Papa stores" which use little or no paid help. His contracts give a journeyman food clerk eighty-six dollars a week after one year, plus free medical care.

The Clerks are strongest on the West Coast; in other areas their contract figures are somewhat lower. In Chicago, for example, the organized journeyman food clerk usually draws seventy-one dollars a week after two years; in Washington, D.C., he draws eighty dollars a week after two years.

The Clerks have done fairly well in small department stores, but they have found the big ones hard to conquer. In Philadelphia, for example, the union has contracts with all the food chains, but in the past seventeen years it has been able to organize fully only two of the city's five major department stores. It has organized only one major department store in Chicago and one in Los Angeles.

One difficulty in organizing department stores is that they have a high personnel turnover, especially among young women. Also, many department-store clerks consider themselves potential executive material, and their instinct is to resist the coming of a union, particularly one that labels them "clerks."

This "white-collar psychology" was truer twenty-five years ago than it is today, according to Sam J. Myers, the Clerks' top organizer. But nowadays, Myers says, "store clerks are becoming more socially adaptable to the idea of being organized."

Suffridge believes that clerks often make the finest kind of union members. He rejects the popular conception of a clerk as a Caspar Milquetoast. "A clerk is as tall as anybody," he likes to say.

The Clerks have an unusually high percentage of their members sitting on central labor councils around the country. AFL-CIO spokesmen point out that the Clerks have one of the highest average educational backgrounds of any union.

The Clerks themselves are proud of the caliber of their International staff. A former organizer, Robert Ozanne, earned a Ph.D. degree and now is a faculty member at the University of Wisconsin labor school. John Philpott, the aristocratic-looking director of the Southwestern division, started out studying dentistry, became an auto salesman and finally found himself as a career officer with the Clerks.

At the union's Washington, D.C., headquarters, many of the top positions are held by college graduates, some of whom have backgrounds in business and advertising. Many, like Suffridge, are former store managers who became grocery clerks in the depression. As former merchandising specialists, they go in for slick, modern techniques in their public-relations approach.

Suffridge has fostered a hard-driving but genteel approach, although he could not afford to be so suave twenty years ago. In those early days, Suffridge could be just as physical as the situation demanded, a proficiency acquired during his boyhood in Tennessee. His father, believing that a lad should know how to defend himself, set up a boxing ring in the back yard and invited the neighbor boys to try to knock the blocks off his two sons.

Jim Suffridge carried this paternal principle to risky lengths in the late '20's, when he occasionally sparred in an Oakland, California, gymnasium with Max Baer, then beginning his climb to the world's heavyweight championship. The experience stood him in good stead in his organizing days in Oakland in the '30's.

After directing his clerks to "take your aprons off and mix it" with strike-breakers, according to veteran members of the Clerks, Suffridge himself scored many a clean knockout.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Maybe they're from the welcome wagon."

STILL FULL AND SAFE

Refined from 100% Bradford Pennsylvania Crude Oil — world's richest — by special Kendall processes and an exclusive additive formula.

STOPS VALVE LIFTER STICKING, TOO

Kendall quality means economy for you. Specially formulated to provide full protection and superior lubrication for the engine in your car. Kendall, the 2000 Mile Oil has been performance-proven by millions of motorists. Ask for it at your favorite dealer's now.

BY THE REFINER OF KENDALL SUPERB MOTOR OIL

KENDALL REFINING COMPANY • BRADFORD, PENNA.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Today Suffridge says, "I've found it's more important to be tough mentally than physically in this business."

By mental toughness, Suffridge means standing firm in his relations with other unions as well as management. He has had occasional dust-ups with Dave Beck, president of the powerful International Brotherhood of Teamsters. Beck began eying the Clerks as a possible satellite to his own 1,300,000-member union in 1942, when Suffridge was organizing retail workers on a wholesale basis in California.

He was rebuffed by Suffridge. Five years later, when Da Silva struck the Los Angeles food stores, Beck feared that the area wage pattern would be distorted if the Clerks won; he told Da Silva to get his men back to work "in twenty hours." Da Silva relayed this ultimatum to Suffridge, who was en route East by train. Suffridge wired back: "Ignore Beck. He has no authority over the Clerks." Da Silva kept his grocery workers out another ten days and won them a fat retroactive weekly pay raise of fifteen dollars.

Sometimes the Clerks have struck the stores in a certain area so effectively that, after the strike was over, the customers continued to trade elsewhere. In such cases, the union has had to join hands with management to try to win back the customers.

Suffridge has since decided that the boycott is generally more effective than the strike. It amounts to a two-way squeeze: with a small picket line, the union can keep the workers in the store and quite a few customers out of it. Thus the union is spared paying strike benefits while the store owner is losing business and having difficulty meeting his payroll.

In perfecting the boycott, the Clerks have raised picketing to an art. In December, 1953, the Clerks called a strike against Gimbel's store in Pittsburgh. The Teamsters had gone out of Gimbel's earlier that month. Eventually, some of the striking Clerks found other jobs and some returned to their jobs in the store. After the Teamsters settled a year later, management offered the Clerks the same raise it had given the Teamsters, but refused to take back some 175 clerks who had been picketing the store, on the ground that they had been replaced. Many of these pickets were saleswomen with twenty-five to thirty-five years of service in the store.

When a stalemate over the new contract ensued, the Clerks' organizing strategist, Sam J. Myers, dispatched one planeload of the elderly ladies to Milwaukee and another group to Philadelphia to boycott the Gimbel's stores in both cities. The women trudged back and forth in front of the stores, carrying placards spelling out their grievance. Within three days—just as Myers was marshaling a third matronly task force to invade New York City—management telephoned the union to "take the show off the road"; the old girls could go back to their jobs with full seniority.

However, management says that Myers' exported picket lines had nothing to do with the fact that an agreement was reached, and points out that the Clerks lost their union-shop contract at Gimbel's Pittsburgh store as a result of their lengthy strike, which lost them some of their members.

Suffridge's handling of racketeering charges within his union might serve as a model for other labor leaders. In the spring of 1956, for example, Suffridge acted unhesitatingly when he learned of charges against two Clerks' locals in New York. United States Attorney Paul W. Williams named five men connected with Local 1648 on Long Island as part of an alleged conspiracy by some employers and union officials to get control of the pickle market. Meanwhile, Manhattan District Attorney Frank Hogan indicted a former secretary-treasurer of Local 405 twice—on an extortion charge and on a shake-down charge centering around John ("Johnny Dio") Dioguardia, a New York hoodlum.

Tipped off in advance, Suffridge summarily removed officers of Local 1648, placed both locals under trusteeship, and wrote letters to Williams and Hogan offering all the union's books and any other co-operation desired.

In an ad-libbed remark to the Clerks' International convention in 1951, Suffridge said, "It won't be the Taft-Hartley Act that would be the ruin of the labor movement. It would be the gangsters, the thieves and the thugs."

The Clerks have achieved their greatest growth since the passage of the Taft-Hartley Act in 1947 and Suffridge, a Republican, is one union leader who doesn't mind pointing that out.

Suffridge was born in the eastern, or Republican, part of Tennessee on Feb. 2, 1909. His father, C. A. Suffridge, owned and ran an old-fashioned country store, complete with a cracker barrel, twelve miles outside of Knoxville. Suffridge says, "I can hardly remember a time when I wasn't waiting on customers."

In 1918 the elder Suffridge moved his family to Knoxville, where he bought, built up, and sold at a profit a whole series of food stores. In 1926, just before Jim was due to be graduated from Knoxville High, the family packed up again and moved to Oakland, California.

About this time Jim began moving restlessly from one job to another. He did well, first as a wholesale-jewelry salesman in Northern California, and then as a route boss for a wholesale bakery firm in St. Louis, Missouri.

However, in the depths of the depression in 1931, the best job he could find was as a counter clerk at Hagstrom's food store in Oakland, working eighty hours a week for eighteen dollars. When he was made manager of the store, Suffridge jumped its business from $400 to $1000 a week—and got a nine-dollar-a-week raise.

In 1928 Suffridge married pretty, petite Georgia Nutting, a hosiery salesgirl in an Oakland department store. When Beverley, the elder of their two daughters, was five years old, in 1935, an event occurred which helped shape the course of Suffridge's career. The child had contracted osteomyelitis, a serious bone infection. When they took her to a private hospital for diagnosis, the authorities informed Suffridge bluntly that on his twenty-seven-dollar-a-week income he could not afford to keep her there.

Suffridge took his daughter to a children's hospital where people were charged according to income; but the incident was humiliating to him. Mrs. Suffridge was especially distressed, for she had already been telling herself that her daughter might have been healthier if they had been able to buy her better food in her first few years.

Earlier that year, Suffridge had left Hagstrom's for a job with the Lucky food chain, which was then opening one of its first open-front supermarkets. He had also joined the union. After the hospital incident, the union became an obsession with him. He felt that the Clerks were entitled to sufficient wages to buy adequate food and their own hospitalization. Today, the Clerks' contracts with food and department stores include some of the most liberal medical benefit plans enjoyed by union members anywhere. Such items as free life insurance, free hospitalization and generous maternity benefits are not unusual.

When Suffridge joined the Clerks, the union was moribund. It had been chartered by the AFL in 1890 after an amalgamation by the two-year-old Clothing, Gents' Furnishings and Shoe Clerks Union, of Muskegon, Michigan, with several smaller salesmen's unions. In 1900 it began bargaining for a five-dollar-a-week minimum wage and a sixty-hour week.

In 1937, when the International concentrated more power in the hands of its top officers, a rebellious element split off from the union and formed a rival CIO group. Now known as the Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Union, this organization has approximately 100,000 members, concentrated largely in New York City.

Suffridge was elected secretary-treasurer and head of the Clerks' food local 870 in 1936. The outlook was not encouraging. The local had fewer than 100 members, and no contracts at all.

By 1944, when Suffridge left to become president of the International, Local 870's condition had improved spectacularly. Suffridge had signed up every food store in his territory, which embraced Contra Costa and Alameda counties; his contracts called for the highest wage scales for food clerks anywhere in the world.

When Suffridge, at thirty-four years of age, became president of the International, he introduced new organizing techniques and a research-and-education department, and reversed a membership decline which had set in.

At their 1955 convention, the Clerks raised Suffridge's annual salary from $25,000 to $35,000. Just prior to that, the union had moved its headquarters from Lafayette, Indiana, to Washington, D. C., where it purchased a new four-story building on Connecticut Avenue for $1,250,000.

In 1956 the Clerks began conducting "workshops," or "graduate schools," for officers of their locals at the University of Wisconsin, Penn State and the University of Washington. Courses are given in history and economics as well as in the operation of a retail store. Suffridge says the workshops are designed to give "a fresh approach to the art of negotiating."

"We operate on the same basis as management with its customers," he explains. "We aim to please. We ask our organizers to conduct themselves in a businesslike way, being prepared to protect themselves in the clinches at all times. Managers of retail stores are very receptive to a common-sense approach.

"After all, we're not here for a day. We live in the community and are interested in the fate of our people in the community ten years from now. Our reputation with management over the long pull is what counts."

A cross-country sampling of management opinion indicates that Suffridge's respect for employers is returned. They point out, however, that Suffridge's high standards are not necessarily reflected throughout his union; they say that personalities and tactics in some of his locals have caused bitterness. But they are not so rash as to say this for the record. As one of them put it, "Anybody who has to live with these guys would be crazy to say anything derogatory about them publicly."

Suffridge was elected a member of the policy-making executive council of the AFL-CIO at its 1957 annual meeting in Miami, thus becoming one of the twenty-seven vice-presidents of the organization. The Retail Clerks are fifteenth in size among the 140 unions in the AFL-CIO; at forty-eight, Suffridge's future could be large indeed.

First, he must prove himself in some crucial years ahead. The stores may become labor's next big battleground. The Teamsters and the Building Service Employees have already bustled into the department stores, and some other large unions also are looking for openings. The Clerks appear ready to meet the challenge. Suffridge has preferred to build slowly, consolidating his gains as he went along.

"Quantity without quality is no good," he says. "I believe we have built a record of what you might call tenacity."

Another union official puts it more colorfully. "Jim is a tough-minded man. He'll fight you to the death. You may beat him here and there, but he'll outlast you."

THE END

"What? You're forty-six . . . oh, come now, you're not serious. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Del Monte® chefs did ... with pineapple distilled vinegar !

How full of tomato flavor can a catsup be? Depends on the vinegar that's used for blending! Nothing else does it like DEL MONTE's own pineapple distilled vinegar—the exciting vinegar that awakens every bit of flavor in rich, ripe tomatoes and tangy spices. Try DEL MONTE Brand Catsup right away, on seafood or meat or your proudest casseroles. It's *livelier.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pop's Springtime Fancy

(Continued from Page 37)

the river with a sleighload of poles that Joe needed for a new corral, nurse Stevens might have perished in the storm, because the trail she was on was seldom traveled and there were no houses near. But she did not seem to realize the danger. She balked at the idea of abandoning her car. She wanted Joe to haul it behind his sleigh. When he told her that the horses had all they could haul as it was, she demanded that he leave his load of poles and use his team to haul her car.

"Lookit, ma'am!" Joe shouted, hunching his broad shoulders against the driving wind and snow, while up on the load Babe and Little Joe looked down, out of the horse blankets Joe had wrapped about them. "I couldn't haul the car all the way to town in this storm! I'd never make it! You come home with us! When the storm lets up, I'll come back for the car!"

Miss Stevens vetoed this suggestion peremptorily. Sitting inside the heated car, she seemed willing to go on arguing all afternoon. She said she would stay with the car until some more accommodating person came along.

"That will likely be sometime next spring," Joe warned.

But the way the storm was building up, he simply could not leave her there. At last, realizing the futility of reasoning with her, he yanked open the door of the car and lifted her out bodily. He hoisted her up on the load beside the kids and told her to stay there. She gasped and sputtered—partly from indignation, no doubt, but also because, the way she was dressed, the storm hit her like a deluge of ice water.

She was wearing a thin, navy-blue cape over her white uniform. She had no overshoes on. With the wind whipping her skirt about her knees and her dark hair about her face, she looked like a witch riding a broomstick. A very shapely witch, too, and kind of pretty, though this did not occur to Joe at the time. He was worrying about the way the storm was getting worse and thinking about the difficult miles he still had to travel.

Miss Stevens did not argue any more. She crawled into the horse blankets with the kids, and if she made any comments to them, the wind whisked them away so that Joe could not hear them as he trudged along on foot beside the laboring horses. He was mighty thankful when they finally reached home.

The storm turned out to be a real old-time blizzard. It was two days before it blew itself out, so that Joe could drive Miss Stevens to town in a sleigh. She spent the two days cleaning up Joe's house as it had never been cleaned since Emmy died. She did the cooking, too—and, man, could she cook! But if she realized that Joe had saved her life she never once let on. She was a woman who hated to admit that she had been in the wrong about anything.

"You still haven't got this boy's tonsils out," she scolded.

Joe disliked her intensely. However, Babe and Little Joe got along with her first rate. And their Uncle Pete, fortunately, was unusually sober and inoffensive because the blizzard was so bad that he could not even cross the field to the poplar bluff where he kept his still.

Later, Joe took the team and hauled Miss Stevens' car to his place and it sat in the barnyard until spring. Because as fast as road crews plowed out the main roads they drifted in again. When spring came at last, Joe drove Miss Stevens' car to town. And when he went into her office to give her the car keys, he had no more notion of inviting her out for supper than he had of standing on his head on the main street in Sanford.

"I dunno why I done it," he muttered afterward.

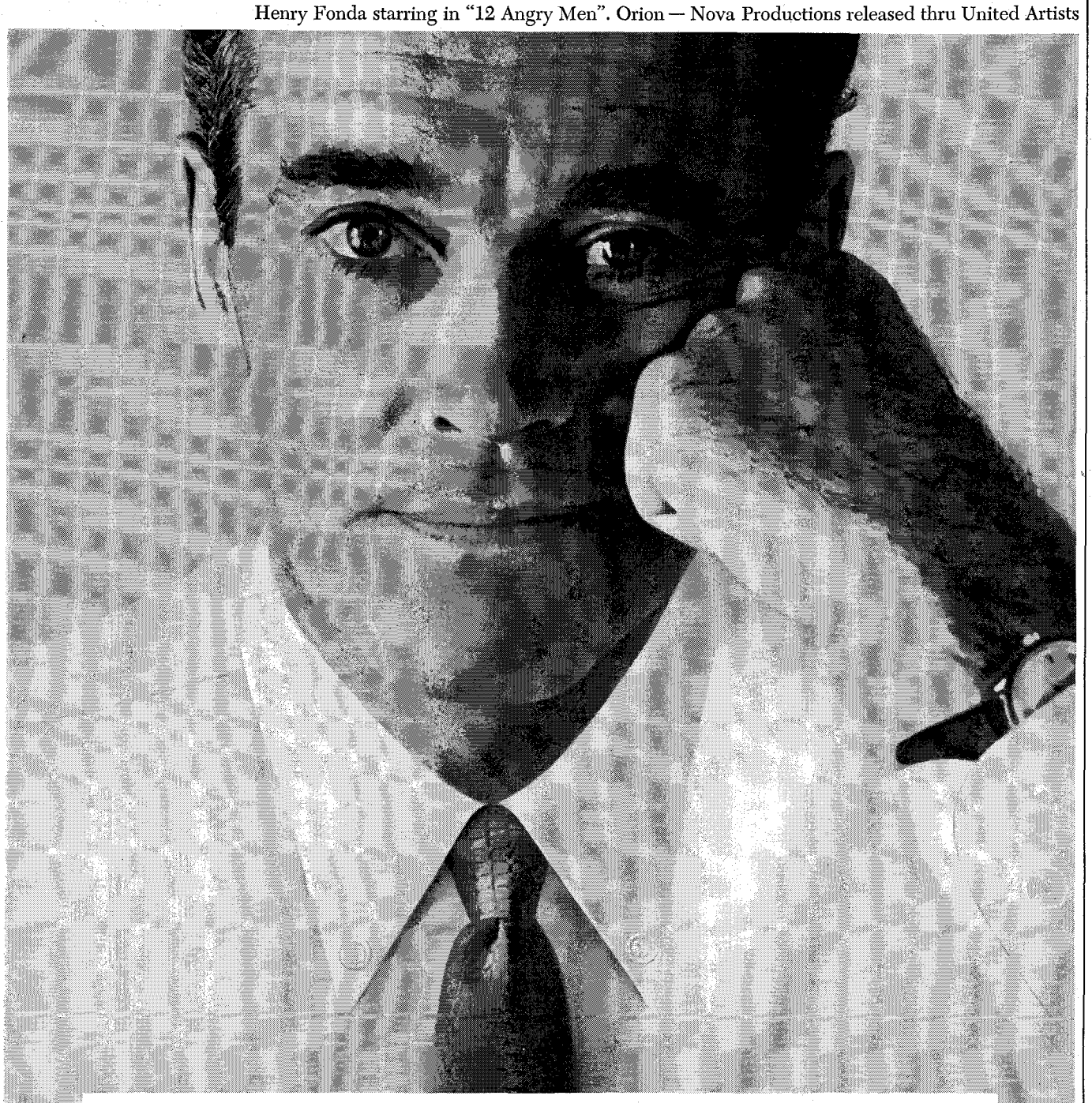
It must have been that old spring fever working in him. For, all at once, Miss Stevens seemed kind of pretty. She was mighty well set up, too, and Joe had never fancied puny women. It was while his eyes were appreciating the contours which not even her starched uniform could entirely conceal that Joe found himself stammering out an invitation to supper. A warm look came into her eyes then, as though she knew instantly that he had become aware of her womanliness. It was a flattering look too. "This is a fine big man, and I could go for him," it seemed to say.

"Thank you, Joe," she said, smiling. "I'll enjoy seeing Babe and Little Joe again."

She knew very well he had not been thinking about Babe and Little Joe when he asked her to come for supper. In fact, Joe had a vague feeling that he had been trapped into it. Consciously, he wanted no part of Vivian Stevens. She was hot-tempered and bossy, and Joe had never liked what he called "orderin' women." If he ever married again, he wanted a woman who would be gentle and ladylike, the way Emmy used to be.

Even the kids were surprised when they learned what he had done. "I thought you didn't like Miss Stevens," Little Joe said.

Henry Fonda starring in "12 Angry Men". Orion — Nova Productions released thru United Artists



3 SCENES AND 30 TAKES LATER

He's under hot kleig lights all day long, playing and re-playing scenes, yet Henry Fonda's collar stays *neat* and *wrinkle-free*. For he wears the Van Heusen Century Shirt with the one-piece soft collar that won't wrinkle . . . ever! In five collar styles. White, $4.00. Superfine white, $5.00. Colors, $4.00. Oxford Button down (pictured above), $5.00. Shirtmate Tie, $1.50.

SOFT COLLAR ON

VAN HEUSEN CENTURY SHIRTS WON'T WRINKLE...EVER

At better stores everywhere, or write to Phillips-Jones Corp., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, New York
Makers of Van Heusen Shirts • Sport Shirts • Ties • Pajamas • Handkerchiefs • Underwear • Swimwear • Sweaters

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Well, she's the district nurse," Joe explained sheepishly. "We oughta be nice to her, for you kids' sake."

He was ashamed of the tingling excitement within him when he thought of her visit, ashamed of the urge that made him take special pains with the supper. He was going to have cold chicken, and he had got Mrs. Parsons, a neighbor's wife, to make him a salad and a saskatoon pie. He knew that women went for salads and such things. Ordinarily, Uncle Pete did the cooking, but Pete was no good at anything fancy. Besides, Pete was under the weather, so to speak. He had not drawn a sober breath for a month or more. That was another of Joe's current worries. He had to get Pete sobered up before Miss Stevens arrived.

It was already ten A.M. Joe had two chickens cooking, and he was down on hands and knees, scrubbing the kitchen floor, when the door burst open and the kids came charging in.

"Pop!" they called out shrilly.

"Shut the door!" Joe barked. A blast of cold wind had swept in with them. It blew the Star Store calendar off the wall. "Why ain't you got mitts on?" Joe scolded. Their hands were red with cold. Their cheeks were rosy, and the tip of Babe's nose was like a little pink button.

Babe was a pretty little thing: blond, like her mom used to be, with Emmy's clear blue eyes. She was small-boned and dainty, whereas Little Joe was sturdy-built, like his pop, and had his father's black hair and eyes.

"The geese are back, pop!" Little Joe shouted.

"I heered 'em in the night," Joe answered gruffly. "Shut the door!"

The kids were too excited to heed him. And as he looked at them—he was still on hands and knees beside the pail of scrub water—Joe's irritation evaporated. They were swell kids. *Baby sure looks like her mom*, he thought.

"We saw a pink goose, pop!" Little Joe announced breathlessly.

"On the slough, with the other geese," Babe piped. "A pink goose!"

"Now, Baby ——" Joe reproved her absently, being in no mood to get excited about wild geese. He got to his feet and picked up the calendar and hung it on the nail. He was wondering if he could lock Pete up in the stable so Miss Stevens would not see him.

Pete was a broken-down ex-cowpoke with a weakness for liquor and horses. To satisfy his craving for liquor, he operated his own still. And it was a measure of his fondness for horses that, although he was always niggardly about parting with liquor, he would trade or sell some of it in order to pick up a horse at an auction sale. Pete never could stand the thought of horses' being sold for fox meat, which was about all they were good for—harness horses, that is—since mechanization had made them as obsolete on farms and ranches as an old-time steam-threshing rig.

Over the years, Pete had accumulated a considerable herd of useless horses, and had taken a lot of kidding about them from neighbors.

But then this tough winter had come along. Horse-drawn sleighs or saddle horses had become the only means of getting around the country. Many a farmer and rancher had found himself without a team to hitch to a sleigh and, consequently, a brisk demand had developed for horses. This had turned out to be a bonanza for Pete. He owned practically all the horses in the district that were broken to harness, and he made people pay high for nags that had cost him trifling amounts.

As it happened, though, the unaccustomed prosperity was more than Pete could stand. He quit operating his still because moonshine was not good enough for him these days. He had to have store

Look at the State They're In!

In abandoning its old-style fortifications recently as too stationary for fast-moving electronic warfare, the United States apparently overlooked one fort's all-time record for elusiveness. This fort, far from being where it should have been, actually was found in foreign territory.

The mixup over the fort, which continued into the past century, dates back to 1763. At that time, the British Crown proclaimed the 45th parallel as the boundary between its provinces of New York and Quebec. Three years later, Gov. Sir Henry Moore, of New York, and Lt. Gov. Guy Carleton, of Quebec, met to survey the boundary. With Moore was Professor Robert Harpur, of King's College, New York, now Columbia University. With Carleton was surveyor John Collins. In surveying, Harpur used an astronomical quadrant and Collins a Hadley's quadrant. Harpur located the boundary six miles below where Collins put it. Each insisted he was right, although each made his own province smaller thereby. The governors accepted Collins' boundary because his quadrant was considered superior. This added some 400 square miles to New York.

In 1818, Canadian and American surveyors found that the boundary wandered inaccurately back and forth across the true parallel. Worse, they discovered that Fort Montgomery, which the United States began to build in 1816 just north of Rouses Point, on Lake Champlain, to protect it from Canadian invasion in case of further hostilities like the War of 1812, was clearly on Canadian soil. It was promptly nicknamed "Fort Blunder." A new Fort Montgomery, safely on United States soil, was begun in 1843, but never was completed or garrisoned. It was sold in 1926.

To find out how the original boundary and fort went so far astray, researchers looked through records of the early survey. In its "bill of sundries," or expense account, they discovered: "Wages, 51 pounds. Rum and Madeira wine, 30 pounds."

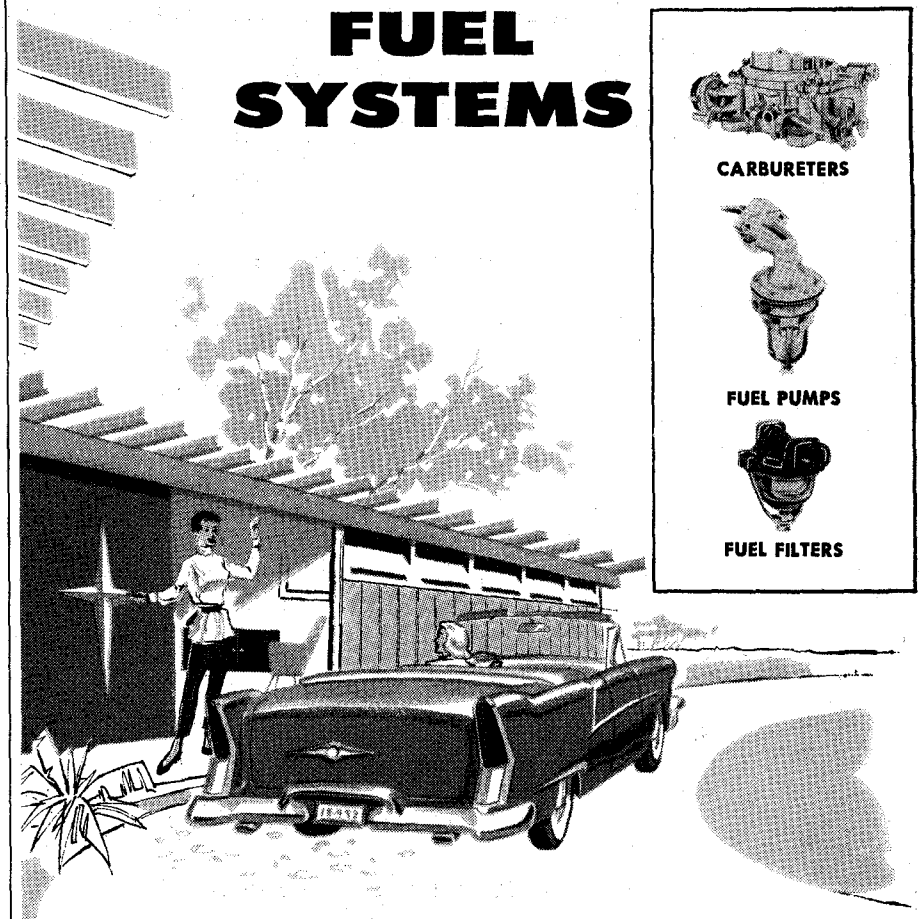
Carl G. Winter

dependable get-up-and-go . . .

CARTER POWER CENTER®

POWER CENTER

FUEL SYSTEMS



CARBURETERS

FUEL PUMPS

FUEL FILTERS

Only when your car's fuel system can handle them most efficiently can modern gasolines give you all their "go"

FOR COMPLETE

MODERN FUEL SYSTEMS

COUNT ON CARTER

Find your nearest Carter Outlet in the Yellow Pages.

You can keep swift, sure power for years by having your car serviced regularly wherever you see this sign.

CARTER CARBURETER SERVICE

CARTER CARBURETOR

DIVISION OF INDUSTRIES

INCORPORATED

ST. LOUIS 7, MISSOURI

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

liquor and he was tight practically all the time.

Heretofore, Joe had not been greatly disturbed about it. The snow was gone now, and the demand for horses had gone with the snow. It was only a matter of time until Pete's money would be spent and then he would have to sober up. But the situation had altered, now that Miss Stevens was coming. The sight of Pete in his present sodden state might easily shock her and sour her on the whole family.

"There ain't no such a thing as a pink goose, Baby," Joe said.

"There is so, pop!" Babe insisted. "Right out there on the slough."

"Just have a look, pop!" Little Joe cried. They grabbed Joe's hands and dragged him to the window.

There was a big slough a couple of hundred yards past the stable. The poplar bluff where Pete kept his still stood, gray and leafless, on the far side of the slough, and the water of the slough looked cold and gray, reflecting the cold gray sky above it.

There were a dozen or more wild geese on the water. Snow geese. From this distance they looked pure white against the gray background.

"Well, I be doggoned!" Joe ejaculated.

One of the geese was a deep pink color—almost red, in fact. It was the same size as the other geese, but because of its color it stood out from the rest like a Hereford steer in a herd of Holsteins.

"It's a new kind of goose, pop!" Little Joe cried breathlessly, as if it were a man from Mars or something.

"Must be," Big Joe agreed. "I never seen nothin' like it before. Maybe I oughta write to the paper about it."

The return of ducks and geese in the spring, the first meadow lark or gopher, the first crocus found blooming on the brown, wind-swept prairie—such things loomed large in the lives of Babe and Little Joe. Once, a couple of years back, they had discovered an albino crow, pecked at by its conventionally black brothers, and its appearance had been an event as exciting to Babe and Little Joe as the arrival of a space ship would have seemed to city kids.

"I hope the pink goose stays there, so Miss Stevens can see it," Babe said.

That brought Big Joe's mind back to his immediate problems. "Golly, kids!" he exclaimed. "We got a lot to do! You peel the spuds for me. Then you gotta go over to Mis' Parsons' place after the pie an' the salad."

The kids went to work on the spuds. Awkwardly, Joe lowered his big body to hands and knees and continued scrubbing the floor. It was a job he disliked, but he wanted the place to look spick-and-span. *You take a nurse,* he thought, *she's a heller for cleanliness.* As he worked, he got to thinking about Vivian Stevens again, and how pretty she was—if a man could put up with her bossy ways.

"Miss Stevens sure is pretty, isn't she, pop?" Babe said.

Joe flushed guiltily. It was as if Babe had read his thoughts.

"I s'pose you could call her pretty," he said, sort of offhand, as though it was something that had not occurred to him before.

"She can cook good too," Little Joe said.

"When I get big," Babe said, "I think I'll be a nurse. So I'll know how to take care of sick people." She stood with paring knife poised above a big potato and there was a faraway look in her blue eyes as she pondered the glamorous future.

"How about gettin' the spuds peeled?" Little Joe gibed, working busily.

"Maybe Miss Stevens can make Uncle Pete better," Babe said. She worried a lot about Uncle Pete's present "sickness."

Big Joe thought glumly that he must have a sort of sickness himself, the way he kept thinking of Miss Stevens all the time. He had a notion that she had sized him up as an easy mark and he did not like the thought. And yet it got him kind of excited.

He was starting to empty the pail of scrub water when Pete came shuffling out of the back bedroom that opened off the kitchen. It was his first appearance that morning, though usually he got up at the crack of dawn. He was a scrawny, bow-legged man in faded red shirt and blue jeans, the latter tucked untidily into old cowboy boots that were badly run over at the heels.

"Hi, Uncle Pete! Are you feeling better?" Babe greeted him anxiously.

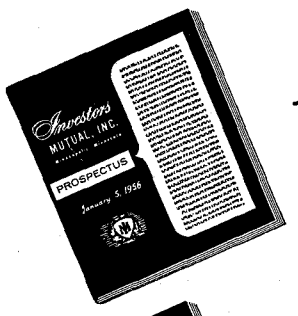
Uncle Pete looked at her dully, but made no reply. His eyes were always bleary, his face a sodden mask netted with purple veins. But now there was a scraggly growth of gray whiskers on his jaws and chin, which made him look even worse than usual.

He shuffled toward the outside door. Big Joe would never let him bring liquor into the house, and at the moment he badly needed a drink. He paused by the window, looking out. After a moment he shut his eyes and moved his head slowly from side to side, as if even that cautious movement hurt him. Then he opened his eyes again.

"Joe," he croaked. His voice was always hoarse and rasping because he suffered from chronic asthma. "Did you ever see a man with the d.t.'s, Joe?" he asked. "I mean, how it affects him?"

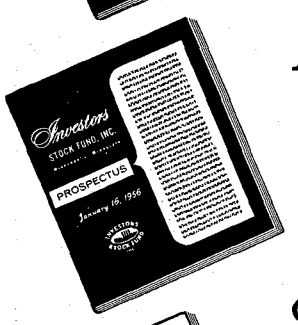
Are you interested in

MUTUAL FUNDS?



A balanced fund, for instance?

Investors Mutual, Inc., is a balanced fund with objectives of reasonable return, preservation of capital and long-term appreciation possibilities through diversified holdings of more than 500 common and preferred stocks and investment quality bonds.



A common stock Fund?

Investors Stock Fund, Inc., offers an open end mutual fund with professional supervision of diversified securities, emphasizing common stocks. The securities for this fund are chosen with objectives of long-term capital appreciation possibilities and reasonable income.

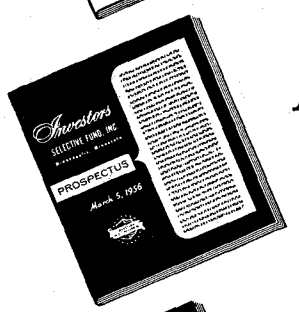
Canadian investments?

Investors Group Canadian Fund Ltd. is a diversified, continually managed mutual fund organized in Canada with investments in Canadian securities, seeking long-term growth possibilities through . . .

(1) Investments in companies participating in the development and expansion of Canadian natural resources, industry, and commerce.

(2) Automatic reinvestment of all dividends and other earnings.

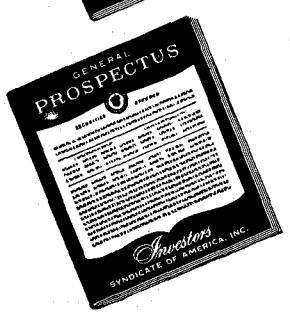
(3) Special tax considerations.



A bond and preferred stock fund?

Investors Selective Fund, Inc.—the primary objectives of this mutual fund are to provide a reasonably stable quarterly income and to conserve the value of the investment.

• • •



"Installment type" face-amount certificates?

These certificates can help you accumulate money systematically over 6, 10, 15, or 20 year periods. Obtain full information in a free Investors Syndicate of America prospectus-booklet.

To obtain a free copy of any of the prospectus-booklets shown, consult the yellow pages of your telephone directory for the name and address of your local distributor, or write us direct.

The securities of all these companies are exclusively distributed by

Investors DIVERSIFIED SERVICES, INC.

914 INVESTORS BUILDING, MINNEAPOLIS 2, MINNESOTA

Founded 1894

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Unh-uh!" Joe answered, thinking that if ever a man had laid himself open to an attack of delirium tremens, Pete was that man. "I've heered tell that they see pink elephants an' things," Joe said.

"C'm'ere a minute, Joe," Pete said hoarsely.

Then Joe understood. Pete had caught sight of the pink goose out on the slough and he could not believe his eyes. If it gave him a good scare, Joe thought grimly, it would serve Pete right.

"Snow geese, looks like," Joe said, in a casual voice, peering over Pete's shoulder, not letting on that he also saw the pink goose, although it was in plain sight, swimming in and out among the other geese.

Pete shut his eyes again. "You sure they're all snow geese, Joe?" he asked in an agitated whisper. "You sure you don't see no pink goose?"

Joe turned to stare at him, as though he thought Pete was crazy. If he could convince Pete that he was seeing something that was not there, it might shock him into sobering up. Babe and Little Joe, of course, came running toward the window, eager to talk about the pink goose. But Big Joe waved them back hastily, frowning at them and putting a finger to his lips.

After a long pause, Pete asked shakily, "You got any idee how to cure a man of the d.t.'s, Joe?"

"Keep him off liquor," Joe answered promptly. "If he gits violent, you gotta tie him up."

Pete turned from the window and tottered toward the bedroom.

"You better git some rope handy, Joe," he said thickly. Then he disappeared into the bedroom.

Babe began to sniffle. "Uncle Pete's worse," she quavered.

"He'll git better soon, Baby," Big Joe assured her. "But don't let him hear you talkin' about that pink goose. It might excite him, see? The way he is now, excitement ain't good for him."

He made some strong coffee and took it in to Pete, who was lying on the bed with the covers pulled over his head. When Joe spoke to him, he peeped out cautiously, as though dreading what he might see.

"This coffee will help you," Joe said. "After a while you'll be able to eat something." Pete had hardly eaten a thing for days. When he was on one of his sprees he claimed that food was not good for him. It upset his stomach, he said.

"Just lay off the liquor," Joe told him, "an' I'll guarantee you won't see no pink geese by suppertime." He could make this confident prediction because, if the pink goose did not go away of its own accord in the meantime, he intended to chase it away himself. And by suppertime Pete ought to be halfway sober.

The kids finished peeling the potatoes and started for Mark Parsons' place, riding double on their bay pony. As they loped out the gate, the wild geese took fright. They rose off the slough and flew away, with the kids looking after them regretfully.

Big Joe was left to his uneasy thoughts. He wished that he could banish his sudden yen for Vivian Stevens. He was sure that she would not be good, either for him or for the kids. He told himself that if she was looking for a husband, she would pick some bachelor rather than a widower like Joe, with two children and an old derelict like Uncle Pete depending on him. But there had been a purposeful gleam in her eye, as though she had marked him for conquest. The very thought of it chilled him, but, paradoxically, it thrilled him too.

About noon, Pete came out to the kitchen and demanded something to eat. He glanced fearfully from the window and seemed reassured when he saw no geese on the slough. There were a few wild ducks, but none of them appeared to be pink.

"I guess we caught it in time," Joe said. But he did not want Pete to think that the danger was over. In order to keep him scared, Joe had brought in Pete's lariat and hung it on a nail on the back of the door. Pete eyed the rope uneasily as he passed. "Don't you take a drink yet or you'll git a relapse," Joe warned.

He gave Pete some chicken broth. After that he shaved him, Pete's hand being too unsteady for him to do the job himself. By the time the kids came back Pete looked more presentable, though still very haggard. Later, Joe made him put on a clean shirt and a tie.

Joe, of course, dressed himself formally in his blue, mail-order suit. He never felt at ease in it, but the occasion demanded it. The kids' appearance, however, was something he could take pride in. Babe's dress was blue, like her eyes. It was barely knee-length, and belted with a narrow band of black. Little Joe looked handsome and manly in new gray pants with a brown-and-gray-plaid shirt. His health had been much better since his tonsil operation, as Miss Stevens had predicted it would be.

Arrayed in their best, with the table set and ready, they were awaiting the arrival of the guest of the evening when Mark Parsons clattered into the yard in his old jalopy. Mark had been to town and had brought Joe's mail, such as it was—merely a couple of circulars and the Sanford weekly paper.

"Pete sure looks like the end of a tough winter," Mark Parsons said.

"Uncle Pete's got the d.t.'s," Babe told him gravely.

"No kiddin'!" Mark ejaculated.

"Lookit, Baby," Big Joe scolded, after Mark had gone, "the d.t.'s is somethin' you don't let on about. It ain't respectable, see? It's kind of like havin' bedbugs. Anyway, Uncle Pete's practically better."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

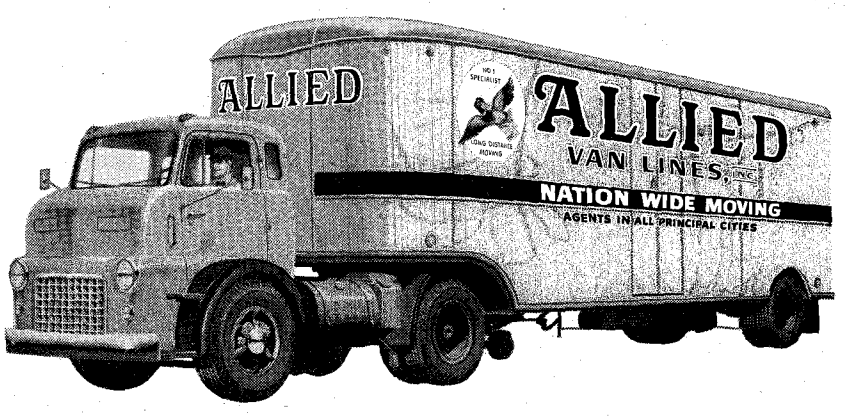
"All Fred wants to do on his day off is sleep."

for DEPENDABLE STORAGE

safe and sound

CALL YOUR ALLIED MOVER
... he's the No.1 Specialist

Ask your Allied Mover for a copy of "Before You Move." See the yellow pages of your phone book, or write Allied Van Lines, Inc., Broadview, Illinois.



ALLIED VAN LINES • WORLD'S LARGEST LONG-DISTANCE MOVERS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When he heard that, Pete brightened up at once, but Joe scowled at him and nodded significantly toward the coiled rope hanging on the nail.

Mark Parsons' old car had no more than clattered out of sight and hearing when Miss Stevens' gray coupé came rolling in. Joe and the kids hurried out to welcome her.

"Quit scratchin' your head, boy!" Big Joe warned his son in a hoarse undertone. Then he caught his breath. Heretofore, he had always seen Miss Stevens in her uniform. Now she was wearing a fur coat that hung carelessly open, revealing a soft and clinging dark suit. And the way Miss Stevens was built, the suit had plenty to cling to.

"My, you look nice!" Babe commented shyly. But Little Joe and his pop just gawped at her.

"Thank you, Babe," Miss Stevens said, smiling. Her dark eyes seemed to catch fire when they beheld the look of stunned admiration on Big Joe's face. From then on, she acted as though she had it made. Curiously, however, her confident manner began to irritate Joe. It was a very slight irritation at first, but it gradually built up until he found himself muttering, "What does she take me for, a man or a mouse?"

Once they were in the house, the fact that Miss Stevens had spent two days with them previously robbed the present visit of much of its formal character. Miss Stevens said, "Hi, Pete! How's everything with you?" Under her sharp glance, Pete squirmed guiltily and mumbled something unintelligible.

"He's got something like bedbugs," Little Joe said.

"He ain't got no such a thing!" Big Joe snorted angrily.

Tactfully, Miss Stevens chose not to pursue the subject. She shed her coat and went right to work, helping Big Joe and Babe dish up the food as though she felt quite at home.

"You ask the blessing, Baby," Joe said, when they were all seated at the table. He and the kids took turns at saying grace at mealtime, the way they used to do when Emmy was alive. Joe always liked it best when it was Babe's turn. He thought that the Lord must surely like it best, too, because Babe looked so doggone cute, with her bright head bowed solemnly above her clasped hands. Miss Stevens, however, had never seemed impressed by this little ceremony. Her attitude suggested that she thought it a silly custom, and the implied criticism of something Emmy had instituted added to Joe's slowly mounting resentment.

But Miss Stevens was in a lively mood, and she was always a great talker, so that things went smoothly enough. She kept favoring Joe with her attentions and did not waste much time on the kids. She ignored Uncle Pete completely, and Pete never once said a word or raised his eyes from his plate.

Miss Stevens insisted on serving the saskatoon pie herself.

"Are you going to the Odd Fellows' Dance in town on Friday night, Joe?" she asked, when she set the biggest piece of pie in front of him. Her smile made it obvious that she was inviting Joe to take her to the dance and had no doubt whatever about his reply.

"Let's go, pop!" Babe piped up eagerly.

That probably seemed to Miss Stevens impertinent on Babe's part. But Babe did not know that in town people did not usually take their kids to dances, the way they did in the country. She and Little Joe were used to going to such affairs with their pop.

"A dance is no place for children," Miss Stevens said brusquely. "You'll be much better off at home in bed."

The callous way she brushed Babe off angered Joe. In fact, it cured him of his infatuation as effectively as a pail of water douses a campfire.

"I ain't much of a dancer," he said.

"You're just being modest," Miss Stevens answered. "A fine big man like you, I'll bet you're just wonderful on a dance floor."

Her flattery did not make him tingle this time. Nevertheless, he felt trapped. It was going to be hard to get out of going to the dance with Miss Stevens, if that was what she wanted. And, obviously, it was. She did not say any more at the time, but he had a feeling that she was just waiting to get him alone.

She said she had to get back to town early. With mingled feelings of relief and apprehension, Joe helped her on with her coat. She smiled invitingly over her shoulder as she started out the door. Joe lingered a moment. He found himself perspiring. She was still a lot of woman. If she got him alone out there by the car, she might still hex him into dating her for the dance.

"Put something on, kids," he said desperately, "and come out to say good-by to Miss Stevens."

Little Joe had picked up the Sanford paper and paid no attention. But Babe slipped on a sweater and took her pop's hand. Joe felt more resolute then.

Uncle Pete came shuffling in from the stable while Miss Stevens was waiting on the back porch. Pete had sneaked out after supper, feeling that it ought to be safe now for him to have a drink.

"The geese are back, Pete," Miss Stevens said, making polite conversation. "And you may not believe it, but on my way out from town I saw a pink goose."

"Oh-oh!" Pete muttered.

He was genuinely shocked. Who would have thought that the district nurse was an alcoholic? If folks found out about it she would lose her job. Not that Pete was worried about that. He was concerned because, if she had the d.t.'s, she was in no condition to drive her car. He guessed that Joe would have to drive her to town. He laid a restraining hand on her arm. She jerked away at once, but Pete grabbed hold of her. Surprised and indignant, Miss Stevens hauled off and slapped him.

"Don't you dare get fresh with me!" she cried.

Pete tightened his grip. She slapped him again, real hard, before he got her arms pinned to her sides. They were still wrestling when Big Joe and Babe came out.

"Git the rope, Joe!" Pete called hoarsely.

Just then Miss Stevens broke free. "You—you animal!" she panted. She caught Pete on the jaw with a wild swing that knocked him clean off the porch. Then she leaped down the steps and ran frantically toward the car.

"Grab her, Joe!" Pete urged. "She's liable to kill herself! She's been seein' pink geese too!"

But Joe did not take out after her. For that matter, she did not give him a chance. She jumped into the car and took off with a furious spinning of the car's rear wheels.

To Joe, it seemed little less than providential that he had been saved from the embarrassing necessity of giving Miss Stevens the brush-off. Someday he would explain to her that Pete had not been trying to get fresh with her. But by that time Joe would be safely busy with the seeding, and Miss Stevens would have written him off as a matrimonial prospect.

Little Joe's excited voice came to him from the doorway. "Listen to what it says in the paper!" Little Joe called. He held the paper in the lamplight streaming through the doorway and read haltingly aloud:

"The mystery of the pink geese recently observed in the district was cleared up with the announcement that these geese were dyed in California during the winter by the U. S. Wildlife Service in order to trace the migration paths of the birds. Persons observing the pink geese are asked to notify ——"

"Oh, my!" Babe exclaimed suddenly. "Uncle Pete swore!"

Uncle Pete choked down some further words, doubtless profane. He gave Big Joe a dirty look. Then he turned and started for the stable. THE END

"Stop saying, 'Interesting if true'!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

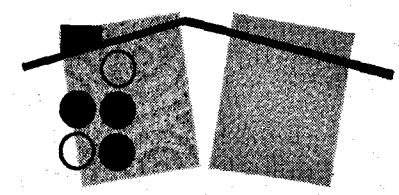
SEARS ROEBUCK AND CO.

ask for AVISCO INTEGRITY TAG

HARMONY HOUSE PARK RIDGE and ROYAL PLUSH carpeting

Sold only by Sears, Roebuck and Co.

look for the Avisco® Integrity Tag that means more beauty, wear



Park Ridge and Royal Plush tufted carpets with wonderful Avisco carpet rayon and nylon yarns. Park Ridge at $6.95 a sq. yd. is dramatically different, its high and low loop pile forms an exciting Swirl design. Royal Plush has a luxuriously thick cut surface pile locked in a durable plasticized latexed jute back. Both carpets are available in 9, 12, 15 ft. widths and can be cut for room size or wall-to-wall areas.

Exclusive Harmony House Colors

Co-ordinated colors that go together and with all Sears Harmony House home furnishings.

Park Ridge comes in Smoke Gray, Sage Green, Spice Beige, Ming Blue and Shell Brown solid colors—Parchment Beige-Brown-ivory; Spice Brown-Sage Green-ivory; Dawn Gray-black-white tweed.

Royal Plush comes in Aquamarine, Parchment Beige, Shell Brown and gray.

Write for your copy of "How You Can Do Your Own Color Planning." Write Dept. 139, Sears, Roebuck and Company, 925 So. Homan Ave., Chicago 7, Illinois.

SHOP CONVENIENTLY AT SEARS

Phone your Sears store for Free Shop-at-Home Service. Visit one of Sears retail stores or Catalog Sales Offices to buy these Harmony House Carpets.

HARMONY HOUSE CARPETS
with the Avisco Integrity Tag
Sold only by Sears, Roebuck and Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEARS HARMONY HOUSE CARPETS bring beauty to your floors, and the value goes down deep. Warm, lovely, colorful, the two shown here are blends of Avisco rayon and nylon.

Upper left, Park Ridge looped pile, $6.95 sq. yd. Lower right, Royal Plush cut pile, $7.95 sq. yd. In plains, tweeds, patterns — exciting HARMONY HOUSE colors.

AVISCO®
RAYON FIBERS

HARMONY HOUSE CARPETS WITH THE AVISCO INTEGRITY TAG SOLD ONLY BY SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.

When you buy carpet, look for this tag. AVISCO INTEGRITY TAG

It is your assurance of tested quality all the way from modern Avisco rayon fibers to finished product.

American Viscose Corporation, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1. N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Worst Crime Doesn't Pay

(Continued from Page 39)

The rise in abduction cases was underscored by an emergency measure adopted in 1933. To speed up reports of kidnapings to FBI headquarters in Washington, a special telephone line was installed. Private citizens and the police were told to call directly on that phone, and the number was widely publicized. A few minutes after Charles F. Urschel, an Oklahoma oilman, was taken from his home, at midnight on July 22, 1933, his wife was giving Hoover an eyewitness account. Although abduction for ransom has decreased sharply in recent years, National 8-7117 still appears in the Washington telephone directory as the number of the FBI Kidnap Bureau.

The FBI is well aware that kidnaping is one of the most difficult crimes to solve. The trail must be found quickly; the longer a victim is held, the greater is the danger that the kidnapers will get panicky and murder him. Yet the FBI and police move with extreme caution.

"The safety of the victim is our first concern," Hoover says. "If the family asks us to hold off until the ransom is paid, we respect its wishes scrupulously. We pull out all the stops only after the victim is returned or we have good reason to believe he is dead."

The Weinberger case last July was a typical example of the FBI's painstaking methods. The only definite clues were peculiarities in the *b*'s and *r*'s in two handwritten ransom notes left at the baby's home in Westbury, Long Island. The FBI knew from experience that the same characteristics would show up in another specimen of the kidnaper's handwriting, if it could be found. Operating on the premise that every adult fills out an official form at some time, agents tackled the stupefying job of examining the mass of public records in the New York area.

Six weeks later the search ended after 1,974,544 documents, by actual count, had been scrutinized. At that, the decisive clue would have been overlooked if thoroughness were not a rule with the FBI. An agent who had examined some 900 probation reports in Brooklyn Federal court—without result—asked whether he had seen the complete file. He was told that the papers of three men who had finished their probations were being processed elsewhere in the building. The odds against finding a clue in the missing papers were enormous, but he sent for them. One report was signed by Angelo J. LaMarca, who had been arrested two years earlier in a raid on a bootleg still—and the agent spotted the distinctive *b*'s and *r*'s that were the keys to the case.

LaMarca confessed he had taken the baby to get $2000 to pay overdue bills, but lost his nerve after failing to collect the ransom. He led the FBI and police to a thicket where he said he had abandoned the baby the day after the kidnaping. Lying there was the infant's decomposed body.

An even flimsier clue led to the downfall of the Barker-Karpis gangsters, who turned to kidnaping in the early '30's after a series of murders, bank stick-ups and robberies. Kidnaping brought the gang under FBI jurisdiction for the first time, and the G men put the heat on Ma Barker and her bully boys.

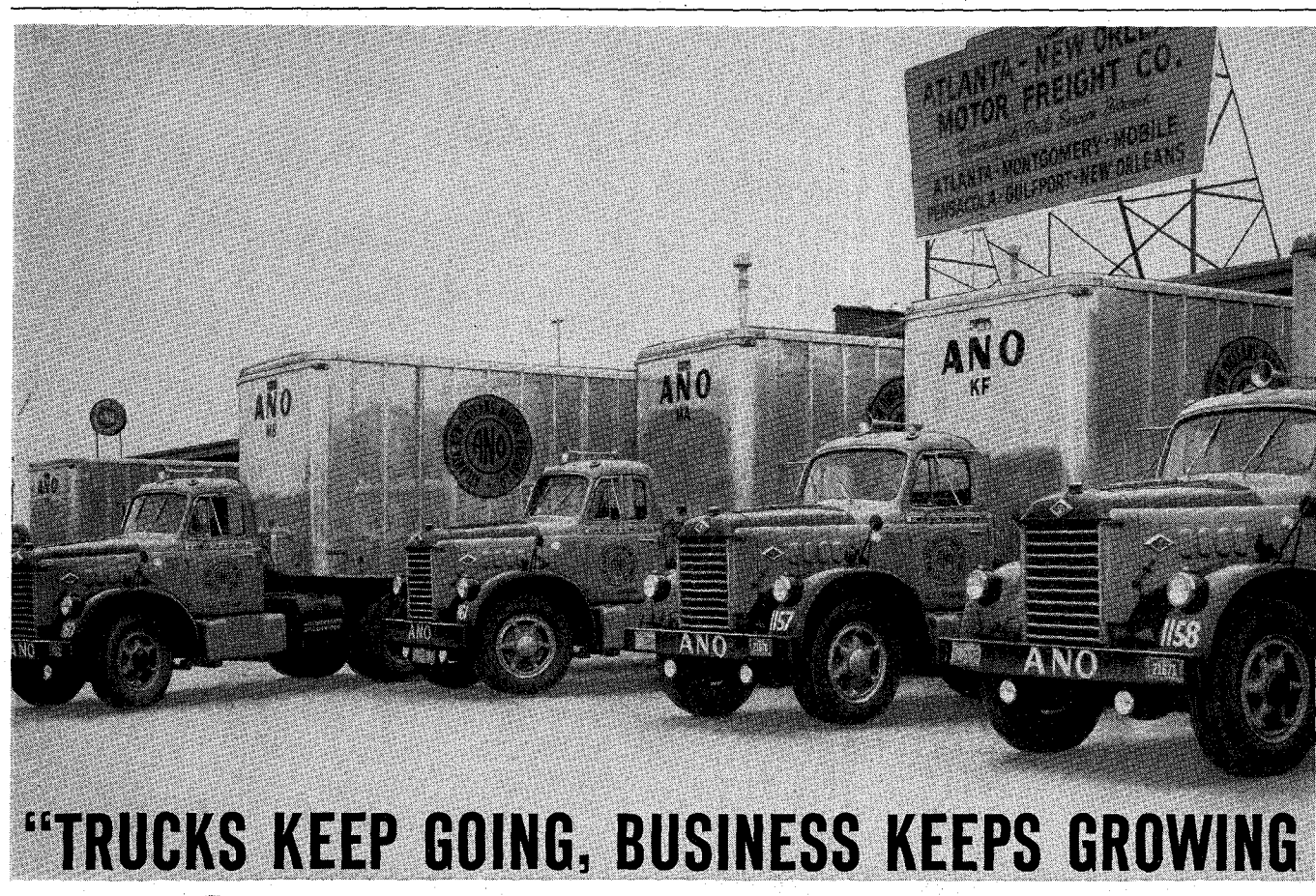
Mrs. Arizona (Ma) Barker was unusual among criminals in that her notorious career did not begin until she was middle-aged. Several communities in the Ozark Mountains knew her as a thrifty, religious woman, struggling to support four sons on the meager earnings of George Barker, her shiftless husband.

By the time Ma's four boys were adolescents, they had long police records. Ma invariably stormed the station house after an arrest, crying that the cops were persecuting her poor boys. "She was one of the easiest weepers in the history of criminality," Hoover once remarked.

One of Ma's favorite dodges was planning bank holdups while posing as a hapless widow seeking advice on investments. Bank officials never suspected she was casing the joint. She kept a house in St. Paul where all desperadoes on the lam were welcome, and after her husband moved on in 1928, she took a paramour, Arthur Dunlop. He later was murdered on her orders for talking to the cops.

In the end, Ma Barker and her four sons met violent deaths. Herman was killed resisting arrest in Kansas in 1927. Albert, given a life sentence for kidnaping, was fatally wounded trying to escape from Alcatraz in 1939. Lloyd was killed by his wife in Colorado in 1949. Ma and Freddy, her youngest son, were killed in a gun battle with the FBI at Lake Weir, Florida, in 1935. Ma never knew that the FBI found her hide-out with help from an alligator, of all things.

During the search for the Barkers, FBI agents in Chicago heard that Freddy, wherever he was hiding, passed his time hunting an alligator known locally as Old Joe. The FBI methodically traced what amounted to a bit of folklore. Old Joe was located at Lake Weir, and Ma was spotted in the yard of a cottage. A task force surrounded the place and



"TRUCKS KEEP GOING, BUSINESS KEEPS GROWING thanks to EATON 2-SPEED AXLES!"

...SAYS T. S. JOHNSON, PRESIDENT
ATLANTA and NEW ORLEANS MOTOR FREIGHT COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

"In 1945 we started business with 13 pieces of used truck equipment," says Mr. Johnson. "Today we operate 112 tractors with terminals in Atlanta, Montgomery, Gulfport, Mobile, Pensacola and New Orleans. The success of our freight-hauling business results from dependable equipment like the Eaton 2-Speed Axle—which makes possible efficient, on-time deliveries.

"We check our operating costs closely, and we've proved that our savings are greater with Eaton-equipped trucks. That's why we're switching to Eaton 100 per cent. This month, all our over-the-road vehicles will be Eaton-equipped Diamond-T trucks. To save gasoline and reduce engine wear, to cut down-time and general maintenance expense, no other axle can compare to the Eaton 2-Speed. Many of our Eaton-equipped units have traveled more than 300,000 miles without failure.

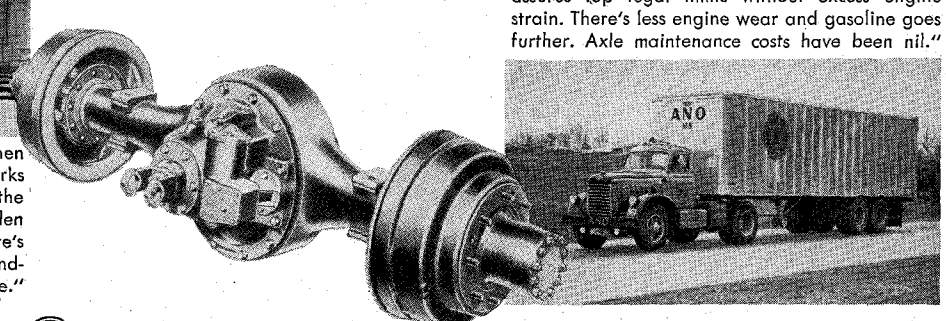
"With Eaton 2-Speed Axles, we've maintained a safety record of one million miles between accidents — five times the industry average. Our drivers are less fatigued at the end of a run because Eaton Axles reduce tension and strain. Trips take less time; drivers perform more efficiently; payloads arrive on schedule at lower cost, and our personnel turnover is lower. Believe me, our Eaton 2-Speed Axles have helped greatly to make the difference between success and failure."

Get all the facts. Ask your dealer to demonstrate the money-saving, time-saving advantages of an Eaton 2-Speed Axle.

MORE THAN 2 MILLION EATON AXLES IN TRUCKS TODAY

EATON
2-SPEED TRUCK AXLES

"TIGHT CITY TRAFFIC isn't so annoying when you're driving an Eaton-equipped truck" remarks Mr. Johnson. "Eaton's low-gear range pulls the truck smoothly and evenly—eliminates the sudden jerky motions that shorten equipment life. There's a real saving in time. And, from the driver's standpoint, Eaton-equipped trucks are easier to handle."



"TRIP AFTER TRIP, mile after mile, Eaton 2-Speed Axles give us savings that add up to thousands of *dollars a month," adds Mr. Johnson. "Over flat* stretches of superhighways, Eaton's high-gear range assures top legal limits without excess engine strain. There's less engine wear and gasoline goes *further. Axle maintenance costs have been nil."*

EATON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ordered Ma to surrender. She answered with a fusillade of bullets. FBI sharpshooters hemstitched the cottage with a blast of fire that riddled Ma and Freddy. Ma died clutching a machine gun, and Freddy fell with a pistol in his hand.

Elimination of the Barkers promoted Alvin Karpis, who had been Ma's first lieutenant, to the top of the FBI's list as Public Enemy No. 1. To escape the tightening dragnet, Karpis had undergone plastic surgery on his face and finger tips. But he could have spared himself the trouble; he was betrayed by a hobby.

Karpis spent so much time in isolated areas while he was on the lam that he developed a fondness for fishing. By keeping tabs on tourist camps in fishing season, the FBI picked up his trail. Karpis' present address is Alcatraz, where he is serving life for kidnaping William A. Hamm, Jr., a St. Paul businessman.

Every FBI agent gets intensive training in kidnap investigation, and is required to take refresher courses every other year to learn techniques and review old cases. One of the cases studied is the kidnaping of Urschel, a classic example of the value of seemingly trivial clues. After a $200,000 ransom had been paid for his release, Urschel was asked by the FBI to relate every detail of his nine-day captivity.

You can explain the way many motorists drive by the fact that they don't own their cars.

O. A. BATTISTA

Although he was blindfolded when he was taken to and from the hide-out, Urschel used his wits—he remembered hearing a plane pass over the house at 9:45 A.M. and 5:45 P.M. every day, except one Sunday. Also, he was given water from a well, and every time the bucket was lowered the windlass squeaked loudly. It wasn't much, but it was enough.

A check of commercial-airline schedules revealed that an American Airways plane flying between Fort Worth and Amarillo was due over Paradise, Texas, at the times Urschel mentioned. On the Sunday he did not hear it, the plane had skirted Paradise to avoid a severe rainstorm. The FBI drew a bead on a ranch near Paradise owned by the parents of Kathryn Thorne Kelly, once labeled by Hoover as "one of the most coldly deliberate criminals of my experience." An agent gumshoeing around the ranch asked for a drink of water and, sure enough, the windlass squeaked. Those two clues led to evidence which resulted in the convictions of twenty-one people. Six were given life sentences, among them Kate Kelly and George (Machine Gun) Kelly, her husband.

Even more spectacular was the FBI's work on the kidnaping of Arthur Fried, a young contractor. Thousands of leads had to be checked to reconstruct the crime.

At midnight on December 4, 1937, Fried was going home with his wife and another young couple from a movie in White Plains, New York, when two armed men forced him into a car and drove off. Two days later, Fried's family received a note demanding $200,000 for his release. A brother knocked the ransom down to $1800 in subsequent phone calls, but insisted on a guarantee of Arthur's return before he would pay. The dickering went on for a month, and then nothing further was heard.

The FBI was stymied for several months. Then there were two similar abductions. Benjamin Farber, a Brooklyn coal dealer, was seized in April and held for $25,000. He was released after the kidnapers agreed to take $1900. In July, Norman Miller, a college student, and his friend, Sidney Lehrer, were forced into a car in Brooklyn and driven blindfolded to a hide-out. Lehrer was freed an hour later, but $100,000 was asked for Miller. He was released a day later, after his father paid $13,000.

Two circumstances led the FBI to suspect that young punks, the same ones, were behind the three kidnapings. They had asked for exorbitant ransoms which the victims' families couldn't pay; experienced hoodlums would have scouted the prospects better. Then, they had agreed to accept much cheaper payoffs—another indication that they were small-timers. The FBI questioned Miller exhaustively, and found him a sharp reporter.

Miller, whose eyes had been taped, estimated that the kidnap car was driven for thirty minutes at moderate speed along a main street to the hide-out. Street noises indicated the hide-out was in a crowded tenement district. He heard references to a movie that suggested a theater was nearby. He was taken into a building where he had a strong impression of passing through an assembly hall filled with folding chairs. While he was held captive, he heard the click of pool balls; the next morning, a Sunday, he heard church bells.

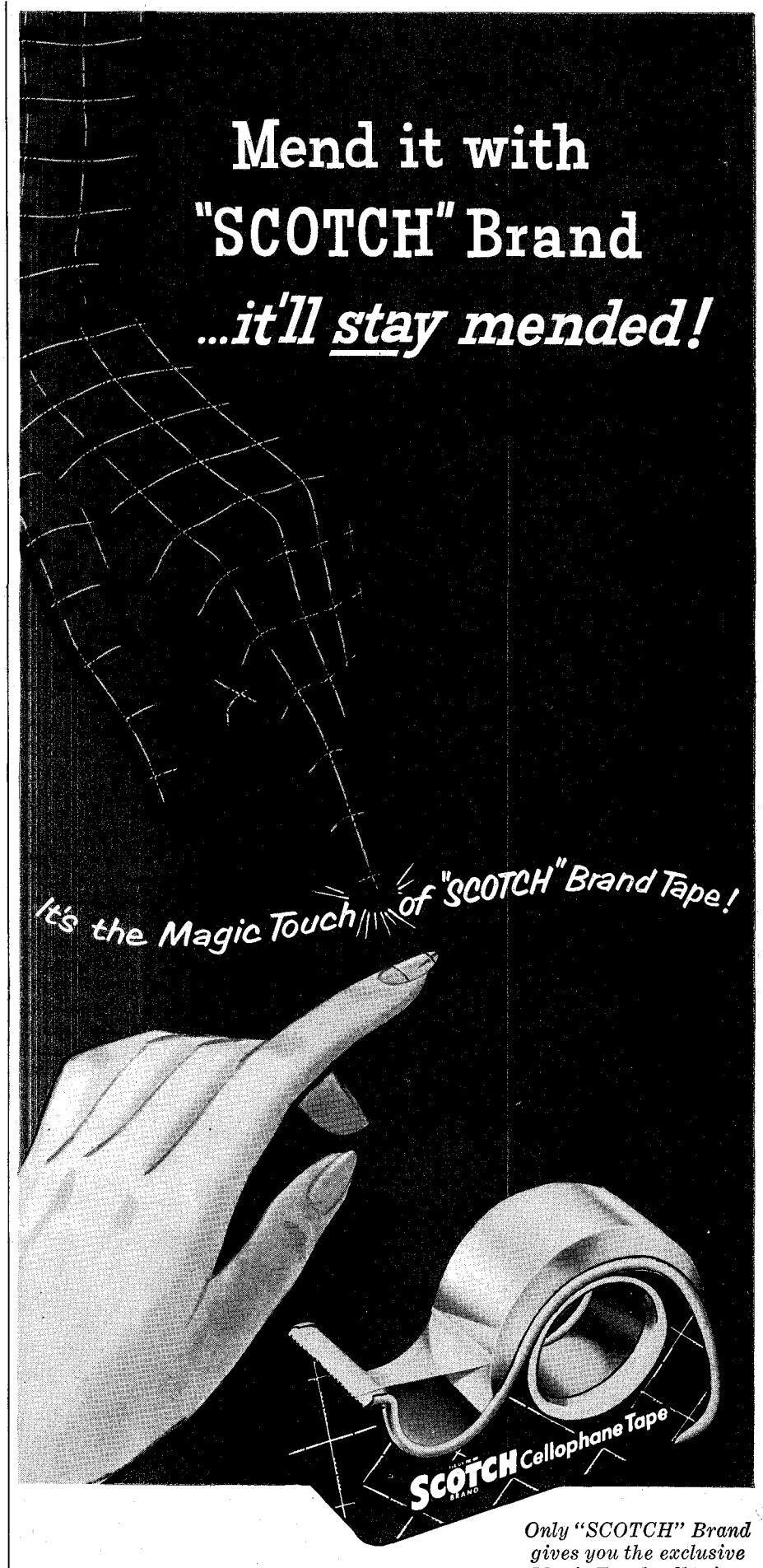
An army of FBI agents began putting the pieces together. After a series of thirty-minute trial runs from the kidnap point, they concluded the hide-out was in downtown Brooklyn or lower Manhattan. Those areas were divided into seventeen zones. Agents pounded the pavement looking for a needle-in-the-haystack combination: a poolroom and assembly hall in a building near a theater within sound of church bells. Brooklyn was soon eliminated as the location of the hide-out.

While the search was focused on lower Manhattan, Miller and Lehrer were blindfolded and put into five different kinds of club coupé, the type of the kidnapers' car. After testing the interiors and listening to the engines, they were sure the kidnap car had been a Packard Six coupé, a type newly on the market.

When Fried was abducted, five high-school students had spotted a sedan with a New York license beginning 7N. That fact didn't establish a link between the Fried and Miller kidnapings, but the FBI decided to look for the owner of a new Packard coupé whose 1937 license tag had started with 7N. It was a bright idea, but in 1938 there were 2,232,936 private cars registered in New York State. Where to begin?

Miller remembered that the kidnapers had made remarks indicating they knew his father was a racing fan. A squad of agents went to Saratoga, where a race meeting was in progress, noted the licenses on all Packard coupés at the track; then examined the records to determine whether an owner had been issued a 7N license the year before. The cross-check produced one Denis Gula, whose phone was listed at Ukrainian Hall on East 6th Street.

Ukrainian Hall was one door from a movie theater and it adjoined a church. Agents posing as deliverymen went into the building and found there was a poolroom in the basement and an auditorium on the main floor. Denis Gula, who ran the poolroom concession, had no police record; but a son, Demetrius, had served a prison term on a counterfeiting charge. The FBI took Demetrius into custody and got a confession that solved three cases.



Only "SCOTCH" Brand gives you the exclusive Magic Touch adhesive.

NOTE TO COMMERCIAL USERS: large rolls of "SCOTCH" Cellophane Tape are a bigger bargain than ever! Lowest prices in history are now in effect on 1296-inch and 2592-inch rolls in all popular widths. Call your tape supplier for prices.

The term "Scotch" and the plaid design are registered trademarks of Minnesota Mining & Mfg. Co., St. Paul 6, Minn. Export Sales Office: 99 Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y. In Canada: P. O. Box 757, London, Ontario. © 1957, 3M Co.

PRODUCT OF 3M COMPANY RESEARCH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Modern Precision Battery

Opens New Horizons

P.R. MALLORY & CO. Inc.
MALLORY
Mercury Batteries

Pioneered by Mallory, these tiny batteries give a steady output of power with many times the life of old types—and the cost per hour of use sets new lows.

Mallory Mercury Batteries already have made miniaturization practical in—

- Transistorized Radio Sets
- Pocket Recorders
- Hearing Aids
- Photo-Flash Equipment

You'll find Mallory Mercury Batteries in many other applications before long.

Another MALLORY *First*

P.R. MALLORY & CO. Inc.
MALLORY

INDIANAPOLIS 6, INDIANA

LUBRIPLATE
LUBRICANTS

Make House Equipment Work Better . . . Last Longer

LUBRIPLATE IN HANDY TUBES is a waterproof, semi-fluid lubricant. It's white and clean, will not wash off nor run out. Reduces friction and wear, prevents rust and corrosion. Belongs on every work bench, in every tool drawer. Nothing like it . . . nothing as good.

YOUR HOUSE EQUIPMENT DESERVES THE BEST-USE LUBRIPLATE, YOU'LL SEE THE DIFFERENCE IMMEDIATELY!

At Hardware, Sporting Goods and Marine Stores

OTHER LUBRIPLATE PRODUCTS

LUBRIPLATE 2-C MOTOR OIL for outboards
LUBRIPLATE OUTBOARD GREASES for underwater gears
LUBRIPLATE H.D.S. MOTOR OIL for cars, trucks and tractors
LUBRIPLATE AUTO-LUBE "A" for general automotive lubrication
LUBRIPLATE Industrial Lubricants for every application

LUBRIPLATE DIVISION, Fiske Brothers Refining Co.
Newark 5, N. J., Toledo 5, Ohio.

Demetrius admitted that he and Joseph Sacoda, another ex-convict, had kidnaped Fried, Farber and Miller. Fried had been shot and thrown into the furnace at Ukrainian Hall. Gula and Sacoda also burned, under legal sanction, in the electric chair at Sing Sing.

Unlike ordinary criminals, kidnapers do not conform to a fixed pattern of behavior or background. They may be intellectuals or morons, amateurs or jailbirds—or even a Dr. Nancy Campbell, a Phi Beta Kappa and graduate of the Yale Medical School, who abducted nine-year-old Linda Stamm at Santa Fe, New Mexico, in 1950.

Doctor Campbell, forty-three, a highly respected obstetrician, had delivered Linda's brother and the children of two FBI agents who apprehended her. Her income was about $20,000 a year, but she seized Linda for a $20,000 ransom, and left the child shackled in a hut on a night when the temperature dropped nine degrees below zero. Fortunately, Linda survived. Otherwise, Doctor Campbell would not have wound up with a sentence of only ten to fifteen years.

The abduction and murder of Col. Charles A. Lindbergh's infant son on March 1, 1932, is generally believed to have been the outrage that spurred passage of the law making kidnaping a Federal offense, punishable by death. Actually, the bill had been approved by the Senate Judiciary Committee two weeks earlier, after disclosure of a plot to kidnap former Vice-President Charles G. Dawes. The measure plugged a loophole that kidnapers had been exploiting. Kidnaping investigations had been in charge of local and state police, who couldn't pursue suspects across state boundaries. The Lindbergh Law empowered the FBI to investigate kidnapers and make arrests anywhere. But an amendment impeded prompt action; G men had to wait seven days before going to work, ostensibly to give local police time to solve a case. Last July, after the Weinberger kidnap-murder, Congress cut the waiting period to twenty-four hours.

In many kidnapings, the FBI had immediate jurisdiction, under the Federal Extortion Statute, passed two weeks after the Lindbergh Law. This measure made it a Federal offense to send a ransom demand by mail or by any other medium of interstate communication.

In 1932, however, the FBI did not have the manpower or the prestige it commands today. The bureau cracked a number of tough cases, but it was slow work. In the meantime, public indignation was on the boil.

The blowoff came on November 26, 1933, when a mob of 3000 broke into the jail at San Jose, California, and seized Thomas Thurmond and John Phillips, who had admitted murdering Brooke Hart after holding him for $40,000. The mob strung up the kidnapers in St. James Park. Informed of the lynching, Gov. James Rolph said, "This is the best lesson California ever has given the country. We've shown this state is not going to tolerate kidnaping." On the following day Rolph announced that "if anyone is arrested for this good job, I'll pardon him."

After Rolph's defense of mob violence, respect for the due processes of law was gradually restored by the FBI's near-perfect score in capturing kidnapers. The breakup of the Barker-Karpis gang in 1935 finally convinced professional criminals that kidnaping was a sucker play.

Ruthless as they were, gangsters rarely murdered hostages in the old days. In recent years, however, jittery novices have killed an increasing number of victims when the police net closed in on them. Whenever murder is the aftermath of a kidnaping, there are bitter recriminations on two questions of vital interest to the public. One is whether the press should rush into print with news of an abduction or suppress the news for the protection of the victim.

Every newspaper in New York was informed of the Weinberger baby's disappearance by the authorities, and asked to hold off until contact was made with the captor. One tabloid broke the story, claiming the request came too late—the story was in an edition already printed. LaMarca, the kidnaper, confessed later that in hope of getting the ransom, he drove to the Weinberger home the day after taking the infant, but the crowd drawn by the publicity scared him away. It was then, he said, that he abandoned the baby to death from exposure.

The Weinberger tragedy was made more poignant by the outcome of the Leonard Moskovitz kidnaping in San Francisco in 1954. Every newspaper and broadcasting station in the Bay area knew of the crime, but all honored a pledge of silence. Consequently, the police could work unhampered by the crackpots, rubbernecks and jackals who invariably flock to a kidnaping. Sixty-four hours after Moskovitz was seized, a phone call was traced to a booth where Joseph Lear and Harold Jackson, a former private detective, were arranging for the payoff. Both were nabbed.

Another controversial question concerns the moral obligation of law-enforcement agencies in kidnapings. Should their primary aim be the safety of the victim or the capture of the criminal? The answer affects the agonizing decision that confronts every victim's family; for kidnapers always warn the family that the hostage will be killed if the FBI or police are notified.

"In all good conscience, I urge parents to disregard the warning and call us immediately," Hoover declares. "I say this not only as an officer of the law but as a man who has seen too many people suffer heartbreaking anguish. Reporting a kidnaping to the FBI is the best insurance of the victim's return. We've had more experience with it than anyone and, I repeat, we will do nothing that jeopardizes the safety of the innocent."

In the Linda Stamm case, the FBI suspected an amateur was the culprit. With the permission of the child's parents, two agents were hidden within six feet of the ransom money when Doctor Campbell tried to take it. These tactics were reversed in the 1953 kidnaping of Bobby Greenlease. The FBI was convinced the boy was held by a hard-boiled criminal who would commit murder if he did not get the $600,000 demanded. Accordingly, the FBI helped to assemble the ten- and twenty-dollar bills stipulated in the ransom note. Following instructions, the money was put in a duffel bag and thrown over a culvert near Kansas City, on the night of October 4, 1953. The bag weighed eighty-five pounds, and it would have been easy to intercept the kidnaper carrying it, but to protect Bobby no attempt was made to grab the recipient.

Two days later, while the boy was still missing, a St. Louis cab driver tipped the police that a man was spending money wildly in a barroom. Carl Austin Hall, who had served five years for armed robbery, was arrested. He admitted murdering Bobby. Hall and Mrs. Bonnie Heady, his accomplice, were executed, but the FBI did not close the case. A search was begun for $303,720 missing from the ransom money.

Police Lt. Louis Shoulders and Patrolman Elmer Dolan had reported finding $293,740 in the possession of Hall and Mrs. Heady when they were arrested. Hall swore he had turned over practically all of the $600,000. Both officers were indicted for perjury, found guilty and given jail sentences—three years for Shoulders, two years for Dolan. In August, 1955, a twenty-dollar bill from the Greenlease ransom popped up in Minot, North Dakota, and within the next few months a total of $1710 was recovered in various cities. Then the money dropped out of circulation again. The FBI is still looking for the remainder of the ransom, hoping to catch and prosecute the people who have knowingly handled it.

The FBI never gives up on a kidnaping, no matter how remote the chances of cracking it. Agents are still working actively on the 1936 disappearance of ten-year-old Charles Mattson, of Tacoma, Washington, and the case of Peter Levine, twelve, who was kidnaped in New Rochelle, New York, in 1938. Both boys were murdered. To date, the FBI has eliminated 25,548 suspects in the continuing Mattson investigation.

The FBI's best send-off came from Machine-Gun Kelly, while he was on the lam for the Urschel kidnaping. "I was making fifty grand a year knocking over tin-can banks with no heat on me, and now look what's happened!" Kelly lamented. "There's nowhere to turn without one of those damned Federal agents breathing down my neck." THE END

"I make it $24.06."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America's Newest Wild Animal

(Continued from Page 51)

were mating, nesting. In the aspens and water elms along the stream the redstarts and Blackburnians were flashing around like jewels in the tree-top sun.

I was a few hundred yards upcreek from our cabin, and alone. Fred and Roy had taken the boat and gone pickereling at the lower end of the lake.

I knew positively that the creature across the stream wasn't a man. Or a bear. In that patchy undergrowth, mostly witch hazel and spicebush, the man or bear never lived that could move around without my seeing it. I had the "thing" figured as being about bobcat size. But it wasn't acting like a cat. In fact, it wasn't acting like any animal I'd ever done business with.

As it slipped from thicket to thicket, paralleling me, I could tell roughly where it was by the "snake calls" of warbler and vireo, the occasional scolding of a chipmunk, and especially by the tiny bugle calls of the pygmy shrews. Under the needle carpet of the scattered pines across the stream there was evidently quite a community of these thimble-sized animals, for every now and then I heard the shrill, high-pitched trumpeting of one of the fiery little insectivores as it hurled its defiant war cry at the intruder, several hundred times bigger than itself.

At first I had merely felt curious about that puzzling creature. Then I felt challenged—it was making my woodcraft look bad. Finally I got exasperated, tossed my fishing gear onto a mossy rock and muttered, "Looky, thing. You and I are going to have a showdown. I'll find out what you are if I have to chase you halfway across two counties."

At the nearest riffle I crossed the stream and swung out through the woods toward an open, burned-over hillside. I went slowly, carefully, stopping every rod or so to glance around and listen. My idea was to maneuver the creature out against that open burn-over and so get a look at it. But it outfoxed me. It circled around and got between me and the creek, and it shadowed me all the way to the foot of the hill slope, as silent and unseen as a ghost of the bush.

Hoping to draw it out to the woods edge, I angled casually up the hillside a few rods, leaned against a boulder and watched below. In a minute the creature eased out to the first trees and into a small thicket of laurel. Even then I couldn't see it at first. I merely saw a towhee flush from those laurels and a pine squirrel skitter up a birch there. Not till I slowly lifted my field glasses and drew the thicket up close could I make the creature out.

One reason for its being so hard to spot was its camouflaging color—a sort of lichen gray shaded with darkish. But the big reason was its peculiar camouflaging motion. Instead of standing rigid and statuelike, betraying itself by a telltale animal outline, it kept swaying its head and shoulders very slightly, sinuously.

Foxes watching you have this same deceptive, eye-baffling movement, and wolves are past masters at it. In the Eskimo grass and dwarf willows of the Barren Grounds you can look right at a wolf and never see it.

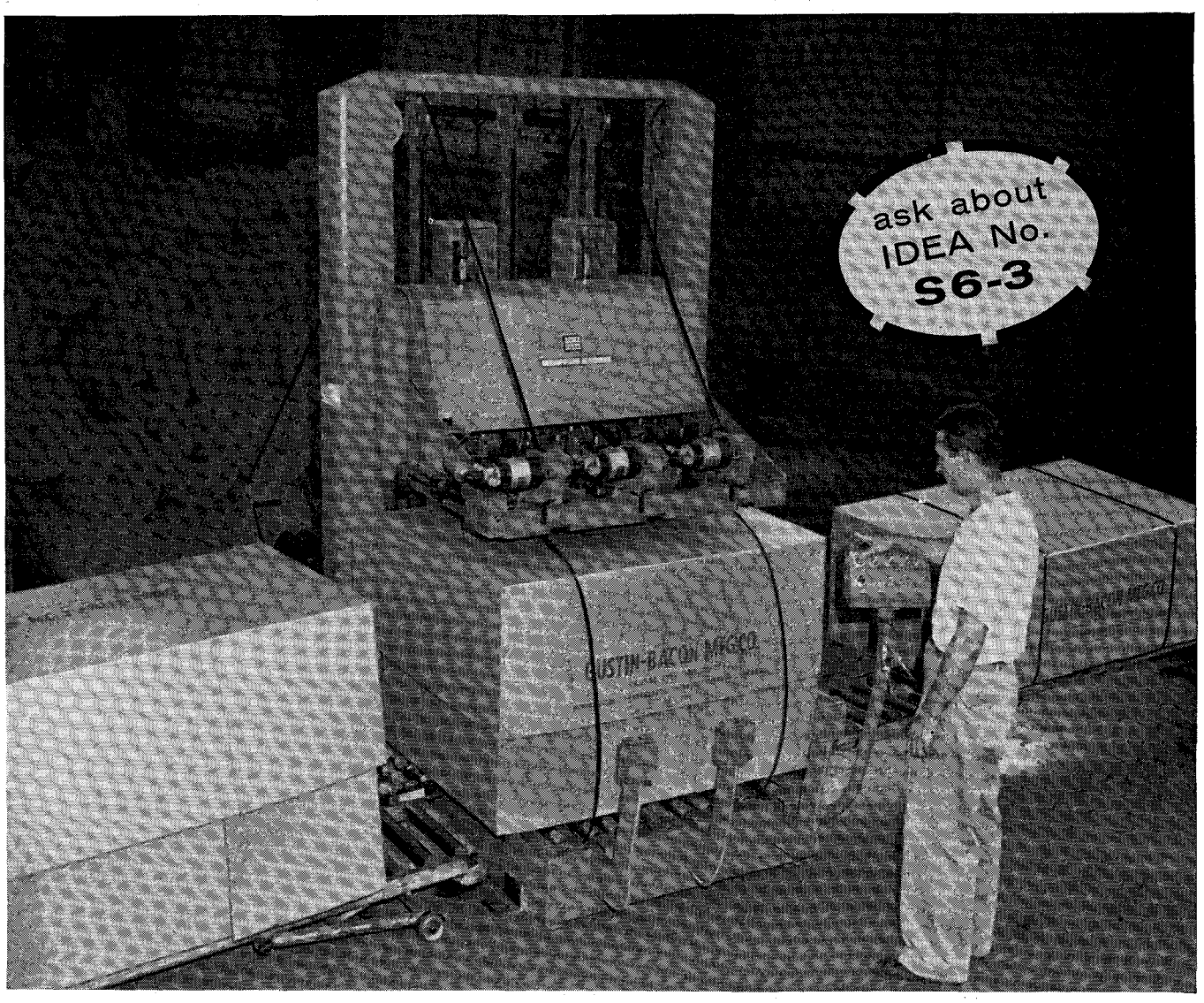
About the size and build of a lean, thirty-five-pound dog, the creature in the laurels was a trim, attractive animal, coyotelike, but with blunter ears, shorter fur and sturdier forelegs than a coyote. Its generous forehead bulge and medium-slender muzzle, along with its intelligent, steady-gazing eyes, made up an exceptionally handsome canine head. In color it was somewhere around a coyote-tawny, with a wash of blackish down its back and tail, but those legs, ears and other features proved it had dog blood in its veins. I was looking at a coydog, a genuine coydog—America's newest animal and also its wildest.

Reciprocal

(To a handy-man husband)

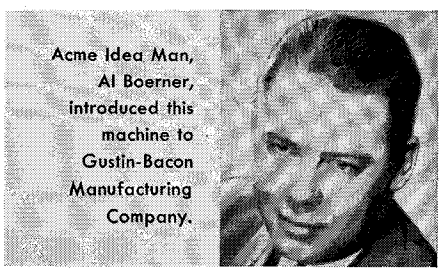
By Jean Mergard

I do not ask for moon in hand
for you,
Or for a dream, new-plucked
from far youth's gardens,
Nor falling stars, nor vision's
sudden view;
Instead I ask that all your
plaster hardens,
Your waterproofing works,
your nails hold true,
Your wood be sound, old paint
leap at removal;
And one thing more—with all
your labors through,
That you come, eager, seeking
my approval.



Use your AIM*... Gustin-Bacon did...

Strapping machine improves package, lowers cost


Acme Idea Man, Al Boerner, introduced this machine to Gustin-Bacon Manufacturing Company.

GUSTIN-BACON MANUFACTURING CO., Kansas City, Mo., is making important time and dollar-savings with a semi-automatic Acme Steel Strapping Machine. It is used to package their compressible glass fiber insulation. As a result, packaging time is reduced 75%. Bulging is minimized and flatter bottom and top surfaces improve handling and stacking in storage. (Idea No. S6-3)

The Acme Steel F-3 Strapping Machine automatically feeds multiple steel straps. Pre-determined controlled compression is applied to the telescope boxes packed with 400 sq. ft. of insulation. After manual insertion of the strap ends, the machine automatically tensions, seals and cuts the strap from the coil.

Previous methods, using hand-applied compression and hand operated tensioning and sealing tools required more men, more hours and resulted in bulging boxes.

***Use your Acme Idea Man.** He can show you many successful packaging and shipping ideas. Write Dept. SAS-37, Acme Steel Products Division, Acme Steel Company, Chicago 27, Illinois. In Canada, Acme Steel Company of Canada, Ltd., 743 Warden Avenue, Toronto 13, Ontario.

ACME STEEL STEEL STRAPPING

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Blow me down, I thought, hardly believing my luck. For a coydog is almost incredibly wild and wary and human-shy. Game wardens will tell you that they've had the animals in their territory for years without ever seeing one alive. Censusing them with any accuracy is impossible; they live back in lonely, rugged country and avoid man like the proverbial plague. And here, now, one of those wild things had been sticking to me like a bur for half an hour and was standing down there within easy stone's throw.

There had to be some reason for this, and I tried to figure what. The coydog's manner seemed to indicate great anxiety. It wanted to be miles away from me, but something was holding it there, as though by an invisible tether. Remembering somewhat similar experiences with foxes and wolves, I had a hunch what the situation was here. But I didn't follow up my guess just then because I was too busy studying this stranger of the upland wilds.

Among hunters and sportsmen all over the States and Canada, just mentioning the coydog—or dogote, brush wolf, silver wolf, hill dog—stirs up an argument quicker than kicking into a nest of bumblebees. Starting with the name itself, the boys disagree on every point you can think of. One person swears it's a thirty-pound animal, the next that it's sixty pounds. They kill deer and they don't kill deer. They're thick as hops and scarcer than hen's teeth. You even find people who insist there isn't any such animal at all; it's coyotes, plain and simple. Others are just as positive they are merely some dogs that have gone wild and taken to the hills.

Like the blind men who went to see the elephant, any one of these opinions may be right, for one particular locality. With vast understatement one authority on the canine tribe calls the situation "a confused picture." The reason for this confusion lies in a recent spectacular development in the life and ways of the key animal, the coyote.

Originally the coyote's home was the West and Southwest. With a few exceptions, it was kept out of the South, North and forested East by the wolf. A smallish animal, seldom topping forty pounds, it occupied a niche between the wolf and the fox in Nature's scheme of things. Even in its homeland it was never very abundant. The tales to the contrary probably arose from the fact that one coyote under the desert moon can make like a dozen or so.

A couple of generations ago the coyote began to increase noticeably in numbers and spread into new territory, with almost explosive swiftness as such things go. It spread across the South. It appeared in the Midwest and followed the forest belts on east to the Middle Atlantic and New England states. Its most striking migration, though, was up along the Northern Rockies to the Yukon and Mackenzie countries and even to the Arctic Coast. These northern coyotes are a great deal larger than the parent stock, as with most animals that go north. On the Liard River in the subarctic I saw specimens of coyotes that nudged seventy pounds.

The reason for the sudden appearance of the coyote in places where it was never seen before is simple—the elimination of the wolf. Big gray boy can easily overhaul little silver cousin in a half-mile run, and one wolf can whip half a dozen coyotes before breakfast. Where you find wolves in effective numbers, you don't find many coyotes.

In some regions, especially the North, the so-called "brush wolves" are pure-blooded coyotes. In a few places we find pockets of "feral" dogs—animals which heard the call of the wild, severed their connection with man and established themselves in out-of-the-way spots. I kept tab one winter on a pack of feral dogs a couple of generations wild, within fifty miles of New York City. Then they took to raiding poultry farms and were hunted down and shot.

In many regions, especially in the East, the majority of "brush wolves" are a mixture of dog and coyote. The coyote immigrants into the East were few and scattered, and mates were scarce, and this was probably the main reason they interbred with dogs. In suitable territory this mixed stock is now rooted pretty solidly, though it is nowhere plentiful. The coydog, you can be sure, doesn't make the mistake of raiding poultry farms. Keeping back in the wildest hills it can find, it has that last, supreme intelligence of all—to have no trade or truck with man.

The strange tactics of my coydog yonder in the laurels made me pretty certain it had a mate, den and cubs nearby and was trying to protect them by "crossing my nose" and luring me off. That den, I figured, was probably somewhere on that open hillside, where the cubs would have the wholesome sunshine to bask in and a wallow of dry dirt to keep down ticks and fleas. All members of the dog family, including foxes, will choose such a whelping location if they can.

To test out my guess, I angled a little farther up the slope. As I did this, the coydog came out of the brush into plain sight, to get my attention and draw me away. When I made as though I didn't see it and walked on, it lifted its muzzle and voiced a short, gurgly bark, to make me look at it. When I still walked on, it

To make your most impossible dream come true..

the P·L·A·C·E

for CLASSIC WHITE...famous "PIONEER"..

A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING... AND EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE

New easy way modernizes your present kitchen,
unit by low-cost unit, into your dream kitchen

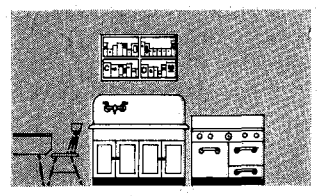
PLACEMAKER! Remember that magic name. It's the first really practical plan to change your old-fashioned, space-cramped kitchen into one that's big, beautiful, modern as tomorrow—with no major construction, no staggering expense!

With American Kitchens' new PLACEMAKER plan, you add *what* you want *when* you want it . . . unit by low-cost unit. In fact, you actually create your own dream kitchen by simple, easy, inexpensive steps!

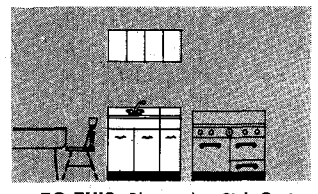
Begin with a smart wall or base cabinet, perhaps a sink cabinet. Any one or combination of these distinctive well-organized units, and you're off to a flying start. Add more and more. Watch PLACEMAKER s-t-r-e-t-c-h your kitchen, put all the wall to work!

But more than styling and wall-to-wall beauty, the PLACEMAKER plan gives you what you *really* need: up to 40% more storage space! A place for everything . . . and everything in its place!

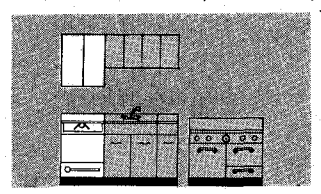
Remember, you can start right now. No money down. Three full years to pay. Added the sensible PLACEMAKER way, these superb, permanent, space-making units will transform your present kitchen into a dream come true. Mail the coupon today!



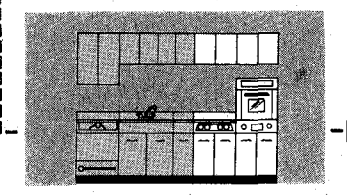
FROM THIS: Old-fashioned kitchen with out-moded sink and range, too much wasted storage space. It's time for the *Placemaker* Plan.



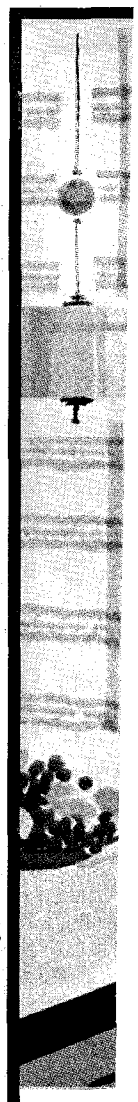
TO THIS: *Placemaker Sink Center.* Plenty of storage in under cabinet, side cabinet compartments, wall cabinets. As little as $1.00 a week.



TO THIS: *Placemaker Dishwasher Center.* AK Roto-Tray Dishwasher-Dryer stores day's dishes. Big wall cabinets. As little as $2.32 a week.



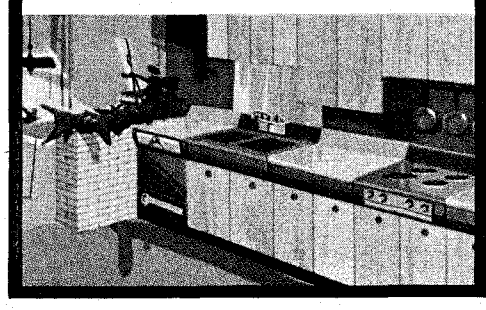
TO THIS: *Placemaker Cooking Center.* AK Drop-In Range, Stack-On Oven hold pots, pans. Roomy wall cabinets. As little as $3.75 a week.



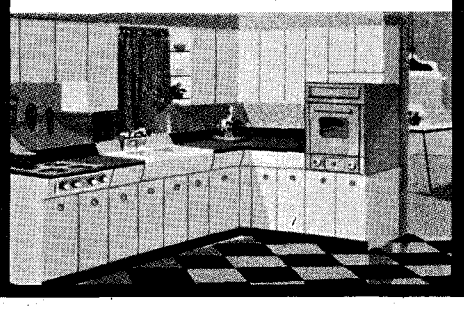
It's so easy to trade kitchens with little eye-appeal (and even less storage space) for the custom planned ones you see pictured here . . . the PLACEMAKER way!

Only American Kitchens gives you the appeal of wood and economy of steel in all these fashionable styles.

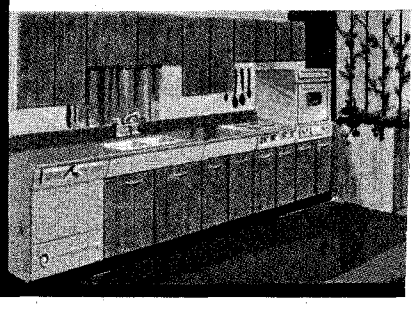
AMERICAN KITCHENS' "PIONEER"—The famous trio of antique copper, natural birch on steel creates charming effect.



CLASSIC WHITE KITCHEN—Popular new PLACEMAKER arrangement in sparkling white clean-easy units of durable steel.



CINNAMONWOOD "WOODHUES"—Partnership of "Bermuda Beige" on steel, Cinnamonwood cabinet doors.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made a swing up in my direction, came within twenty steps of where I was standing, then circled back down to the brush and stood there keening.

I noticed that the animal was a female, and things looked to me as though she was just weaning off a litter of cubs. For so wild and shy a creature, that little dash into the open and so close to me was quite a piece of courage. I looked all around for her consort, wondering where he was. Almost always the male fox or wolf will come out first to meet you and cross your nose. But I couldn't see hide or hair of the male, and the question of his whereabouts didn't seem important just then.

Standing on a boulder, I searched the hillside with my glasses to locate the coydog den. Except for sparse grass and weeds, the gully-cut slope was bare and was only about a dozen acres in area, but I couldn't spot the burrow. That, too, didn't seem important at the moment. I did want to examine that den to see what the coydogs were feeding on, and also I wanted to observe those cubs and study their behavior—always an index to the nature of the adult animal. But my presence there was frying the nerves of the female coydog—Lady, I later named her—so I didn't hang around long. After a few minutes, I headed down through the woods and across the creek, retrieved my fishing gear and ambled back to camp.

At our noon mug-up at the cabin I heard a piece of news, more or less just chance gossip, that jarred on me. Fred and Roy had got it from a pair of fishermen they'd met at the lower end of the lake.

Over in our neck of the woods, Fred said, there'd lately been a couple of "brush wolves" howling around at night. The people at the little resort village over on the main drag had got skittish about them and demanded that they be killed, so Conservation had ordered its nearest field man to attend to the matter. The man had come over here, Fred said, and had succeeded in shooting one of the animals. It was a male and had tried to cross his nose, so he knew there was a female and cubs around close. So he was coming back tomorrow morning to hunt up the den and kill the rest of the coydogs.

Now I knew why Lady was alone up there, doing her lone-handed best to carry on. I pictured her consort trying to lure the Conservation man away, as Lady had done with me, and I conceived a dislike for the man. It was understandable that ordinary people, not knowing about the human-shy nature of the coydog, should want the animals eliminated, but he was a wildlife expert and I felt he should be defending that family of harmless coydogs instead of shooting and cyaniding them.

That afternoon we went spinning for calicoes in a lake cove where the water had warmed up, and I took the usual thrashing I get when fishing with smart cats like Fred and Roy. The calicoes were whopping big ones, running to two pounds and over, but to tell the truth I wasn't studying fish. I was thinking that tomorrow that Conservation so-and-so was coming back to kill Lady and those cubs, and I was trying to figure some way of circumventing him without getting myself and two partners into trouble.

The scheme I finally thought out called for me, as a first step, to locate that den exactly. So when trouting time came, late that afternoon, I let Fred and Roy go off by themselves while I hit back through the woods on the south side of the creek

Mockingbird's Reveille

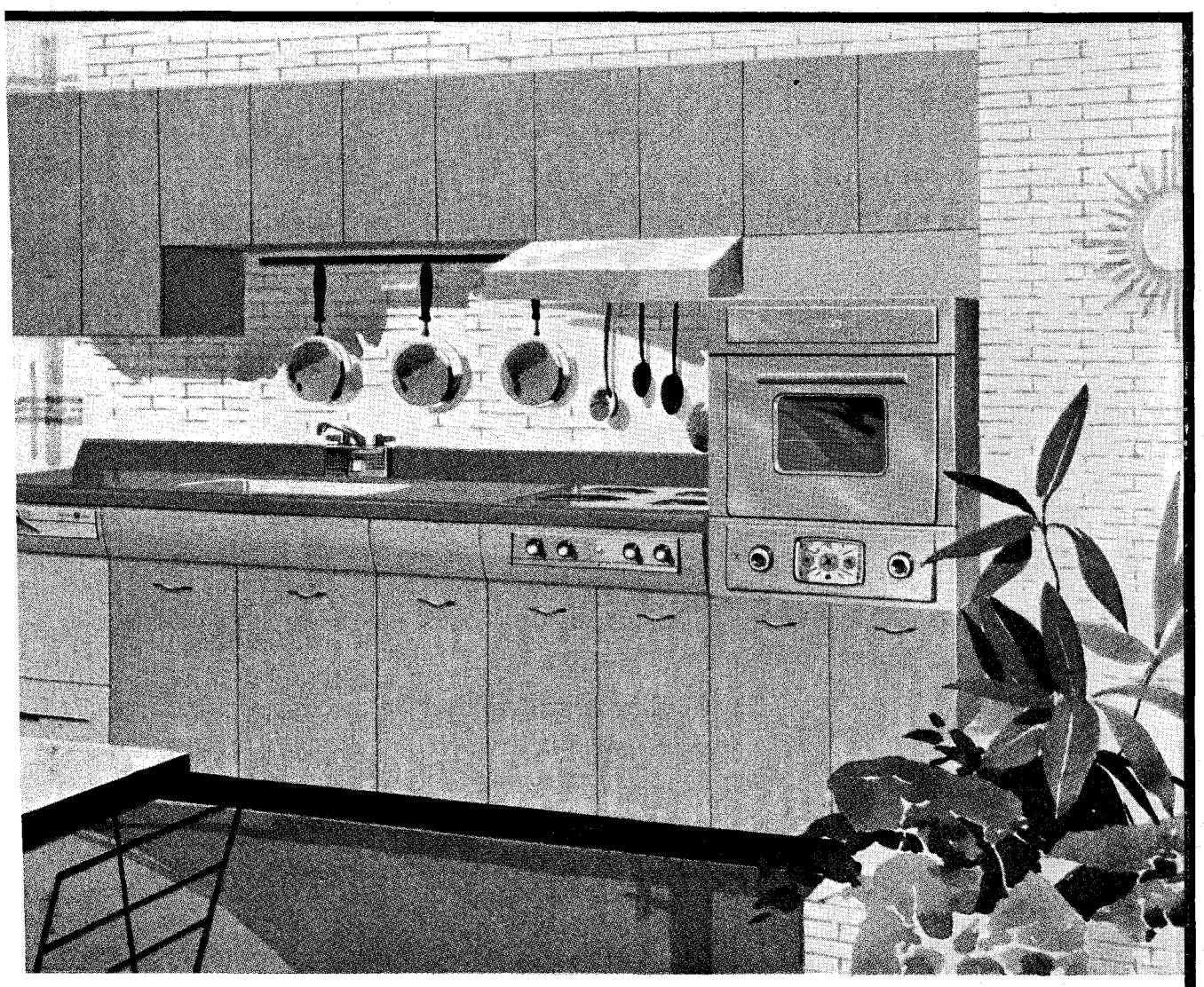
By BETTY ISLER

Even before the sky awakes
(And long before my own clock rings)
The mockingbird sits up and shakes
His feathers out, adjusts his wings
And cautiously sends out one note
That quivers lonesomely through space.
Feeling the air and testing his throat,
He listens then for any trace
Of answer, and receiving none,
Sends out another, braver call.
Then, having roused the sleeping sun,
Content that he, alone, in all
The world is up, he tunefully tries
The brand-new morning on for size.

merican Kitchens give you

M·A·K·E·R *plan*

d American Kitchens' exciting new "WOODHUES"



NEW! "WOODHUES" HONEYWOOD KITCHEN—Beautiful blend of "Bermuda Beige" lifetime finish on durable steel, with handsome Honeywood wall and base cabinet doors. Matching sinks, wall, base cabinets. Nine new Formica countertop colors. AK Roto-Tray Dishwasher-Dryer. Gas or electric AK Drop-In Range, Stack-On Oven.

American AK Kitchens

DIVISION AVCO CONNERSVILLE, INDIANA

ll-o-matic Dishwasher-Dryers • Roto-Tray Dishwasher-Dryers
chen Cabinets • Food Waste Disposers • Built-in Ranges, Ovens

Distributed in Canada by Moffats, Ltd., AVCO Mfg. Corp.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET!

American Kitchens, Department SEP-31657
Connersville, Indiana

Please send me your new illustrated booklet, "American Kitchens' PLACEMAKER Planner."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and climbed a rocky, timbered slope that looked straight across the little valley at the burned-over hillside. Taking care that the sharp-eyed Lady wouldn't spot me, I slipped into a nest of squat junipers on the lip of a small cliff and turned my glasses at that burn-over.

The early-evening sun, lying slant and golden over the lake and woods, was bright against the slope yonder and I had a fine view of the open space. There were plenty of burrows on it, with fresh dirt at their mouths, but they were groundhog burrows mostly. When chucks clean their dens out in the spring, they sort of bulldoze the dirt out, between their chest and forelegs, making a little mound at the entrance, whereas all members of the dog tribe kick the dirt out with their feet, making a fan-shaped apron of fresh soil.

From my good angle I soon spotted the den, near the upper edge of the hillside. Besides the telltale apron, the hole itself was much too large for groundhog work. The cubs were not outside, but I knew they'd be out before long. After going all day with little or nothing to eat, they would be half famished and wouldn't wait for full dark.

Just inside the upper woods, Lady was standing guard on a rock. She hadn't seen me and couldn't wind me, but somehow she seemed suspicious that I was over there, and don't ask me how she was aware of this. But she kept searching that hill slope where I was and monitoring the air in that direction, as though sensing that she was being spied on.

About the time the towhees were sounding their first evening "spink-spink" and the whitethroats were lifting their flutelike "oh-mieur," I saw two small, fuzzy heads with black noses and black, shoe-button eyes appear at the mouth of the burrow. After warily making sure the coast was clear, the two cubs came on out, followed by three others. A bit larger than half-grown rabbits, they were mighty cute little rascals. Two of them were a light silver in color, but one was very darkish, and a couple of them showed a tendency toward being lop-eared, a dog-heritage trait. After a spell of yawning and stretching, they began playing, fighting, scratching fleas, nibbling at green stuff, but mostly watching around expectantly, as though wishing that their parent would hurry up and bring on something to eat.

For their age those five were definitely more wary than fox or wolf cubs. A buzzard passing overhead, a train whistle three miles away, the distant putt-putt of my partners' small kicker, would send them zipping back into the den. On their ten-yard expeditions away from the burrow they kept close together and were markedly social in their actions—a pack already, not a collection of individuals. In great contrast to the vicious, punishing battles which fox cubs stage incessantly and which are an index to the unsocial, solitary nature of the adult fox, the little spit fights of the coydog cubs were brief and easygoing.

As I studied the cubs, I wished that the people over yonder on the main drag could watch those half-pint coydogs for a few minutes with me and could see how pitifully human-shy Lady was. Then they wouldn't sit in their safe homes o' nights and shiver around when they heard the "brush wolves" howling. Any pennyfeist in their village was more of a "dangerous animal" than the coydogs they wanted killed off. I also wished that hunters and game-club officials would stop charging the coydog with destroying deer, raiding livestock and other crimes and misdemeanors, for which you can find no hard-fact evidence anywhere. A human wrongfully charged can answer back. A wild creature can't. Voiceless and defenseless, it has to take the consequences, and sometimes these can be unjust and cruel—as with this coydog family.

A little after sunset, Lady jumped down from her sentry rock and disappeared in the woods. In less time than seemed possible she came trotting back with a woodchuck, and you should have seen the welcome she got. It wasn't altogether on account of the groceries. The joy and reassurance that cub animals show when a parent returns to the den is one of the most appealing little dramas outdoors.

It was whippoorwill dusk when I got back to the cabin. Stopping only long enough to freshen up my fly dope and get a flashlight and a bandanna kerchief I'd carried yesterday, I crossed the creek and headed back through the woods toward the burned slope.

In the evening hush the last calls of the whitethroats were dying off, the screech owls were beginning their tremolos, and as I passed through the scatter of pines I heard one of the strange and eerie outdoor sounds—the twilight chorus of the pygmy shrews. For some reason these tiny animals, smallest of all the mammals, emerge from their tunnel homes at a certain evening moment and sound their high-pitched trill in unison. It is the same two-toned note that a caged pygmy shrew emits when you badger him experimentally with a twig, but when you hear it in a darkening woods from a hundred of them, this vesper song of the pygmy shrew has a primitive and melancholy quality impossible to describe.

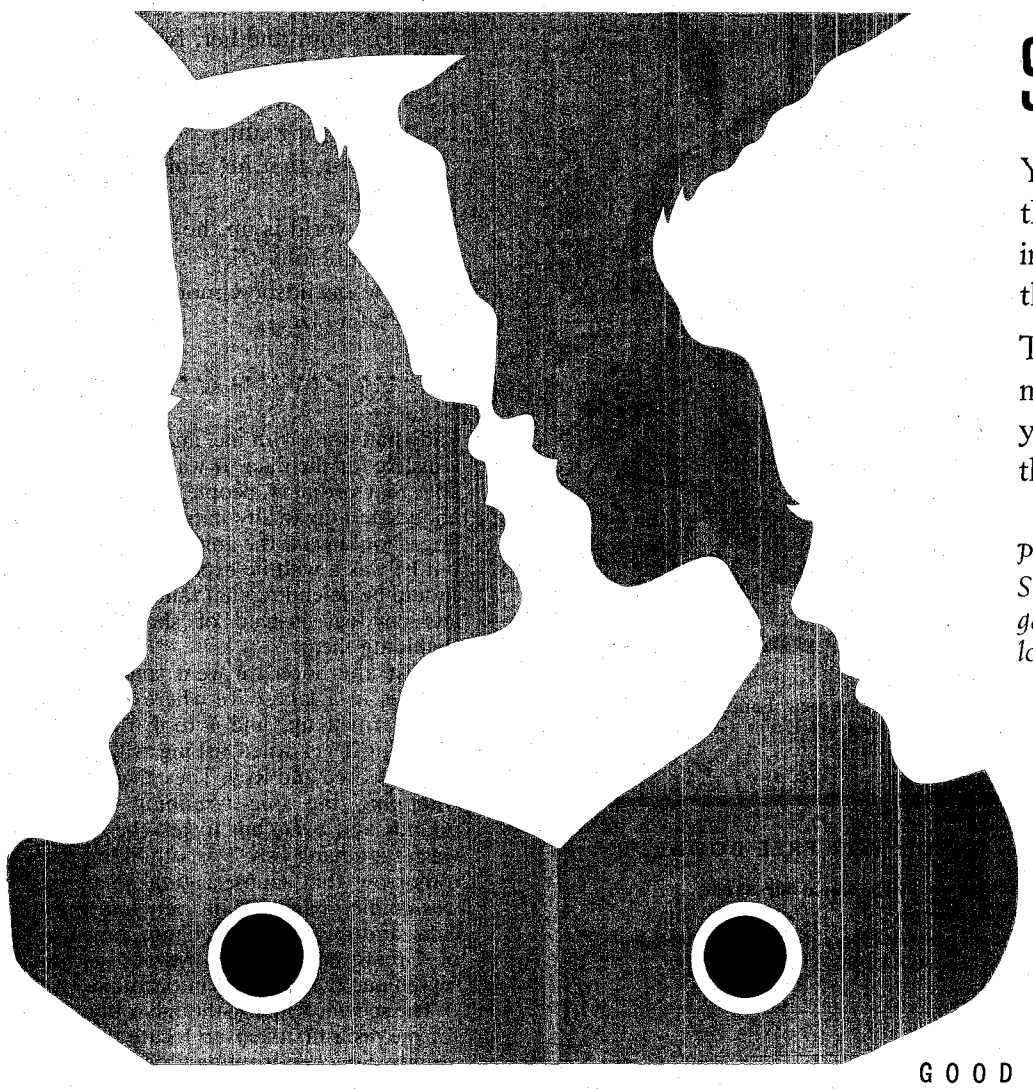
At the lower side of the burn-over, Lady met me in the woods, her burning eyes like greenish coals in the beam of my flash. Her efforts that morning to keep me away from her bairns were as nothing compared to the show she put on now, in the mantling dusk. She kept circling me at forty or fifty feet, often dashing in closer, with a succession of yaps, barks, moans, snarls. Under similar circumstances a vixen fox has a bigger repertoire of scary sounds, but Lady's was good enough to send chills up and down your backbone if you didn't know that she was the scared one—scared for herself and her young.

When I reached the den I approached silently, stooped down, listened at the mouth of the burrow, and heard the mewing and puppylike growls of the cubs. The instant my scent drifted back in to them, they shut up. Lady, too, I noticed, had quieted off. When I looked around, I saw her a few rods out in the dark, watching me with those burning eyes, and whining. Her keening sounded as though she had given up. As though she had done her best and it hadn't been enough, and now she could only sit and watch the destruction of her home and bairns.

I played the light around the den and saw that the main food item there was woodchucks. There were some rabbit sign, some bird feathers, remains of meadow mice and some ordinary shrews. These last the cubs hadn't touched, probably because of the strong musky odor.

By the time I finished my errand at the den the dark was settling down, a few major stars were out and the night silence was falling over the hills. Far away back in the main range, so far it was a mere pinpoint of sound, I heard a coydog lifting its cadence from some high peak line. To me it was a very pleasing and reassuring note—the wilderness has not yet entirely vanished, but in some places is even making a comeback.

Early the next morning a boat came putt-putting across the lake, and it was



SEE IT NOW?

You never *stop* seeing—from the paper in the morning through the last, late show at night. Working, reading, driving, watching, or just looking—you live most of your life through your eyes . . .

Today, with so many different demands upon eyesight, it's more important than ever to see your ophthalmologist, or your optometrist, *regularly* for the professional examinations that help us keep our changing vision up to date.

Presented as a public service, in the interest of better vision, by Shuron Optical Company, Inc., Geneva, N. Y.—world's largest organization devoted exclusively to serving the optometrist, ophthalmologist and optician with the finest quality ophthalmic materials.

SHURON®

Our friends in the ophthalmic professions will recognize the illustration of a man and a woman watching a woman and a man on television as an application of the Gestalt figure-ground studies in visual perception.

GOOD VISUAL CARE DOESN'T COST...IT PAYS!

©1957 Shuron Optical Co., Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It's called—you got a piece of the shell—walnut surprise."

the Conservation man—Fraser, we'll call him—with a rifle, glasses and some cyanide smoke cartridges. We were just finishing breakfast and he sat in with us for a cup of coffee. A lean, leathery-faced man of forty, with a dry New England way of talking, he was a good biologist and experienced woodsman, as I quickly saw.

I regretted jumping to the conclusion that he was a so-and-so. For it was plain that he didn't like the job he was on. Orders were orders and taxpayers were taxpayers, but he didn't like it. When I told him I had seen those cubs on the burn-over slope and could save him the trouble of hunting up that den, he thanked me somewhat less than warmly. I could see he was thinking that I was a pretty poor specimen for wanting to help destroy those little things.

We got to talking about coydogs, and he said there were quite a few of them farther back in the hills. Maybe fifty, maybe a hundred; it was hard to tell. They preyed considerably on snowshoe rabbits, but so far he had not seen an instance of their preying on deer. People would see coydog tracks around deer carcasses, he said, and swear that the coydogs had killed those animals, whereas examination showed that the deer had perished from sickness, overbrowsed range or general puniness.

"In this district," he said, "it would be a good thing if these coydogs did do some preying on deer. We'd have a better herd, better hunting."

He was stating a truth which is often overlooked by people who aren't experts about such matters. The curse of any deer herd that is free from natural predators and protected by game laws is the inevitable increase of animals that are small, weak, sickly or otherwise undesirable. In time—and it doesn't take many years—such a herd degenerates in vigor, size of animal, finally in size of the herd itself. Natural predators, in reasonable numbers, comb out this undesirable breeding stock and keep the herd toned up and healthy.

We finished the coffee and Fraser and I set out. There was no four-legged phantom in the woods that morning, and no Lady meeting us at the burn-over, and I knew my scheme had worked. When we got up to the burrow, there were no fresh signs on the apron of dirt, and over the mouth of the den a spider had spun its sheet web during the night. Soon after I had plastered that place up with man scent and left, Lady had gathered her cubs around her and headed for a safer home farther back in the hills.

To my embarrassment, I noticed that when I'd brushed my tracks shut last evening I had missed a couple of heel prints and had left a couple of other signs besides, and I felt sure that a cagey woodsman like Fraser would see them. If he did, he didn't say anything. As he stood there looking all around for several minutes and studying things, he glanced at me queerly once or twice, and I had the feeling that he was piecing together the story of my visit there—the when and the why of it. But still he didn't say anything, and for all I knew he was preparing to conduct me to the pokey for interfering with a Conservation officer's duties.

Apparently he didn't even notice that the coydog home had been abandoned, because he finally said, "This is the den, all right. No question." He got out a couple of the deadly cartridges, rolled them down into the burrow and sealed up the entrance with rocks and soil. Then he took out his notebook and jotted down an entry about his trip, for his official report:

"Located coydog den. Cyanided same."

As we were going down the slope, he remarked, in his dry way, "Those coydogs up yon must have killed somebody and eat him. All but his bandanna handkerchief. I found his bandanna in the loose dirt at the mouth of that place."

I wasn't sure how to play it, so I kept quiet. He stopped and offered me a cigarette, and then I saw that his eyes were friendly, in a dead-pan face. "Well, anyhow," he said, "they won't be howling around here at night any more. Thanks for helping me get rid of 'em."

"Don't mention it," I said. I could dead-pan it too. THE END

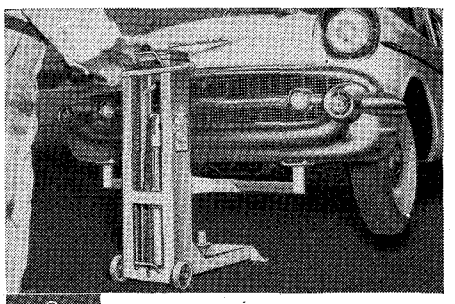
So right for all the family—
BLUE BELL clothes
Good-looking, long-wearing, washable—**$1.98** to **$4.98**

Wrangler western jeans in Sanforized denim, sizes for all.
Blue Bell, Inc., Empire State Bldg., New York 1, N. Y.

FALSE TEETH
KLUTCH holds them tighter
KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost **as well as with natural teeth.** Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 35c and 60c at druggists. . . . If your druggist hasn't it, **don't waste money on substitutes,** but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box.
KLUTCH CO., Box 719-C, ELMIRA, N. Y.

It's SEA'LICIOUS®
A NEW TASTE THRILL!
Filton's DELICIOUS OYSTER STEW
Made with luscious tender oysters, creamery butter and fresh milk.
So good for you!

SARDINES LOVE *Mister Mustard*
— SO WILL YOU!
Oo-La-La — what manly Mister Mustard does for sardines — all fish, sea foods, meats, cheeses. Just like in Dijon, *France, home of Mister* Mustard's original zesty recipe. Now in your food market dairy dept. If not, send $1 for 3 jars and FREE recipes today. Prepaid in U.S. only. Department S., Frank Tea & Spice Co., Cincinnati 2, Ohio
Mister Mustard says:
"Keep me cold and I'll STAY HOT!"



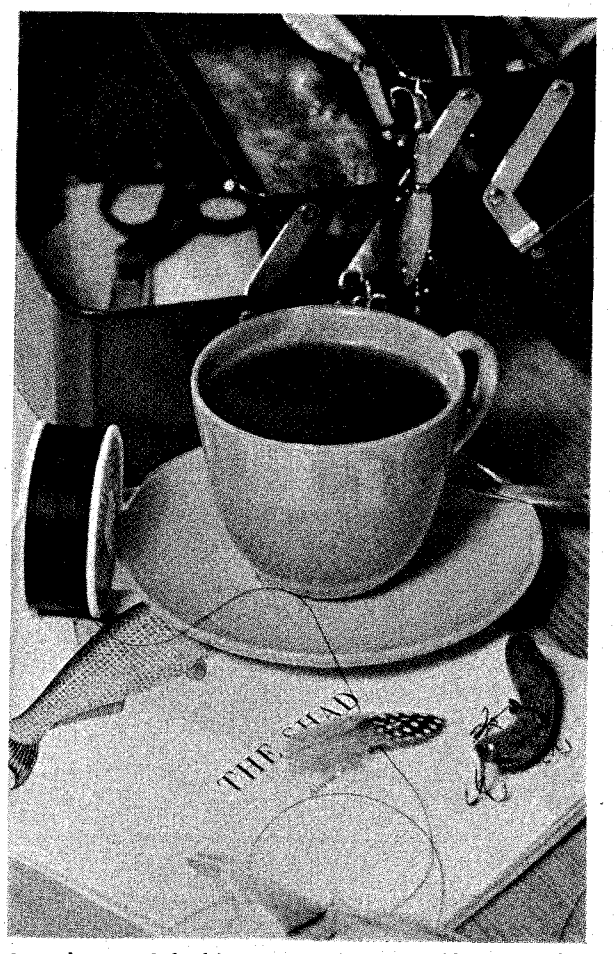
BLACKHAWK®
LIFTING!
easier with
BLACKHAWK®
JACKS
To make sure of good service, look for the man who uses Blackhawk hydraulic jacks. He's a man who cares enough to buy the best. Sure lifting with rugged advance-design Blackhawks helps him get your work done faster, easier, better. These are the jacks with all the built-in extras — for toughest jobs in automotive, farm, industrial and construction service.
Look to
BLACKHAWK®
The one source for the complete line of Automotive Jacks — Mechanical and Hydraulic; Industrial Hydraulic Jacks — 1½ thru 100 tons; "Porto-Power" Remote Control Jacks and Rescue Kits; Pipe and Conduit Benders; Knock-Out Punches. *See your nearby Blackhawk distributors in Automotive, Industrial, Construction and Electrical fields.*
BLACKHAWK MFG. CO.
Dept. J-6137, Milwaukee 46, Wisconsin
World's Largest Manufacturer of
HYDRAULIC POWER TOOLS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Do-it-yourself" is easier—with a "Coffee-break"

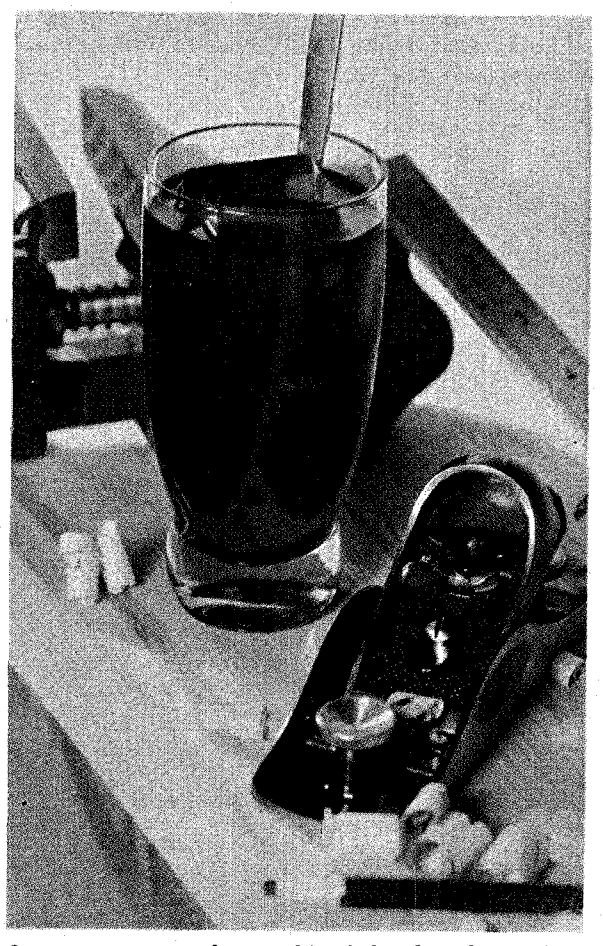
Keep some baby oil or soft soap on your hands, especially the nails and cuticles, for easy wash-up after painting. For a restful, zestful "lift" on the job, give yourself an occasional "Coffee-break"!

Upholstering is a two-fisted job. Hold fabric or webbing taut with one hand, hammer tacks in with the other—a magnetic hammer picks up the tacks for you. A good, full-bodied cup of coffee makes work easier.

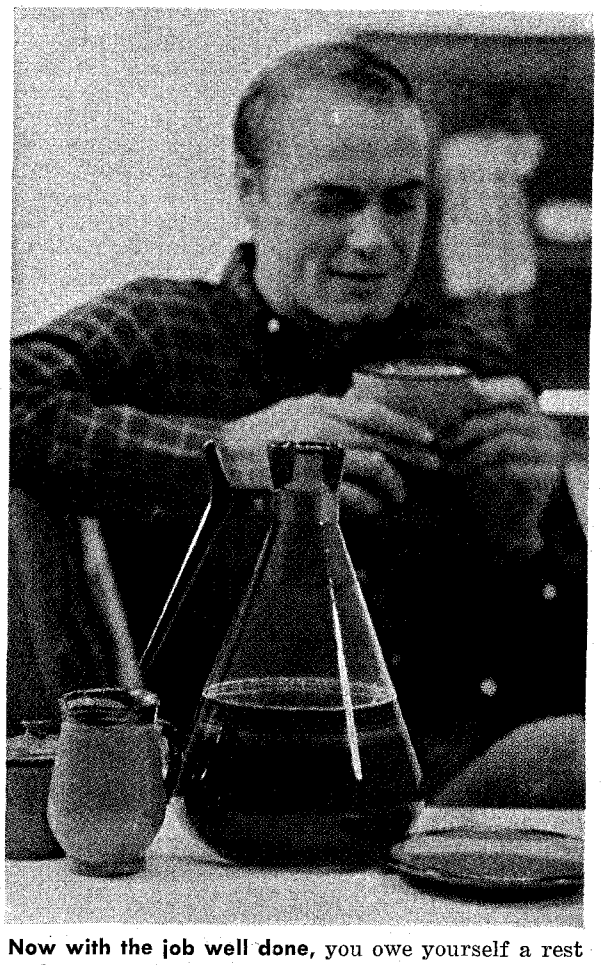


Less chance of the big ones getting away if your equipment is in top order beforehand. For tops in coffee every time, too: use 1 Standard Measure (2 level tablespoons) for each 6-oz. cup of cold water.

What's the pleasantest way to avoid "Gardener's back"?—a "Coffee-break"! Planting hint: don't skimp on stakes—tie up all the young plants you want to grow strong, straight and healthy.



Smart carpenters when working in hardwoods, use soap on screws or saws. And they cool off with good Iced Coffee. Hint: Freeze coffee cubes in refrigerator trays and use with regular strength coffee. It won't dilute.



Now with the job well done, you owe yourself a rest and a reward — a "special recipe" coffee! For the colorful 32-page booklet, "Fun With Coffee," send 25¢ and your name and address to the Coffee Bureau.

© 1957

There is nothing so satisfying as a good cup of coffee

PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, P.O. BOX 33, OLD CHELSEA STATION, NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Everybody Laughs at Me (Continued from Page 33)

Borgbjerg's clinic in Copenhagen. She had cancer, and the doctors gave her only a few weeks to live. Two or three days later I drove to Hälsingborg on the Swedish coast, waited for darkness, and then boarded the ferry for the short trip to Elsinore, in Denmark.

I stayed in the shadows on deck and spoke to no one, for I was desperately afraid of being recognized. The movies I had made in Copenhagen were still playing in theaters all over Denmark, and my face was subsequently plastered on billboards. I was well known in this small country of 4,400,000, and many people knew I was on the Gestapo's wanted list. These were dangerous times, and one could not always be sure who was friend and who was enemy.

I got ashore without incident, though, and went directly to Doctor Borgbjerg's private hospital. My mother was registered there under an assumed name for her own protection, though she never knew about this deception. She was a gentle woman who believed in the essential goodness of people, and she could never have comprehended the degree of infamous cruelty and hate with which men, women and children were being persecuted.

She was thin and white when I saw her, but she pretended that nothing was wrong. She knew that I had come all the way from Stockholm to see her and that I had to go back again shortly, and she did not intend to cloud these few hours. She also knew that she was not getting any better. She led me out into the hallway of the clinic and made a tremendous effort to climb the stairs to the next floor. She blanched with pain, but she forced herself into each agonizing step, and at the top, when I instinctively reached out to hold her, she brushed my hand away.

"You see, Victor!" she gasped. "I am already improving. The next time you come, I will be back in our home again."

This was her time to lie, though she had never knowingly lied to us before. She knew she might never see me again. I knew it too. So we sat there, mother and son, and said all the empty, foolish things the tongue can contrive in moments of stress.

We cried a little and we laughed, and finally I said, "Now, mother, you take care of yourself because I am coming for you soon. The most wonderful thing has happened. I have signed a contract to make a picture in Hollywood. We will all go to America as soon as you are well enough."

That's all there was. I had told my lie, too, and I kissed her good-by and went out into the lonely night. That final minute was the most searing emotional experience of my life, but the scar gave me an immunity for which I was grateful in later years.

I got back to Stockholm safely and resumed my performances at the Folkan Theater. But many miles away my mother was dying. I knew she had a radio in her hospital room, and one afternoon, with the help of understanding friends at the Stockholm radio station, I went on the air just to play for her.

It was the only concert I have ever given for one person, and I closed it with her favorite tune, a little Danish Lullaby, by Fini Henriques. She drifted off to sleep as the last note faded away, and never woke again. Years later, in America, I had the Henriques music reproduced on cards, and sent them out at Christmastime. If any of my friends were puzzled by my choice of a holiday greeting that year, I can tell them now that it was just a little gesture in memory of my mother. There are ways, even if it is so late, that a man can show gratitude for an unflagging courage and love.

On August thirteenth, my wife joined me in Stockholm with the news that she was leaving immediately for New York. Hundreds of American citizens all over Europe were in danger of being trapped in the violent swirl of war, and they were getting out in a hurry by every conceivable means. Elsie had managed to get a ticket on the transport American Legion, and was sailing on August sixteenth from the distant Finnish port of Petsamo. It was the last boat cleared by the British for passage through the mine and submarine zones of the North Sea, and Elsie's travel permit specifically stated that she had to be aboard. Incidentally, the German government did not guarantee safe conduct through mined areas.

I said good-by in a half-numbed state of emotional shock, and muttered hollow promises about following her to New York. Then she was on her way and I was alone in the rubble of my life. Europe was in flames, and soon there would be no theaters, nor movies, nor laughter, nor light. Only blackouts and the sound of Nazi boots. I had no way of knowing when they might march into Sweden. *Why do I sit here and wait?* I grabbed my hat, ran out of the hotel and went to the American consulate. The news was not pleasant. The quota for immigrants to America was already filled for the coming year and hundreds of additional applications had been submitted.

There were perhaps thirty men and women in the waiting room. Thirty frightened people, all wanting a magic piece of paper that would take them across the seas. I sat there for hours, and finally got in. I told the consul my story.

"Well, Mr. Borge," he said, "my wife and I saw your show, and we've never had a more enjoyable time. I understand your problem and I'd like to help. If you will promise to make the American people laugh as we laughed the other night, I'll give you a visa and I'll get you on that boat."

I put my whole heart into that promise, and I like to think I have kept it.

My last few hours in Europe were a frantic race against time and long odds. My funds in Denmark were blocked and I could take only 100 crowns ($20) out of Sweden. At the last minute a friend of mine in Stockholm issued a check on a New York bank against my account in Stockholm. I checked out of the hotel with destiny in one hand and some of my show scrapbooks in the other. I had no time to gather up clothes or luggage, and just barely caught the last plane that day for Helsinki.

I had never been in Finland before, had no friends there, and was stunned to discover how the country had suffered from the short-lived conflict with Russia. There was no commercial flying, there were no trains, and motor vehicles were gathering dust from lack of gasoline. I could have bought a motorcycle for a carton of cigarettes, but I would have had to push it to Petsamo.

That night, hopelessly defeated, I sat on a bench in the Helsinki airport terminal and concluded that my luck had run out. There were no flights of any kind headed for Petsamo, but I tipped a porter to wake me if he heard even the slightest encouraging rumor.

Toward dawn, as I sprawled exhausted on the hard bench, the porter tugged at my coat. He pointed to an airplane with Finnish markings which was warming up on the apron, and said, "Better hurry. They're going to Petsamo." I sprinted out, talked to the pilot and learned that his passengers were two Russian officials, headed for Petsamo to reopen the Russian consulate there. I showed them the American visa in my passport. I begged and coaxed and I came very close to tears. They finally yielded, and minutes later we were airborne to the north.

The Petsamo airstrip almost paralleled the docks of the Finnish port, and as we circled for a landing I could see the American Legion, with smoke pluming from her stacks. Deck hands were pulling up the gangplank as I ran toward the ship, and with aching lungs I yelled, "Wait! Wait!" They saw me coming, lowered the gangway and let me scramble up to the deck. Minutes later, with a mournful blast of her whistle, the steamer pulled out and headed for the open sea. Elsie, who had been standing at the rail as I made that miraculous finish, showed no surprise at all.

"Men's wear."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Funeral Directors Say: THE Wilbert® BURIAL VAULT

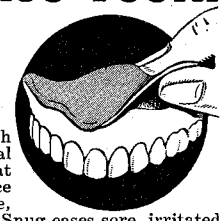
Other Models Available

The vault they have used for over a million interments. Made of asphalt and concrete. Water-repellent! Guaranteed! It's true peace-of-mind protection! Send for FREE booklet, "Facts every family should know about funerals and interments". Write Wilbert, Box 147-S, Forest Park, Ill.

Wilbert—the Foremost Name in Burial Vaults

® Trade Mark of Wilbert W. Haase Co.

Miracle Cushion Holds False Teeth Tight

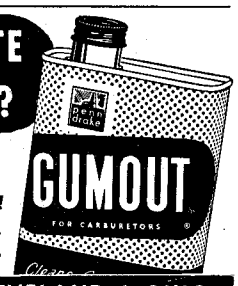


Eases Sore Gums

Snug® brand Denture Cushions are a triumph of science, a sensational new plastic re-lining that gets rid of the annoyance and irritation of loose, badly fitting false teeth. Snug eases sore, irritated gums due to loose fitting dentures. Applied in a few minutes, makes the wobbliest plates stay firmly in place—gives perfect comfort. Eat anything—talk, laugh—plates "stay put." Harmless to gums or dentures.

Snug re-liners can last from 2 to 6 months. Stays soft and pliable—does not harden and ruin plate. Peels right out when replacement is needed. No daily bother with adhesives. Get Snug brand Denture Cushions today! 2 liners for upper or lower plates $1.50. Money back if not satisfied. At all druggists.

WHY WASTE GASOLINE?



Clean your CARBURETOR *with* GUMOUT *now!*

Just add to the gas—cleans as you drive.

GUMOUT • CLEVELAND 4, OHIO

Amazing New Medical Discovery

WORMS YOUR DOG AS YOU FEED HIM!

Just mix New PULVEX Worm Caps with your dog's food...your pet worms himself while he eats! There's no starving, struggling, vomiting, diarrhea, or danger. New PULVEX Worm Caps contain Piperazine Adipate, that quickly and safely expels large roundworms (Ascarids). Practically odorless; dogs like its taste. Also available for cats. Get New PULVEX Worm Caps at drug, pet or department store. *Another quality Pulvex pet Care Product from COOPER, Chicago 14, Illinois.*

DISSOLVES EVEN TOUGHEST CORNS GETS-IT LIQUID CORN REMOVER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Start your puppy right!

Worm him at home in ten seconds this easy way with

Sergeant's® WORM-AWAY

Large roundworms rob your puppy of the nourishment he needs for a healthy, happy life.

Now, with Sergeant's New Worm-Away, you can worm your pup right at home—easily, safely, without any messy after-effects. JUST MIX IT WITH HIS REGULAR FOOD!

Sergeant's New Worm-Away, like any other Sergeant's product, has been clinically tested by consulting veterinarians. It's safe! It's effective! ONLY 98¢

After your puppy is safely through the first 6 months, worm him with Sergeant's Sure Shot (for dogs over 10 pounds) or Sergeant's Puppy Caps (for dogs under 10 pounds). These protect him against *both* the large roundworms which steal his food and the common hookworms which suck his blood. ONLY 75¢

Get these Sergeant's products at any drug or pet counter. Ask for a *free* copy of the 36-page Sergeant's Dog Book. Or write

Sergeant's® Richmond 20, Virginia
the most esteemed name in pet care products

business and student cases guaranteed to outlast all others

Tufide

LOOKS like leather
FEELS like leather
OUTWEARS leather 5 to 1

A complete selection for every business and school need. See them now at luggage, office supply and department stores.

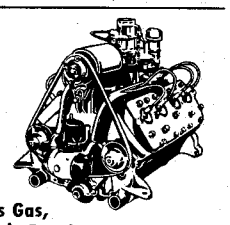
unconditionally guaranteed 5 full years

Stebco PRODUCTS • 1401 W. Jackson Blvd. • Chicago 7, Ill.

Money-Saving

MUSTANG REPLACEMENT ENGINE

Repowers your car or truck with DEPENDABLE NEW CAR PERFORMANCE



Easy Payments Through Your Local Dealer

Saves Gas, Oil and Costly Repairs

Cheaper by far than buying a new car. And, why overhaul when **now** you install famous MUSTANG . . . in one short day with written, nation-wide guarantee. Factory-tested MUSTANG delivers 10% more power . . . long life . . . better mileage. Immediate delivery on most popular makes and models. All precision-built with finest quality parts such as:

JOHNSON ENGINE BEARINGS, *Preferred by Leading Engine Manufacturers and . . .*
D & B MANUFACTURING CO., *Originators of the SILENT TIMING GEAR . . . finest since 1918.*
Both typical of many well-known brands engineered into MUSTANG.

Sold by Leading Repair Shops, Car Dealers
MUSTANG ENGINES, Garland, Texas

GO UNERRINGLY WITH HULL AUTO COMPASS

Only a Hull Auto Compass can give you, behind the wheel, the unerring sense of direction of a homing pigeon. Know the right way at every turn, anywhere. No more guesswork, mistakes!

At your dealer's or write for literature.

MOST COMPASS DRIVERS USE HULL $4.95 and $6.50

HULL MFG. CO. P.O. Box 246-S-3, Warren, Ohio

Radiator Leaking?

This can result in serious motor damage!

SAVE MONEY! HAVE IT SERVICED WHERE YOU SEE THIS SIGN!

© 1956 INLAND MFG. CO., OMAHA, NEBR.

"I knew it was impossible for you to get here," she said, "but I never doubted that you would."

If anyone should question my amazing good fortune in getting to Petsamo that day, I can only say that Mrs. Frederick Sterling, wife of the United States minister to Sweden, took five full days to cover the same distance and just barely got aboard.

The twelve-day run on a 4372-mile zigzag course across the Atlantic was a nightmare in many ways. The seas were uncommonly rough, and there were about 900 passengers on a ship with accommodations for 175. Hundreds of refugees—of whom I was one—lived in hammocks in a hatch far below decks. We got little sleep and not much to eat, but these were minor discomforts. We were afraid of nothing except submarines and mines, but Capt. Bror Torning had a State Department code chart of the danger zones, and we got through safely.

My escape from Sweden was so nerve-racking and so vivid that I could barely talk about it for several years afterward. Eventually I saw some humor in the experience, even though it was on the grim side, and I built a skit around it for one of my radio programs. I have that script at home now, and this brief excerpt shows how Bud Collyer and I kicked it around:

VICTOR: One morning after twelve days at sea I woke up, went on deck and there it was . . . the Statue of Liberty. Everybody on the boat started to cheer. . . . They cheered so loud that for five minutes you couldn't hear the cattle on the boat.

BUD: Victor, when you got off the boat what was the first thing that struck you?

VICTOR: A taxicab.

On second thought, maybe it wasn't so funny as I thought. As I look back through the years now, I can add fervently that there was little or no real humor for me during those first few months in New York.

My worst headache, of course, was caused by the English language. As a boy in Copenhagen I had once stumbled through one term of English, but all I salvaged was "I am, you are, he is." I was often asked why I did not learn English from Elsie, who spoke it perfectly. I was lazy, that's all. She spoke perfect Danish and that was an easy out for me.

But now that I was in New York I had to learn this complex new language, and learn it fast. Otherwise I would have to play the piano in silence, and people would think I was an impostor. They might even think I was a concert pianist, and then the music critics would have nothing to write about.

There was one good omen. Shortly after we moved into the Hotel Woodward, on West 55th Street, I went out to get my first good look at Broadway. There was a newsstand on the corner and on one paper there was a black three-inch headline which even I understood at once. It read: TO HELL WITH HITLER. The paper turned out to be The Hobo News, but to me it looked just as important as The New York Times, for now I knew that I was in the land of the free. I walked back to the hotel clutching the paper, and I said it over and over to myself: *To Hell With Hitler*. It had a satisfying sound, and I said to Elsie, "If this is acceptable English, I want more of it."

It so happens that I picked up basic English very fast, though I have since been told that my system was a form of punishment even the Tartars would have considered too cruel. I went to the movies. I mean, I lived in movie theaters.

Every afternoon I walked thirteen blocks to 42nd Street, where there were half a dozen theaters showing fifth-run pictures. The matinee admission price then, as I recall, was fifteen cents, and sometimes I took along a sandwich or cookies, so I could sit through each picture two or three times. I saw films so old they had wrinkles. I endured pictures that even the most hardened television program director would hesitate to show. But by connecting the dialogue to the action, I picked up a lot of words and phrases, even if they were not all according to Emily Post.

I remember coming out of a theater one night after a day of Humphrey Bogart gangster films, and seeing a pretty girl. "Hi, babe. What's cooking?" I said, proud of my new Americanisms. "Scram, bum," she said. She must have seen the same picture. I also saw Donald Duck, but who wants to talk like a that? When I wasn't in the movie theaters I could usually be found in a Broadway-area cafeteria. I listened to conversations and sometimes made notes. On rare occasions, when I was invited by one of our limited number of friends to a joint so classy that the food was served at the table, I noticed one phrase with which we were greeted by the waiter. I thought this phrase was a more sophisticated salutation than just "howdy," so for months afterward, when I was introduced, I would say, "Will you have your coffee now or later?" People gave me queer looks, of course, because usually we were in the subway or standing on the sidewalk when this phrase popped out.

In spite of these occasional boners, I was soon able to understand, and be understood, even though the American idiom regularly threw me for a loss, and still does. The first time I got a printed invitation to a cocktail party, with that mysterious symbol "5 to 7" in one corner, I went to the appointed place at exactly five minutes before seven, and found that most of the guests had already gone home. When someone explained that a bargain was a "good buy," I took leave of people by saying, "Bargain. See you later."

I committed other harmless errors by making literal translations of phrases I read or heard. One morning the hotel doorman said, "Spring in the air today, Mr. Borge." I sprang four feet into the air, and he must have thought I was bitten by a wasp. Another time, in a different hotel, I saw this sign in the bathroom: "Please put shower curtain inside tub." It took ten minutes to unsnap all those hooks, and when I put the curtain in the water, I decided it was a silly custom. I still think so.

There is nothing anywhere in the world as picturesque as American slang. It was particularly suitable for a performer like me, who had a *smörgåsbord* accent and who could be, and was, baffled by everyday Americanese. Matter of fact, the whole business (*Continued on Page 146*)

... ...

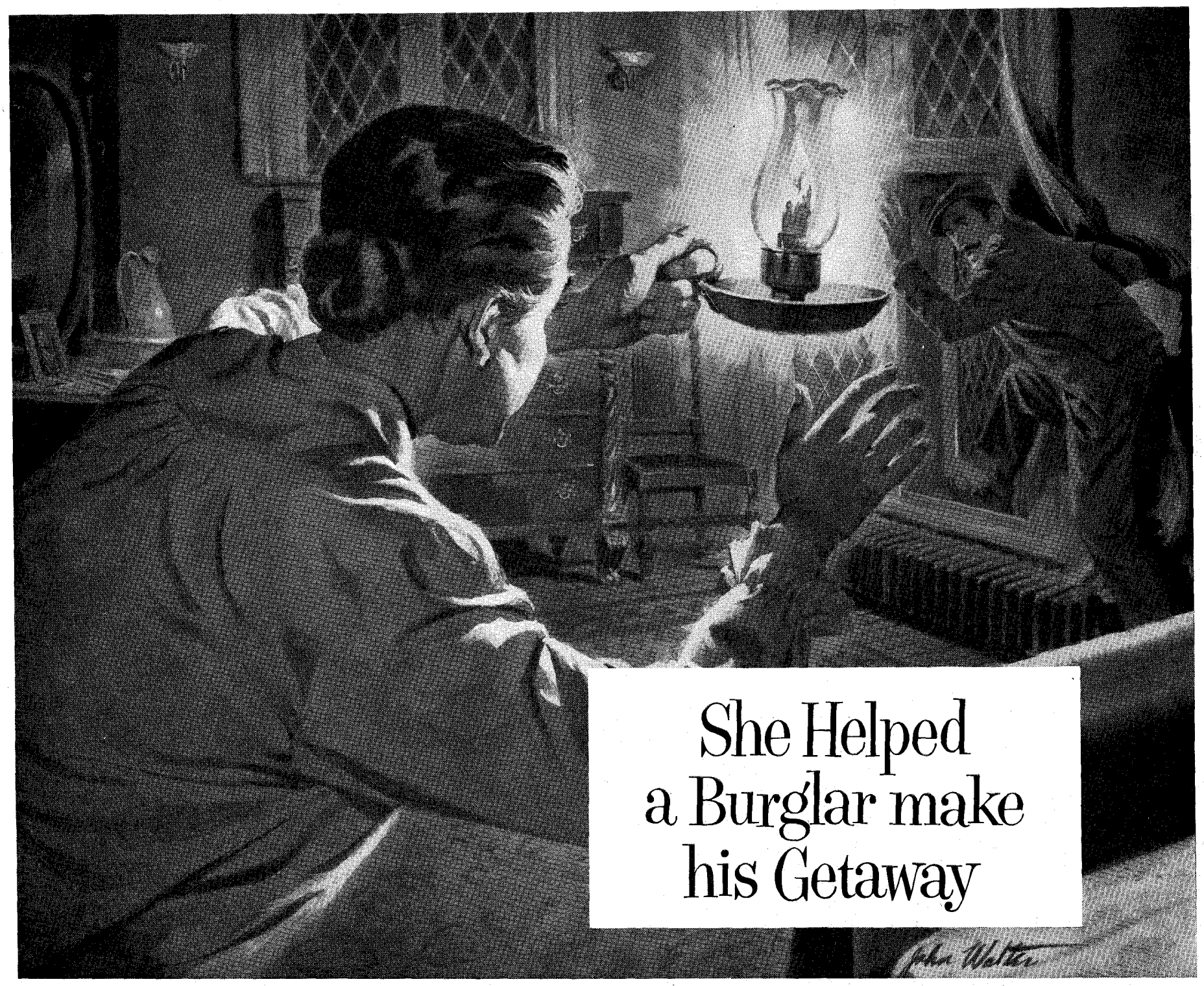
Domestic Dilemma

All said and done, a phone
does much
To keep the talkative in
touch,
But, the way some
conversations run,
When all is said, there's
little done.

R. H. Grenville

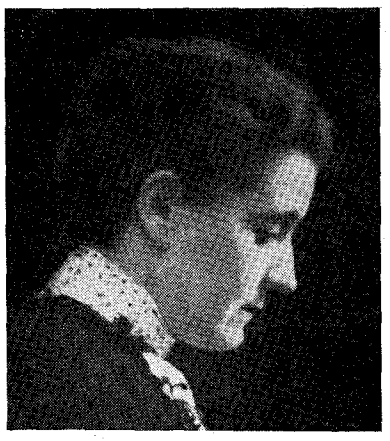
... ...

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



She Helped a Burglar make his Getaway

Her home was in a part of the city where anything could happen



WAKING ONE MIDNIGHT, she surprised a burglar in her room. As he leapt for the window, she stopped him. "You'll be hurt. Go down by the stairs and let yourself out."

Calm, kind, and acutely intelligent, she had long ago learned to stay human in emergencies—by living where emergencies were routine, in the heart of one of Chicago's poorest immigrant neighborhoods.

Here she had settled down to her life work—helping people. No sociologist or social worker, she left it for others to make this a science. To her, it was an art. An art she practiced so beautifully that, eventually, while she was loved around Halsted Street, she was admired around the world.

When, in 1935, Jane Addams of Hull House died, her little grandniece, seeing hundreds of children among the mourners, asked, "Are we all Aunt Jane's children?"

In a sense, we all are. For the work Jane Addams did and the lessons she taught still help us all. And they prove magnificently the fact that America's greatest wealth lies in Americans.

It is the character and abilities of her people that make this country strong. And it is these selfsame people who make our nation's Savings Bonds one of the world's finest investments. For in U.S. Savings Bonds your principal is guaranteed safe to any amount—and your interest guaranteed sure—by the government that represents the united strength of 168 million Americans. So, for your family's security, buy Savings Bonds. Buy them at your bank or through the Payroll Savings Plan at work. And hold on to them.

PART OF EVERY AMERICAN'S SAVINGS BELONGS IN U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

The U.S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of America.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 144*) began quite by accident. I was invited to play a round of golf with some friends on Long Island, and at the first tee one of the players said, "I want you to meet my wife, Mr. Borge. You'll learn something, because she used to play in the eighties." "How wonderful," I replied. "Golf must have been a lot different in those days."

The man roared and said, "Hey, that's a very funny line," but the wife looked as though she wanted to slice me with a No. 5 iron. Five years later, when I was taking over Fibber McGee's fibs for the summer, I built a radio show around the various slang expressions used by golfers. Carefully edited, of course.

I was similarly intrigued by my first baseball game, and worked out a monologue that I used hundreds of times afterward. It went something like this:

"As we were going into Yankee Stadium someone said: 'You can't tell the players without a program.' I didn't buy one because I had nothing to tell them. A man came up to bat and someone said: 'He's batting at .345.' I looked at my watch, but it was only two-thirty, and I decided he probably had to leave early. There was a woman sitting beside me, and every time somebody got a hit she slapped me on the knee and said: 'Oh, brother!' I explained to her I wasn't her brother. But he must have been right behind her in the grandstand, though, because every time she stood up, I could hear him yelling: 'Sit down, sister!'"

You can see I was pretty desperate for material. During the time I experimented with these routines I was also desperate for money. I needed a manager who could open doors for me, but the influential people took a lofty view of a foreign entertainer who knew little English and had never played the Palace. Presently, however, some Danish intermediaries introduced me to Gil Boag, a semiretired impresario who had once been married to Gilda Gray, the shimmy queen. Years before, when I sat goggle-eyed in Copenhagen movie theaters, watching American films with a show-business plot, it seemed to me there was always an elderly but seedy gentleman who had once been influential on Broadway. Invariably this down-and-outer discovered a boy or girl with talent, and made a spectacular comeback.

Gil Boag was a composite of all these characters. He had the Broadway know-how, and he looked like good luck to me. He took my somewhat frayed European scrapbooks—I can still hear myself telling him that the Danish word "*og*" meant "and," not "ugh" in English—and went out to make the rounds.

About a week after our first meeting he trotted into the hotel with a self-satisfied smile. "Good news," he said. "I've got an audition for you with Ed Sullivan."

The name meant nothing to me. "Who's Sullivan?" I asked.

Gil snorted at my ignorance. "The big Broadway columnist, of course. He's trying to save a revue called Crazy With the Heat, and if you get a good spot you're on your way."

We met Sullivan at the old 44th Street Theater the following day. Elsie had already started translating some of my verbal routines into English, but I was not prepared to try them. Instead I auditioned a number of piano comedy routines which did not require much verbal explanation. Sullivan liked it, and I then suggested another skit which burlesques an operatic soprano singing an aria from Die Fledermaus. This routine, which I had done with considerable success in Europe, is difficult to describe, but essentially it is musical parody. I hit wrong notes, the music falls off the rack, I fall off the bench and the soprano is frustrated.

Gil told me afterward that he had never seen Sullivan so excited about a new act, and said he had agreed to use me in two choice spots in the show. Perhaps you can imagine how my heart was singing. I had just barely got off the refugee ship with my illogical dreams of wooing Broadway and Hollywood, and now Broadway was already saying yes. There was not a fleeting instant of doubt. I knew I could sell Victor Borge.

I engaged a soprano named Ruth Diehl, and we began rehearsals. For the first act I would do the comic-opera sketch with Ruth. In the second act, as a contrast, Sullivan planned to have me in white tie and tails doing a piano satire on the great composers, ending it with a short straight concertolike number accompanied by the orchestra. Some weeks later, after a dress rehearsal for a private audience that included Jack Benny and other celebrities, Sullivan rounded up the cast. "I just want to make a prediction," he said, pointing to me. "This man Borge will be the talk of Broadway. Take my word for it."

On opening night, just before curtain time, I was sitting in my dressing room happily reflecting on the wonders of destiny. My own name wasn't in lights, but I was sure this would be remedied in time. At that moment Sullivan came in with a worried and impatient look.

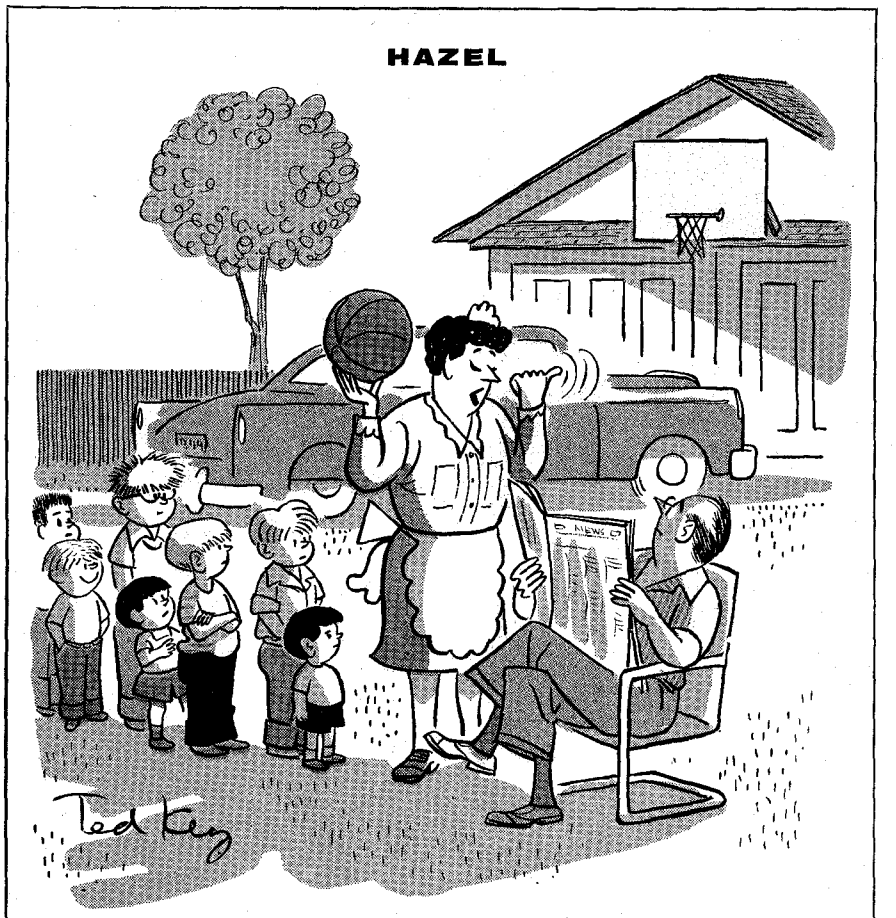
"There's a last-minute change, Victor," he said. "You're going to open the show. You will have three minutes to do the comic-opera skit and you won't be in the second act at all."

I was stunned. "My heaven, Ed!" I said. "I can't do a ten-minute routine in three minutes. What about the girl singer?"

"We're going to skip her," he said. "Do the best you can—and hurry. You'll be on any minute."

The dream was suddenly a nightmare. I walked out to the wings with my heart crying and my stomach full of stones. Someone was pushing me a little, and there was a crescent of hot light at my feet. I sat down at the piano and began to play like a robot. Out in the darkness the silence spread like a black cloud, and no one laughed. There wasn't even a snicker. I cannot remember any other detail of that ghastly moment. I froze. I was not conscious of my moving fingers, nor of any sound from the piano, although I was told later that I played something by Tchaikovsky over and over. I also learned that Ed and others were making frantic motions to me from the wings, but I saw nothing and heard nothing. When they finally dropped the curtain to shut me off, I had been on stage nine minutes.

I did not see the rest of the show, and I was huddled alone in a corner, shunned by the other performers, when the final curtain fell. Ed gathered the cast around him and thanked them for their efforts. Then he strode up to me, tense with fury.



"The car."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You are the cheapest person I've ever known," he said. "You're fired, and don't you ever step inside this theater again."

If someone had handed me a gun at that instant, I might have put a bullet through my head. My old friend, Hans Bendix, the noted Danish artist, came backstage and found me standing there, rigid and far beyond tears. He slipped his arm around my shoulder, and he was sobbing like a child. We went outside and stood in the dark, paper-littered alley leading to the street, and I told him I was washed up in New York. I had had a fleeting, tantalizing brush with success, and Sullivan's surprising action was a bitter dose indeed. I did not care whether I lived or died.

"Victor," Hans said, "there is nothing much a man can say at a time like this. But please try to remember one thing—you cannot die before you are born."

We walked along 44th Street toward Broadway, and I thought over my friend's advice: *You cannot die before you are born.* My memory went back to that melancholy day in the Copenhagen hospital, and how I had to walk out with a smile when I knew that my mother was dying and that I would never see her again. No defeat, no grief could ever be as painful as that. Suddenly the heartache was dulled and the lights on Broadway were like a sunrise, warm and embracing. I wanted to live. I thanked Hans, shook his hand and went back to the hotel to begin again.

In retrospect, and in fairness to Ed Sullivan, I should add that many things were happening behind the scenes that night, and it was some time before I pieced the story together.

My sudden demotion was not Ed's idea. He had confidence in my ability, and he had shown it by giving me those two important positions in the show. But the producer did not share this enthusiasm, and at the last minute he sent Ed to tell me I was literally being cut out of the show. My strange performance, plus the fact that I exceeded my three-minute time limit, was the clinching disappointment to Ed, and in his anger and embarrassment he fired me.

Ten years later I was in my room at The Waldorf in New York one afternoon when the phone rang and a familiar voice said, "Hello, Victor. This is Ed Sullivan. I've been enjoying your talents here and there, and I want very much to have you as a guest star on my Sunday-night show. Would you come?"

There was so much I wanted to say. Time turned backwards and once more, as I had through the years, I heard his scornful voice lashing me with those words: "You're fired." But this was another day, another year.

"Of course, Ed," I said. "I'll be delighted."

Since that time I have been on the Ed Sullivan show countless times, and I have substituted for him when he was resting or away on a trip. I am proud to say that in 1952 he named me one of his ten "All-time Best," and frequently took me along when the show went on the road. Once, shortly after we had entertained President Eisenhower at Quantico, he devoted a whole column to my work, and I particularly cherish this line: "Borge tore the place down and took Ike by storm."

Still later he wrote:

> Victor Borge, working in the center of Municipal Stadium in Philadelphia, surrounded by 92,000 people fairly remote from him, tore down the place. The Dane scored the most astounding comedy success this reporter ever has witnessed. And when 92,000 let out full-throated laughs, you've heard something.

I am happy to add that in recent years Ed and I have developed a real friendship—one which, on my side, is based on respect and admiration. In Cincinnati one evening I met Ed at The Netherland Plaza hotel, and we had dinner together. I had been thinking about taking my one-man show to New York, but everyone implied I was out of my mind. So I said, as I had to other friends in show business, "Ed, am I crazy or not?"

"Crazy!" he exclaimed. "I'll say you're not. You'll be a howling success and I'll go fifty-fifty on the investment any time you want."

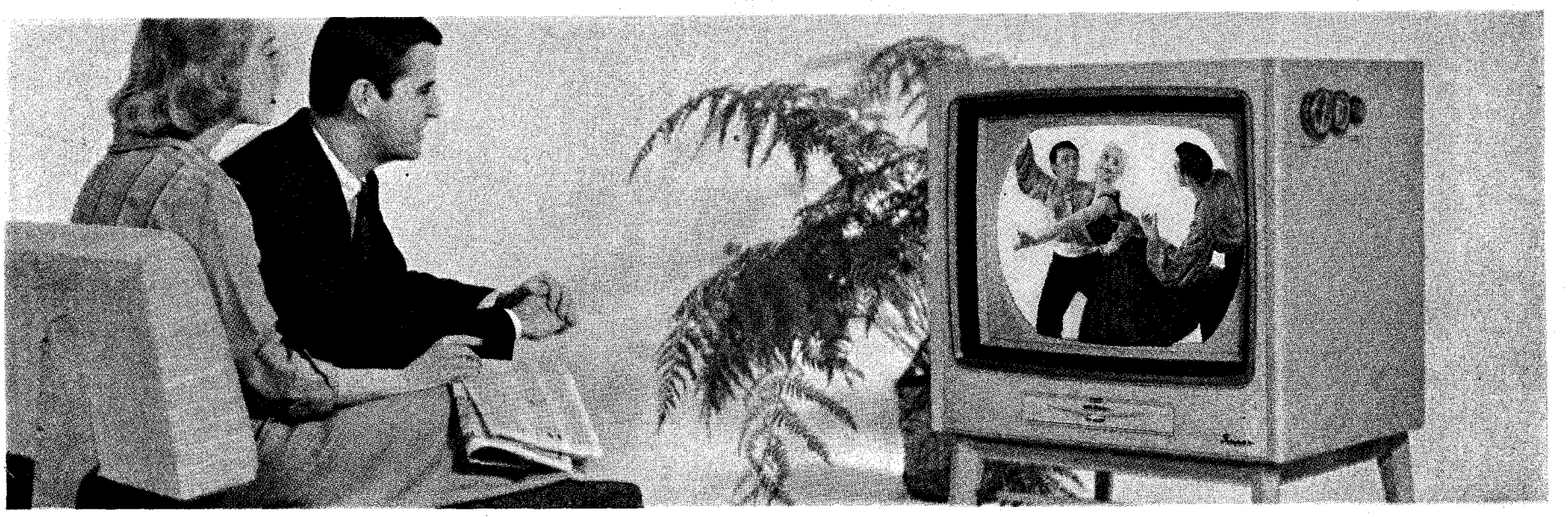
Thus encouraged, I phoned New York the following day and closed the deal to lease the Golden Theater on Broadway. I did not want to gamble with other people's money, and so I financed the show myself. It ran well over two years and grossed more than $2,500,000 in 849 performances. Incidentally, it was the only Broadway show in history that paid back the original investment in less than a week.

Once again Ed Sullivan had seen something unusual about me in his show-business crystal ball. His advice was certainly the best I ever had.

Editors' Note—This is the fifth of a series by Mr. Borge. The sixth will appear next week.

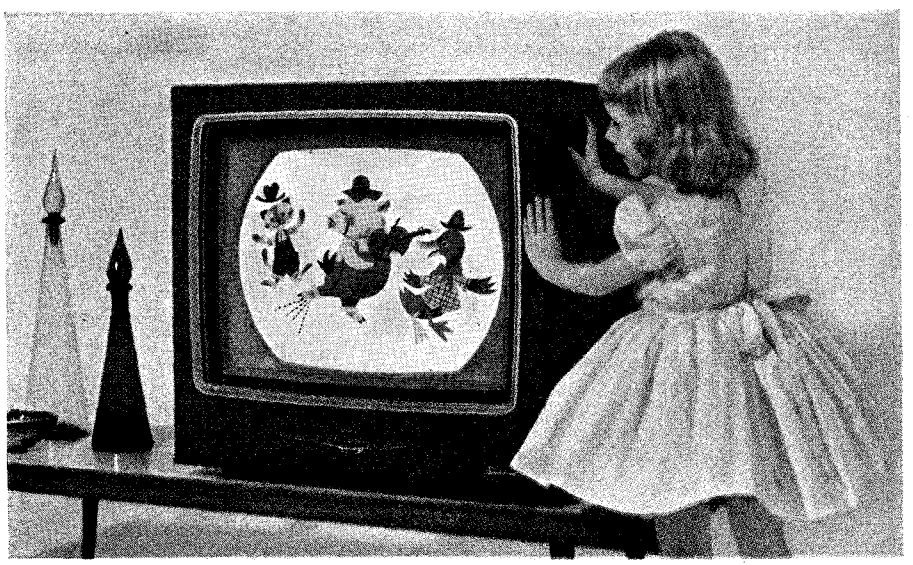
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RCA VICTOR BIG COLOR IS TODAY'S BIGGEST MONEY'S WORTH IN TV!

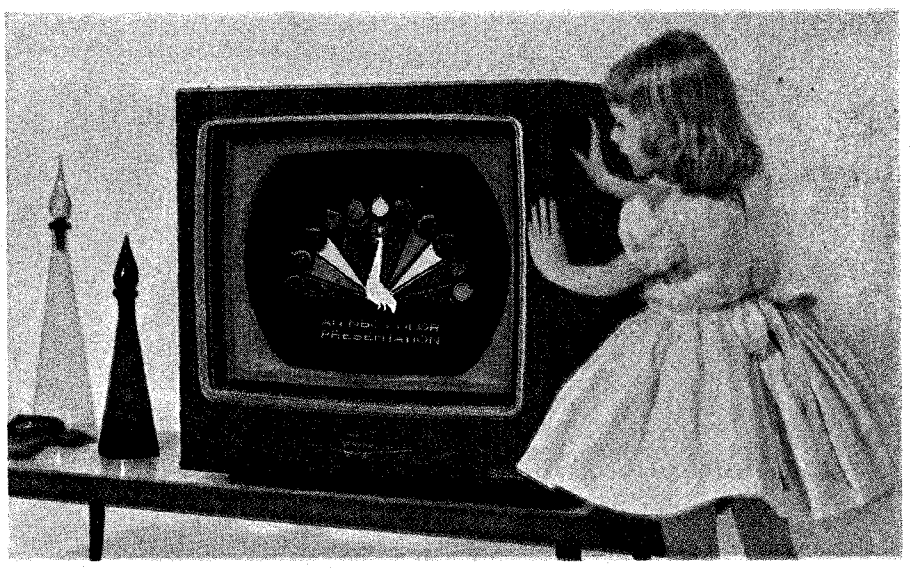


COLOR EVERY NIGHT. See color every single night in the week! More shows than ever before with something for everyone—dramas, comedies, Spectaculars, children's shows, local telecasts. And to every show, "Living Color" adds a *beauty* and a *naturalness* you must see to believe.

DEPENDABLE PERFORMANCE you can rely on. Big Color is *practical* color. And to RCA Victor owners, Factory Service is available in most areas at new low cost . . . as little as $39.95. VHF *Stanwyck* in limed oak grained finish. (21CT783) $550. (UHF model shown is slightly higher.)



LIKE 2 SETS IN 1. Because Big Color is *Compatible* Color, you see all color shows in beautiful "Living Color" . . . all regular programs in crisp, clear black-and-white. With Big Color you see *everything*. (Shown) *Aldrich* in mahogany grained finish. (21CS781) $495.



EASY TO TUNE. Even a child can tune RCA Victor Big Color TV. It's quick, accurate, easy—tunes in seconds. You simply turn two knobs and right before your eyes *the screen blossoms out in all the colors of life!* And once you set it, RCA Victor Big Color *stays* just the way you like it.

EASY TO OWN. At your RCA Victor dealer's you can buy any Big Color set of your choice on easy budget terms. A few dollars a week puts Big Color in your home—and your present set may even cover the down payment! (Shown) *Asbury Deluxe* in walnut. (21CD791) $750.

No other television gives you the enjoyment—the satisfaction—the 2-sets-in-1 value of Big Color TV!

For as little as $495 you and your family can get everything you want most in a TV set. You see regular programs in sharp, fine black-and-white—color shows in "Living Color". You get easy "Color-Quick" tuning, and famous RCA Victor performance with day-in, day-out dependability.

Why not join the satisfied owners of Big Color TV—see the full line of sets now at your RCA Victor dealer's. Ask for a free demonstration—get the details on his easy payment plan.

RCA VICTOR Tmk(s) ® RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

RCA PIONEERED AND DEVELOPED COMPATIBLE COLOR TV

Manufacturer's nationally advertised VHF list prices shown. Slightly higher far West, South, Canada. UHF optional, extra. Prices and specifications subject to change. All sets shown have 254 square inches of viewable picture area.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRECIOUS MOMENTS

Few things in life repay you so richly in memories of fun and love as your dog. And it's so easy to keep him robust and grateful with Ideal. So do your dog—and yourself—a favor and serve Ideal.

Ideal

DOG FOOD HAS "MORE BEEF"... PRESSURE COOKED!

Prepared with more rich beef, Ideal provides *all* the vitamins, minerals, proteins, and nutrients essential for dog health. Then Ideal is sealed in the can and *pressure cooked* to retain every vital element. It's easy to serve ...costs less than table left-overs ...yet is so rewarding for your dog...or cat.

The Famous Ideal "7-Course Meal"

Look for the NEW LABEL
WILSON'S
WILSON'S
Ideal
DOG FOOD
Ideal FOR CATS TOO
INSPECTED AND CERTIFIED BY U.S. DEPT. OF AGR. AS A NORMAL MAINTENANCE DOG FOOD

©WILSON & CO. INC., MEAT PACKERS

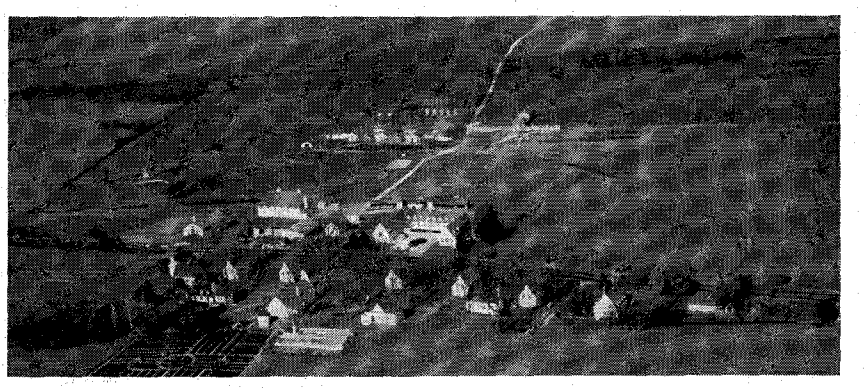
Keeping Posted

George Sessions Perry

Friends will have many good memories of George Sessions Perry, whose death occurred recently, but nothing about the man was more admirable than his fight against spinal arthritis during his last years. It was an inspiring story he told in the April 3, '54, Post, about his battle back to creative living; and then he proceeded to create many more Post articles, including in 1955 his exquisite The Enchanted Pond. Such a fighter can only be remembered as a victor over his foe, even though in the end surrender was forced upon him.

Of George Perry's 106 contributions to this magazine, some people will recall most pleasurably the rollicking humor of his early short stories; others will think first of the fascinating Cities of America series, much of which was his work; and still others, thinking of him as a novelist, will first remember his award-winning Hold Autumn in Your Hand. Incidentally, this analyst of cities would live only in very small towns, dividing his time between Rockdale, Texas, where he was born in 1910, and his other home in Guilford, Connecticut. Wherever work or pleasure took him, there will remain memories of his sunniness and his optimism, his warm sensitivity, and the charm and enduring quality of his outpouring friendliness.

There is a lady, Claire, who traveled perhaps a hundred thousand miles with George Perry, helping him in his work, sharing life with him. She will remember the joy of having been his wife.



Church Farm School: out of sight above stretch 1000 "miraculously" acquired acres.

The Million-Dollar Article

The voice on the telephone was that of the Reverend Charles W. Shreiner, headmaster of Church Farm School, near Philadelphia, which is devoted to helping boys from broken homes. He said, "Three years ago, when the Post ran an article about our school, a friend exclaimed, 'That will be worth a million dollars to you.' If you, sir, can come out here, I'll show you the million dollars."

Forty years ago Doctor Shreiner, once a fatherless youngster himself, resigned an Episcopal parish and, without any money, set about founding his school—"I felt that Almighty God wanted me to do this, and that if my faith was enduring and my prayers realistic, He would provide the funds." Doctor Shreiner adds, "He has. Time after time there have been seeming miracles."

In 1954, Church School had a chapel, a recitation building, several dwelling cottages, a 525-acre farm and eighty-five grateful, industrious boys. But the headmaster had publicly committed himself to an ambitious expansion program, though he didn't have a dollar to put it over. He desperately needed a new "miracle."

THE SCHOOL THAT CAME FROM NOTHING, by Ashley Halsey, Junior, appeared in the Post on April 24, '54. Soon a Post reader drove up to the school and asked Doctor Shreiner how much money he urgently needed. He was told that the first need was $25,000 to complete the purchase of another farm. The man represented a certain foundation which gave Doctor Shreiner $340,000. This plus $360,000 from other Post readers added 1000 acres of valuable farm land, with estate homes where the boys will live and attend classes, and a forest for the forestry students. Still other gifts have built a gymnasium ($175,000) and now are erecting a trade school with machine shops ($200,000). There you see the million dollars.

But how about operating costs? Each year Doctor Shreiner sends out about 5000 personally signed Christmas appeals for gifts to keep the school going another year. He closes each year not quite broke. The gifts, large and small, increase as running costs increase—$55,000 for 1953, $125,000 last year. Charles Shreiner, Junior, who one day will become headmaster, remarks, "We date the school's history Before Post and After Post." But he hastily adds, "Don't think we aren't in plenty of money trouble now!"

Doctor Shreiner is committed to building two new wings on the main building right away and to doubling the student enrollment. To finance these matters he hasn't a dollar. Recently, harassed about the money outlook, he prayed realistically, and two days later, right out of the blue, the Keeping Posted editor phoned him about having this follow-up item. The Doctor took it as a cheer-up signal. He says, "God will continue to be good to us."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"How an Ambulance Chaser Works"

After the sirens scream, a smooth character steps up and offers to help get the victim a fat settlement. Read how other people's accidents earn this fellow $50,000 a year.

Printed in U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED